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THE

GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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AND STATE PROGRESS

(19
1895)

VOLUME XIX

CONCORD, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY
1895

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY
JULY

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GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY,

CONCORD, N. H.

Death and the Tax Collector.

You will not fail of meeting the tax collector this year, but when will Father Time call upon you? Remember that he does not make a second visit. He does not say: "I will call another time if you have not provided for your family by taking that policy in the

STATE MUTUAL LIFE OF WORCESTER

that NICHOLAS FROST of Concord has been trying to sell you." It may be very much to the interest of your family to send for a specimen policy with the rates for your age.

JULY, 1895.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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August Number: NEW LONDON, by Mrs. Myra B. Lord; LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE, by Henry B. Colby, both profusely illustrated.

Subscription: $2.00 per year; $1.50 if paid in advance; 20 cents per copy.
Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.
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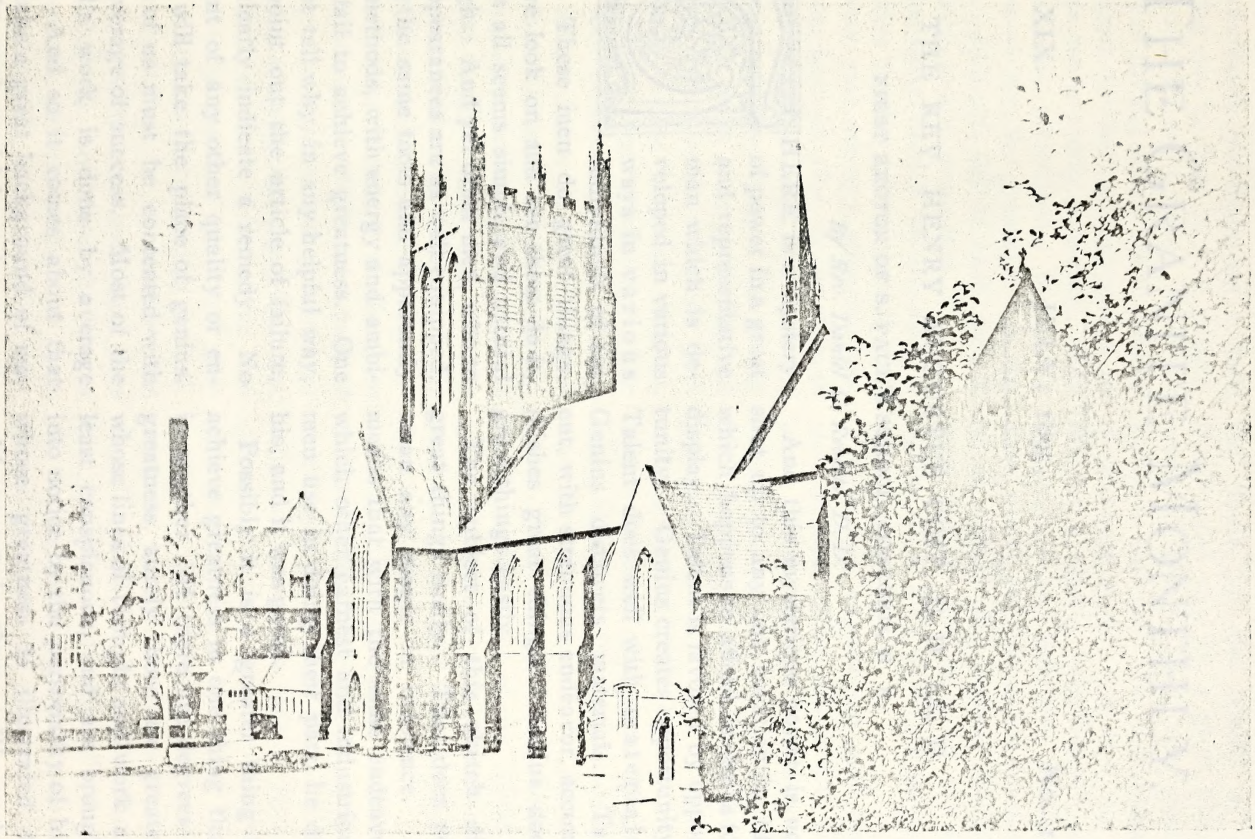
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THE NEW CHAPEL, ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX. JULY, 1895. No. 1.

THE REV. HENRY AUGUSTUS COIT, D. D., LL. D.

FIRST RECTOR OF S. PAUL'S SCHOOL, CONCORD, N. H.

By Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, D. D.

THERE is a mystery of power in a great and representative man which is developed in various ways in various individuals of our race. These men do great things, and we look on and see them do it, and it all seems simple and natural enough. And yet other men, who to all appearances are as well equipped, using the same tools and apparently like methods, with energy and ambition, fail to achieve greatness. One cannot tell why, in any helpful way, nor point out the article of failure, nor clearly indicate a remedy. No amount of any other quality or energy will take the place of genius. Most of us must be contented with our average of success. Most of the world's work is done by average men. And so it comes about that we make a great background of mediocrity against which genius appears in a sort of high relief. The greatness would not be so conspicuous but for the foil of common-place.

And this mysterious power is not shut up to any one vocation in life which happens to afford facilities for display. Talent is favored by opportunity. Genius creates opportunity. Talent does well with materials. Genius discovers materials. Talent, with strenuous endeavor, accomplishes great things. Genius does great things easily.

The subject of this sketch did great things easily. That does not mean any magic in indolence. It means that with the same endeavor which other earnest and industrious men use in doing their part, he did his, and it was great.

Possibly it is a greater thing to achieve greatness in one thing than in another. If there are degrees of greatness, surely those are greatest whose lines of thought and work are least conspicuous, and are brought into notice by the personality of him whose greatness is illustrated by achievement in them. We understand all about a man's being a great soldier, a great statesman, a great poet or artist,—we feel that it is less

easy to think of a great schoolmaster. This is because there is a certain reserve in a schoolmaster's life, and because we in our fancy set a limit to what can be done in that department of the world's work. We have a sort of mental reluctance to classify greatness in that with greatness in things more widely exploited, more clamorously advertised. But, as a matter of fact, the greatness is in the man. And the list of such men is not large in any generation.

The early history of Dr. Coit is like that of other young men of good ancestry and average opportunities. He was born in 1830 in the state of Delaware. The men who had the training and moulding of the young mind and spirit were men who had a decided and well understood part in the "making" of our country, intellectually and spiritually. The Rev. Dr. Mühlenberg was a striking and unique figure in the Episcopal church and in practical philanthropy. He was the founder of S. Luke's hospital in New York city, and the organizer of the free Church of the Holy Communion, with its wide extended works in behalf of the poor and the outcast. He was a man of strong convictions and resolute in carrying his purposes into effect, but his methods were conservative and his personal manners sweet and gentle. The enterprise known as "S. John land," with its modest but practical Christian socialism, was instituted by him, and he was a pioneer in several things of note and moment. Many youths came under his care: here was one who could and did profit by the lessons and impressions received from him. Dr. Coit used to say that the school of Dr. Mühlenberg was his earliest model.

While still young he travelled in the South for the benefit of his health, and was for a short time a guest of Bishop Eliot, the pioneer bishop of Georgia. The organization of Southern society was of a sort to develop a strong individuality, and the example and influence of Bishop Eliot would emphasize that tendency in an ardent and earnest temperament already coming under the discipline of a lofty principle and unwavering resolution.

With new experiences and great store of observation and study, with much shrewd insight into men and their ways, and with renewed health, Mr. Coit returned from the South prepared for duty.

Associated with the Rev. Dr. Kerfoot in S. James's college at Hagerstown, Maryland, the future educator was himself educated in the best ways. There were difficulties enough in the working out of Dr. Kerfoot's plans to furnish practical training in methods for the staff and to establish their resolution.

From Hagerstown Mr. Coit went to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and entered upon the charge of the Parish school in connection with S. James's church under the Rev. Dr. Bowman, afterwards assistant bishop of Pennsylvania. Serving the parish and its missions as well as the school, he found a field for the cultivation of his versatile and original powers, developing the many-sided man who was always not less a pastor than a schoolmaster, not less a preacher than an educator, not less a priest than a pedagogue.

At Lancaster he met, and subse-

quently married, Miss Mary Bowman Weeeler. Mrs. Coit was a woman of birth and breeding, accomplished, sympathetic, and wise, and having the useful gifts of knack and capability. In all his enterprises and endeavors, notably in the founding and development of S. Paul's school, she was strength, support, and comfort to her distinguished husband, a constant power, a gracious presence, an inspiration.

Leaving Lancaster, Mr. Coit entered into missionary work in northern New York, west of Lake Champlain, and there as elsewhere made the most of himself and his opportunities. It was a typical rural population. Among such people the work that is done must be largely personal, and the pastor is on intimate terms with the quaint intelligences which grow strong and earnest and original, with many a twist awry in their intellectual make-up, thinking out things for themselves in their isolated and more or less monotonous lives. They stand sturdily by the traditions of their region, sect, or family. It is an education in human nature to deal intimately with them, drill for the mind to discuss their moot questions with them, training for heart and soul to bring light and love to bear upon them. One learns the extent of one's own resources and how to draw upon them. Shut up in that environment, men grow narrow and hard; but, with one's mind and heart open to the movements of the great world of thought and feeling, contact with such minds and the earnest but friendly contest which comes of trying to lead them in new ways, open new ideas to them, or to make lasting and character-forming impression upon them, develops new powers and new sympathies. The man who succeeds achieves a certain sweet and gentle masterfulness, the mastery which kindles loyalty. Mr. Coit was being prepared for his life work, although in so different a sphere. He was developing patience, insight, readiness, perseverance, reverence for souls, wise appreciation of the value of the individual. The subsequent success came largely of this singular *rapport* with the individual. In fact all effective discipline or true discipleship comes so.

In 1856 George C. Shattuck, M. D., of Boston, a man of wealth and culture, and one who is probably better known for his munificence than for his other great qualities, gave his country house, a large and well appointed dwelling in that part of Concord known as "Millville," together with a sufficient tract of territory surrounding it, for the founding of a church school for boys. He invited Mr. Coit to take it in charge, and the invitation was accepted. From that time until his lamented death the biography of the rector is bound up in the history of the school.

The ideal which the rector of S. Paul's school set before himself was a lofty one. And through nearly forty of the best years of his life he has steadily pursued that ideal. He was no dreamer. His was not a visionary ideal, but a distinct notion of what might be achieved by perseverance and industry guided by wisdom, balanced by principle, and animated by a lofty ambition.

His greatness was of a severely practical sort, and his success was won by the application of simple and business-like methods. Other men

might do the same, one would think, it looks so sure and easy. The work of genius always does. Constantly and patiently, his zeal in harness, he persevered, until the S. Paul's school of to-day is his great and fitting monument, and his fame is secure. It was secure from the beginning; because he was not striving for renown, but simply and modestly to do his duty as he saw it. That is a great point, "As he saw it." He saw beyond the mere mechanism and routine of administration, and yet he never forgot that these are as necessary as inspiration—the very tools of genius. The completeness of the mechanism and the exactness of the routine is a part of the greatness.

There was another element in his character which gave it singular power—the element of religion. No man could carry such an enterprise as S. Paul's school to such a pitch of success, without encountering criticism and difference; but no critic, no one who differed with him, ever thought of questioning the genuineness of this man's faith or the depth of his devotion. To him Christianity was a real and potent factor in life, and he had no hesitations. Duty was something more than the demand of business or the necessity of doing the task before him. It was the call of God. He heard and obeyed with the simplicity of a child and the loyalty of a man. It gave a sureness to his moral and intellectual footing, a certain directness and pungency to his teaching, which one could not fail to observe and to feel. He had a constitutional shyness to overcome, which was sometimes mistaken for a haughty and cold reserve, but there was no mistaking the warmth or the humility of his Christianity. Simple, earnest, clear-eyed, incisive, his religious teaching was positive and helpful. Moreover it had a buoyancy which gave courage and certitude to other and wavering souls, and a youth who received his religious impressions and early teaching from Dr. Coit, would feel through all his life the strength and reality of it.

Having these great qualities, he had also a singularly sane and solvent intellect, an exalted spirit, and a temper capable of sustained enthusiasm. With boys from the leading families in the country growing into young manhood under his moulding, he became more and more widely and favorably known as the years went by, and did not fail to receive distinguished tokens of appreciation.

In 1863 Trinity college conferred upon the rector of S. Paul's school the degree of doctor of divinity. The years of patient, untiring, modest labor had begun to make him known outside the widening circle of the patrons of the school. In 1887 Columbia college claimed the honor of conferring the same degree, and in 1891 Yale university conferred the degree of doctor of laws.

Dr. Coit is most widely known as the creator and rector of S. Paul's school. It is in that character that he takes his place among the great men of his day, and in that character he will be remembered. But it was not possible that his powers should be confined within one department of activity, however great. The world makes constant and various demands upon its men of force, and Dr. Coit was called to various positions of prominence and responsibility.

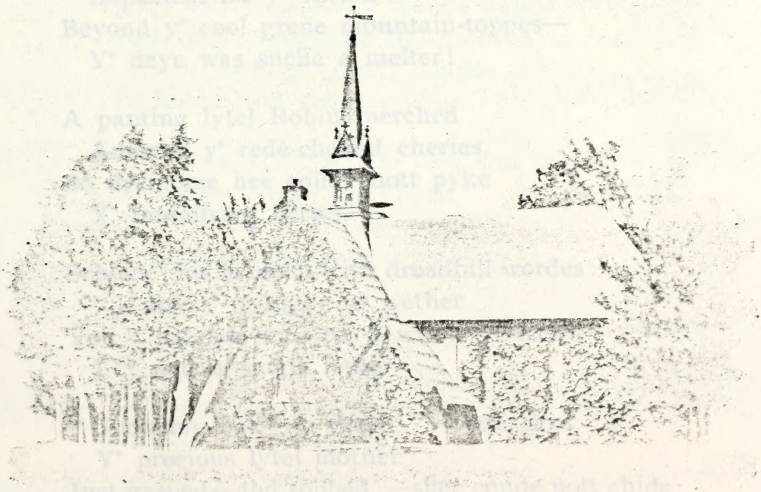
The "Standing Committee" of a diocese of the Episcopal church is the council of the executive, and represents such interests and powers of the church, both temporal and spiritual, as are not wholly confided to the bishops. As president of the standing committee of the diocese of New Hampshire, Dr. Coit exhibited the qualities of a churchman and a statesman.

As a member of the triennial general convention, the constituent legislative body of the church in America, he made his influence widely and profoundly felt. As chairman of the important "Committee on Christian Education," his wisdom and experience gave weight and momentum to the work and the recommendations of that committee.

During the last years of his life illness and sorrow added their burden to his cares and manifold labors. Labor, care, and sorrow are the common lot of man, and, while we all are glad of sympathy, no man has a right to make capital out of it, as though his experience were singular. But there is a wonderful difference between putting up with it sullenly or stoically, because we have to, and bearing it cheerfully, with a firm, elastic spirit which comes of faith undimmed and hope unshadowed. Bereaved of his beloved wife, with failing health and diminishing physical powers, Dr. Coit bore himself so strongly, with so much courage and cheer, that it was difficult to believe the news that the strong man had fallen, fallen "full knightly, with all his armor on."

The day of his burial was so severely inclement that comparatively few of those who would have joined in the last tribute could be present. But the furious, wintry storm added an element of grandeur to the simple and impressive service of burial as he was laid to rest near his beloved school.

Dr. Coit, as a man, a Christian, a scholar, a clergyman, a citizen, an educator, left his mark upon the century.



The Old Chapel.



Yᴱ BALADE OF Yᴱ FRETFULL LYTEL ROBIN.

By Edward A. Jenks.

A blasing sumer afternone:—
  No breth of aire was steringe;
Yᵉ frogges blynked 'neath yᵉ lilie-paddes;
  No partriches were whurring.

Yᵉ grases wulde nott bend their heds,
  Nor whysper to eche other;
Yᵉ lambs, in lamb's-wooll sumer suites,
  Were sure that they sholde smother.

Yᵉ kow stood kne-deepe in yᵉ pool
  Where temptinge schade hadde broghte hir:
Hir nerveless taille hung limpe and stille
  Above yᵉ steaminge water.

Yᵉ bumblenbees, on languid winges,
  Went hom, and ceased their humming,
And in their easy-chaires they dremed
  Of cool September's coming.

Yᵉ molten sunne runne downe yᵉ west,
  Impacient for yᵉ shelter
Beyond yᵉ cool grene mountain-toppes—
  Yᵉ daye was suche a melter!

A panting lytel Robin, perched
  Amonge yᵉ rede-cheked cheries,
So overcome hee coude nott pyke
  Yᵉ tantalising beries,—

Schokkᵈ his mamma with dreadfull wordes:
  "If thysˢ yᵉ kinde of wether
Youᵛᵉ hatched mee to, I wisch—I wisch—
  Iᵈᵈᵉ nott a single fether

"Upon my bak—so there!"—Atte thys
  Yᵉ precious lytel mother
Just gasped—and sobbed;—shee coude nott chide
  Thys childe—shee hadde no other.

But whenne ye father homeward came
Acros ye feeldes of clover,
And herde ye sad, sad storie—thenne
Hee sente a lettre over

To Robin-toun for twenty byrdes
To sitte in consultation
Upon thys case of mutinie
Within ye Robin nation.

They sate within ye cherie-tree—
Eche Robin took a cherie—
Whiles on a distant lim ye childe
Of sinne sate solemne—very.

Ye final verdit was, that eche
And everie single fether
Sholde bee pulled off ye Robin's bak,
Regardless of ye wether,—

And that hee thenne bee turned aloofe
To rome ye wyde worlde over,
A hatteless, coteless, homeless byrde,
Without a frend or lover.

Atte once they fell upon ye childe—
Thys sterne, relentless jurie—
And wulde have torn eche fether out
In their ungoverned furie,—

Hadde nott ye farmer's trustie gunne
Just thenne begunne its cracking:
In fiftene minutes twenty byrdes
In Robin-land were lacking.

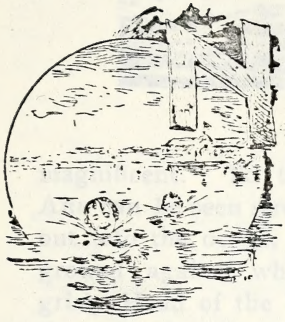
Nexte daye ye morn was cool and bright:
Ye farmer hadde for dinner
A most delicious Robin-pye:
A sweete songe sang ye sinner

Oute in ye orcherd where ye breese
Swung high ye mocking beries,
And filled his downie basket fulle
Of rype, rede-brested cheries.

GEMS OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SHORE.

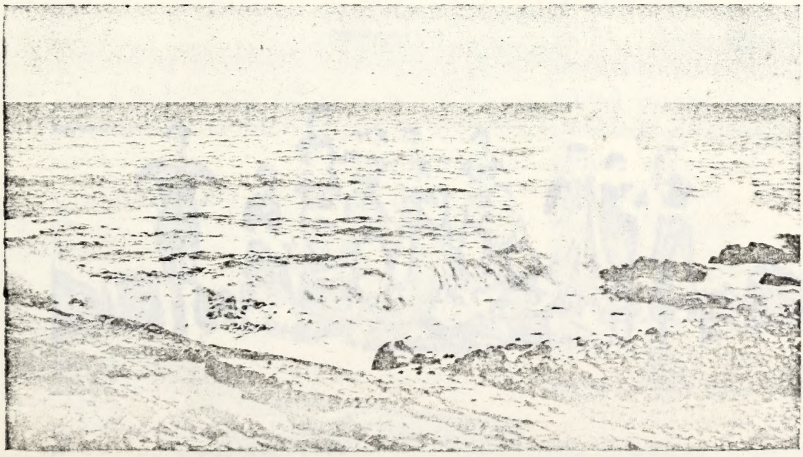
By L. K. H. Lane.

"Then I heard the far-off rote resound,
Where the breakers slow and slumberous rolled,
And a subtile sense of thought profound
Touched me with power untold."—*Celia Thaxter.*

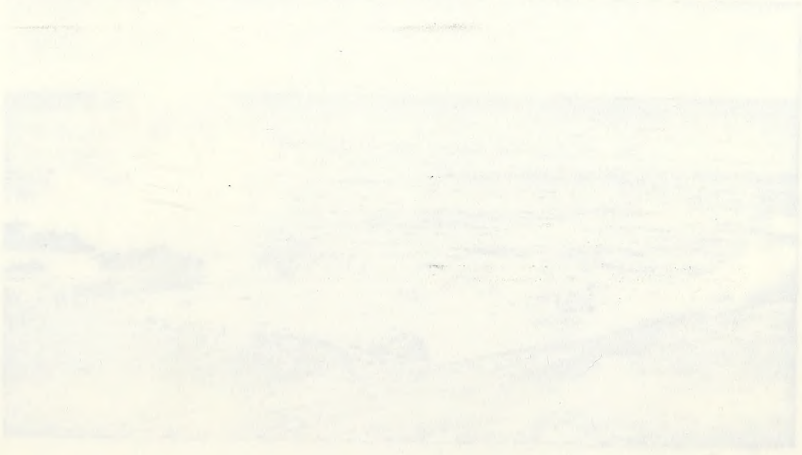


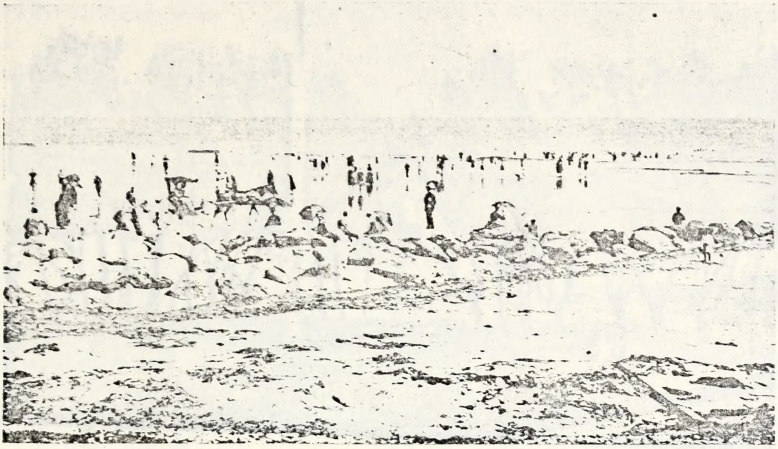
NEW Hampshire has but eighteen miles of seacoast, yet it is eighteen miles of interesting picturesqueness! Bold, projecting cliffs and low, rolling, sandy shores vie in pleasing contrast that appeals to the student of nature, who finds subject for thought and study in the formation of the rocks, in the stratas of earth revealed by the inroad of storm and sea, and in the numberless grains of sand over which the waves tumble one upon another. Likewise is the sentiment of the seeker for pleasure and romance awakened by the charms held out to those who are so fortunate as to journey thither.

Foremost among New Hampshire's seaside resorts that have become famous is Rye beach, the natural attractions of which are so many and varied that the visitor who has once enjoyed an outing here is sure to sound their praises to friends, and they in turn do likewise, so each succeeding summer season brings people in augmented numbers to this elysian retreat. From the bluffs and elevated points along the coast the views to be obtained are



Farragut Rocks, Rye Beach.





The Bathers, Rye Beach.

magnificent. To the south, Cape Ann can be seen stretching for miles out into the ocean, forming a background against which looms "the grisly Head of the Boar"; while to the east, ten miles away, the Isles of Shoals rise up out of the water, like sentinels guarding the coast. To the north,

"Agamenticus lifts its blue
Disk of a cloud the woodlands o'er."

Looking inland, the "Granite hills" can be seen towering to the sky, and the intervening landscape that greets the vision is such as to justify the appellation so often given to New Hampshire, "the Switzerland of America." Is it then surprising that so many seek these shores to enjoy the beauties that Nature has been so generous in bestowing upon them? It is related that the Indians, in the remote period in which they held undisputed possession of these lands, were wont to travel many miles from the interior to hunt and fish and hold high carnival on the promontories jutting into the Atlantic.

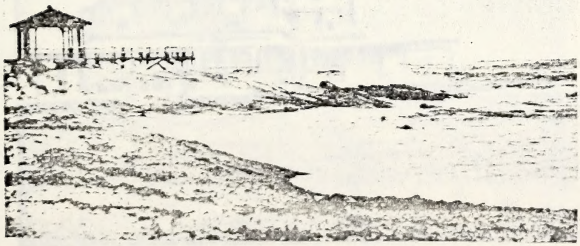


A Group of Bathers.



Farragut House Tennis Grounds.

The history of Rye has never been written, but certain it is that the early white settlers did not escape molestation by the Indians, but were subjected to murderous attacks, as were the settlers of other localities in New England. It is recorded that in June, 1696, a large number of Indians, coming from York in canoes, landed on Rye beach and proceeded to Portsmouth plains, where they massacred fourteen whites and took four prisoners. Returning through "Great swamp," they were pursued by a company of militia sent from Portsmouth, and surprised while at breakfast on a hill, which ever since has borne the name of "Breakfast hill." The prisoners were rescued, but the Indians escaped by regaining their canoes and putting to sea. Two months later Lieut. John Locke, who came from Yorkshire, England, in 1644, was murdered by Indians while at work in his field on Jocelyn's neck, then a part of Hampton, afterward annexed to Rye and called Locke's neck. It is now known as Straw's point. Although the settlers continued to be annoyed by the Indians, and were forced to remain constantly on their guard against attack for some years afterward, it is believed that the killing of Lieutenant Locke was the last murder committed by them within the present limits of the town of Rye.



Summer House, Farragut Rocks.

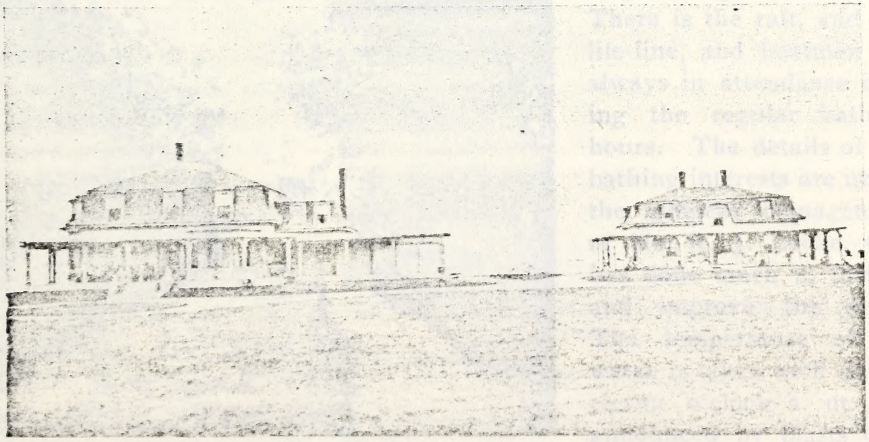
A period of one hundred and fifty years elapsed after the cessation of hos-

tilities by the savages, during which time the population and wealth of Rye increased but slowly, yet in a ratio proportionate to that of other farming towns. Her people were frugal and industrious, as their well-tilled farms and abundant crops afforded ample evidence. But the old town was destined to experience a rejuvenation. Fame was to perch upon her banner, and wealth flow into her coffers. When in 1840 John Colby Philbrick first began taking a few summer boarders in a private house, it was little thought that that event was the beginning of a new era in the history of Rye. But clearly such was the fact, as, witness the wonderful advance since that time, in the value of real estate; witness the imposing structures that have been erected to accommodate the rapidly increasing business that had its inception in that little two-story house.



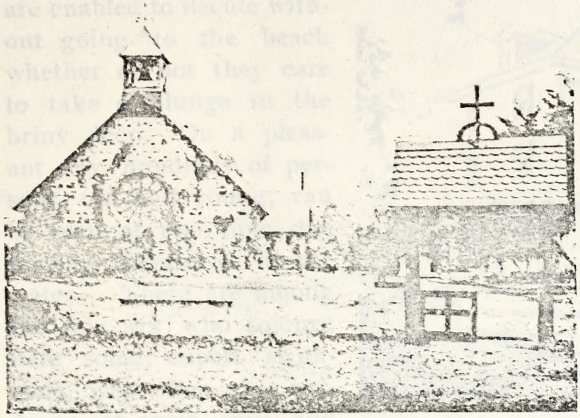
The Casino.

Commodious and well appointed hotels are now to be encountered all along the six miles of Rye's shore. A casino and various other public halls of amusement exist in adequate numbers, while every objectionable element that might in any way detract from the social and moral enjoyment of the visitor has been avoided. A beautiful church, St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, constructed of stone and of a pleasing style of architecture, is situated in a shady grove close by the water front, where religious services are held each Sunday during the sum-

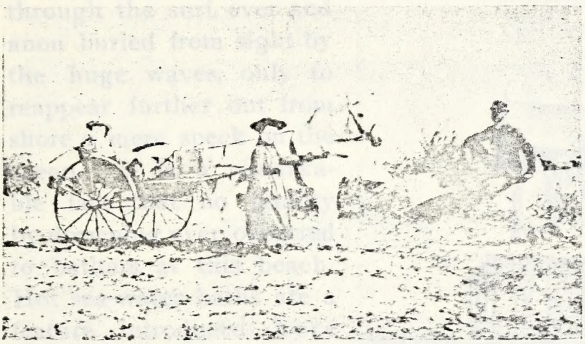


Mrs. Huse's Cottages Straw's Point.

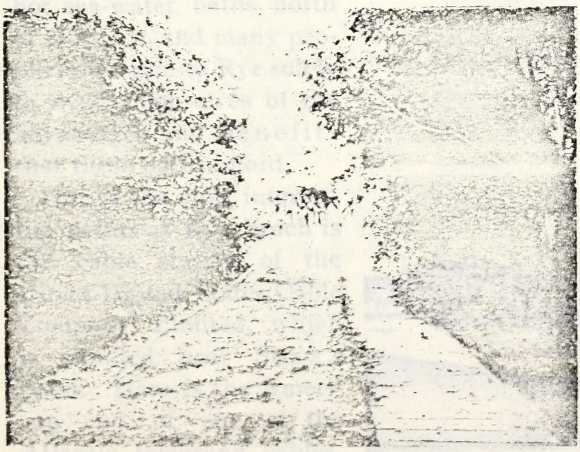




St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea.



"My Rig, Sir."



A Favorite Promenade.

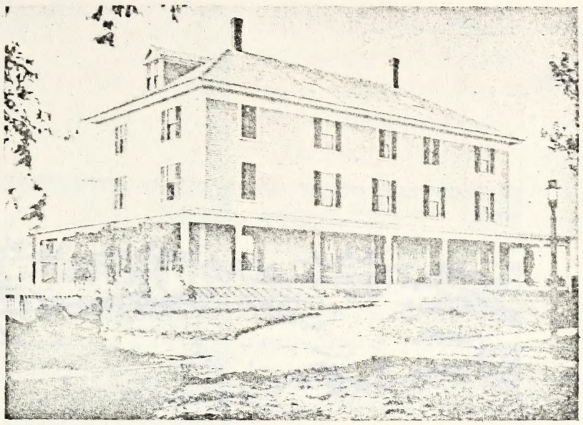
mer. There is a notable absence of that bewildering whir of excitement incident to many summer resorts. Retirement and restful seclusion are vouchsafed to those who seek the shores of Rye, yet by means of ample telephonic and telegraphic facilities one is kept in immediate touch with the busy outside world. The excellence of the bathing privileges at Rye beach has been an important factor in establishing the great reputation of the place. The bathing beach is conceded to be the best on the Atlantic coast. It is one mile in length, hard and smooth, with a long, gradual slope oceanward, while its freedom from the dangerous undertow enables even the young and inexperienced to bathe in comparative safety. Yet every precaution is taken to guard against accident. There is the raft, and the life-line, and boatmen are always in attendance during the regular bathing hours. The details of the bathing interests are under the efficient management of Mr. R. J. Locke, who has done much to further and improve the same. The temperature of the water is taken each day at eleven o'clock a. m. and announced by blasts of a steam whistle, so that all



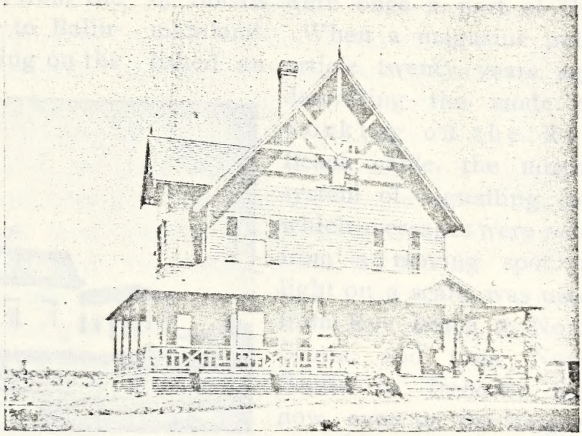


are enabled to decide without going to the beach whether or not they care to take a plunge in the briny deep. On a pleasant day hundreds of persons, old and young, can be seen at one time disporting themselves in the water. There are among the fair sex who sojourn here some expert swimmers, who often give evidence of their skill and power of endurance by swimming long distances through the surf, ever and anon buried from sight by the huge waves, only to reappear further out from shore a mere speck on the ocean. It is a remarkable fact that no fatality by drowning ever occurred to bathers at this beach. Hot sea-water baths are a feature introduced here two years ago, and are proving very popular. They are the only public hot sea-water baths north of Newport, and many people now come to Rye solely to avail themselves of the advantages and benefits that these baths afford.

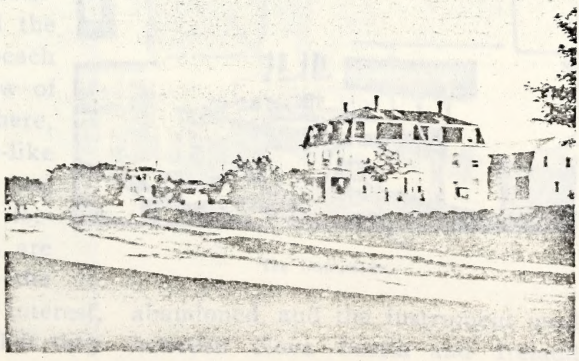
One of the most interesting points at Rye beach is the cable station of the Direct United States Cable Company, Limited, which is situated near Straw's point. Here is the American end of one of the Atlantic telegraph cables, which stretches under the



The Marden House.

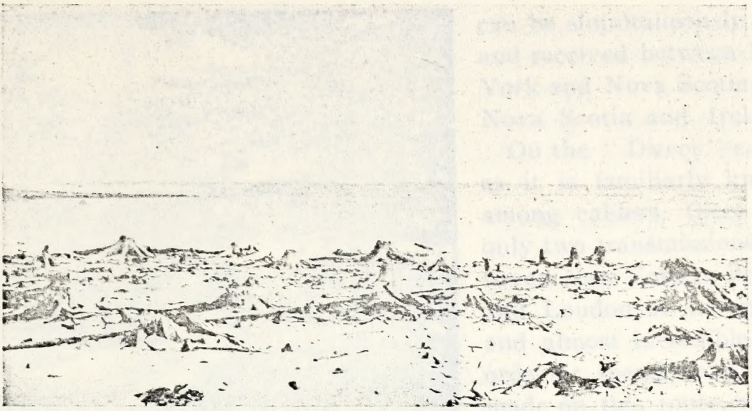


Cottage of G. G. Lougee.



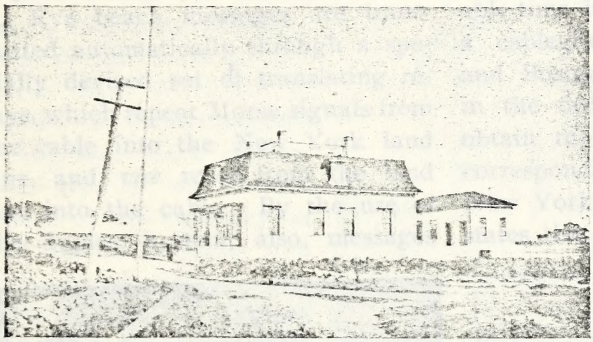
Locke's Cottage.





Landing Place of the Ocean Cable.

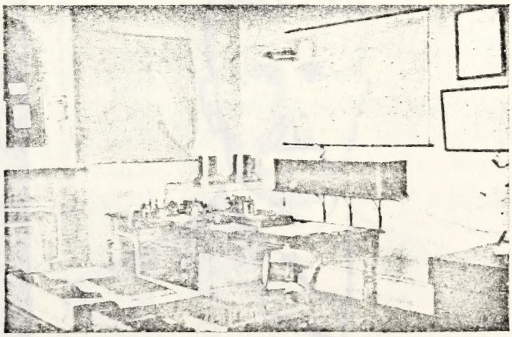
ocean 3,100 nautical miles, from the shores of the Granite state to Balinskelligs bay, Ireland, touching on the



The Cable Office.

way at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The cable was laid by the famous steamship, *Faraday*, assisted by the *Ambassador*, and the shore end landed at Rye beach on July 15, 1874. A view of the landing place is given here, showing the huge, snake-like rope lying over the stumps and fallen logs of a submerged forest. These stumps, which are rarely visible, have been the subject of much scientific interest, and some scientists claim that they substantiate the theory that the Isles of Shoals were once a part of the mainland.

When a magazine published an article twenty years ago describing the mode of working on the Rye Beach cable, the mirror system of signalling, by which messages were read from a moving spot of light on a scale, was used from Rye beach to Nova Scotia, and from Nova Scotia to Ireland; but now, even on the longest cables, the mirror has been



The Instruments.

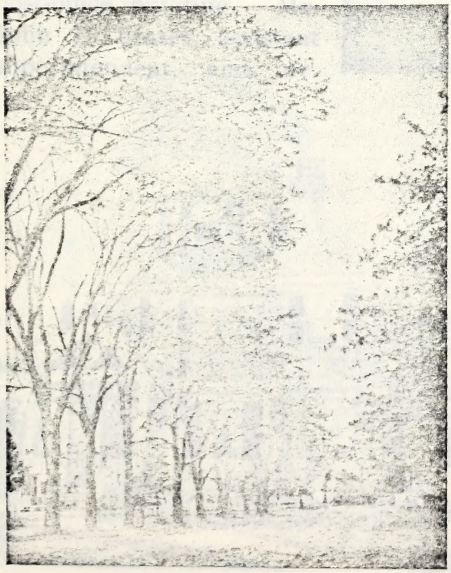
abandoned, and the instrument used between Nova Scotia and Ireland is the syphon recorder, which traces



Cable Road, looking up.

on a strip of paper the telegraphic impulses received through the cable. At Rye beach messages are transmitted automatically through a specially devised set of translating relays, which repeat Morse signals from the cable into the New York land line, and *vice versa* from the land line into the cable. By the use of the duplex system, also, messages can be simultaneously sent and received between New York and Nova Scotia and Nova Scotia and Ireland.

On the "Direct" cable, as it is familiarly known among cablers, there are only two transmissions between New York or Boston and London or Liverpool, and almost incredible records for speed have been made on this route, which was the first to inaugurate fast working on Atlantic cables. Previous to the opening of the Direct cable, thirty or forty minutes was considered remarkable time in which to get a reply to a cablegram, but now New York and Boston merchants and bankers in the ordinary course of business obtain replies from their European correspondents in ten minutes. The New York *Sun* of March 23, 1893, states that the result of the Oxford

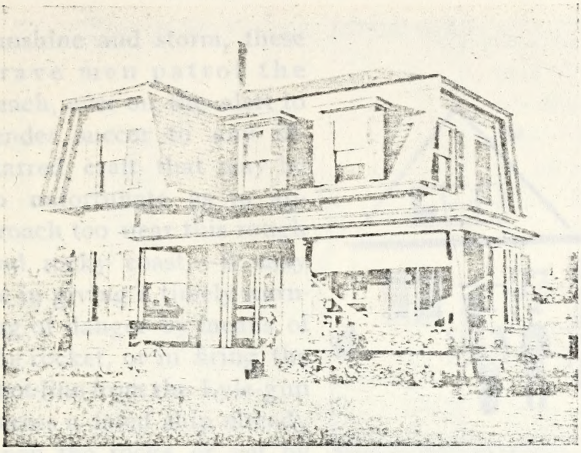


Cable Road, looking down.



John F. Fraser.

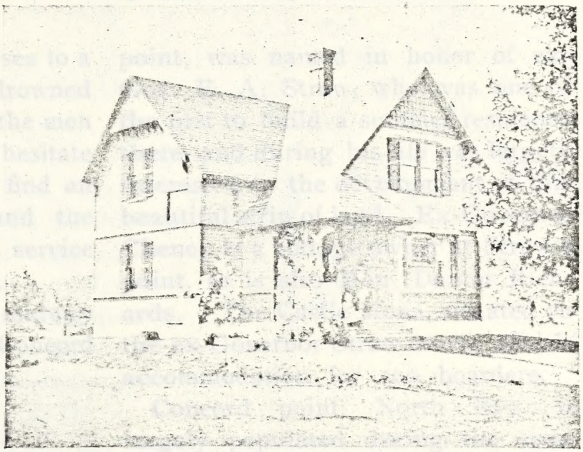




Residence of Thomas Gothorpe.

Thomas Gothorpe, mechanician, have been stationed with Mr. Fraser since the opening of the line in 1874. Other members of the staff are P. W. Rieb, John Squire, Joseph Watt, and Archibald Finlayson, operators, and Anders Swenson, batteryman. Most of the cable staff are married, and have built cottages along the Cable road, adding much to the attrac-

and Cambridge boat race was telegraphed to the United Press, via Direct cable, within thirteen seconds of the finish of the race. Mr. William J. Fraser is superintendent of the Rye beach station, and also of the Boston offices of the company in the Old State-house, and post-office building. Mr. John F. Fraser, assistant superintendent, and Mr.



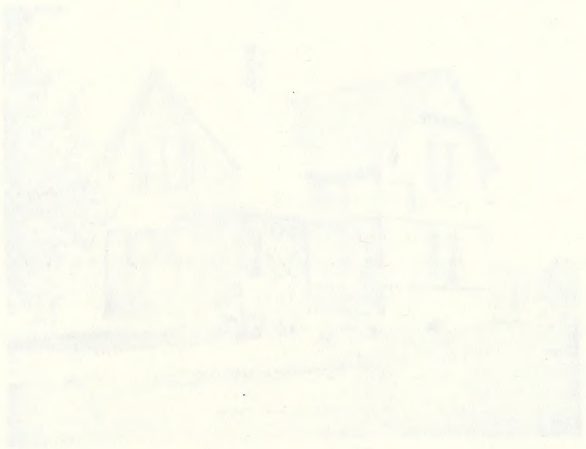
Residence of John Squire.



Residence of Archibald Finlayson.

tiveness of this part of the beach.

Another interesting feature, also located near Straw's point, is the Rye Beach station of the United States Life Saving Service, whose crew of hardy seamen are trained under the direction of Capt. Albert L. Remick in the duty of protecting and saving the lives of those "that go down to the sea in ships." By day and by night, in



sunshine and storm, these brave men patrol the beach, ever on the alert to render succor to any ill-starred craft that may be so unfortunate as to approach too near this rough and rocky coast,—it may be in giving a timely warning of danger by means of the rocket, or in firing the shot-line from the Lyle-gun across a fated ship already upon the rocks, or yet by launching and manning the life-boat and rowing through a wild and turbulent sea to a wreck and taking off a half drowned crew. Whichever the case, the men know their duty, and do not hesitate at danger. The visitor will find an inspection of the station and the appurtenances used in the service an interesting object lesson.



Rye Beach Life Saving Station and Crew.

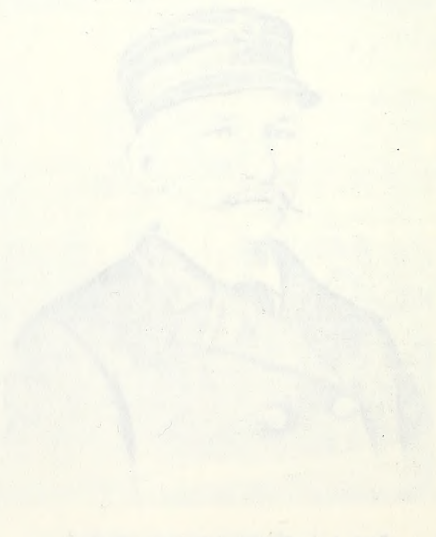
Straw's point, situated midway between South beach and Concord point, was named in honor of ex-Gov. E. A. Straw, who was one of the first to build a summer residence there, and during his life was largely interested in the development of this beautiful strip of land. Ex-Governor Cheney is a cottage owner at Straw's point, as is also Hon. Dexter Richards. The Castle Mona, situated on the ex-Governor Straw estate, affords accommodation for 100 boarders.

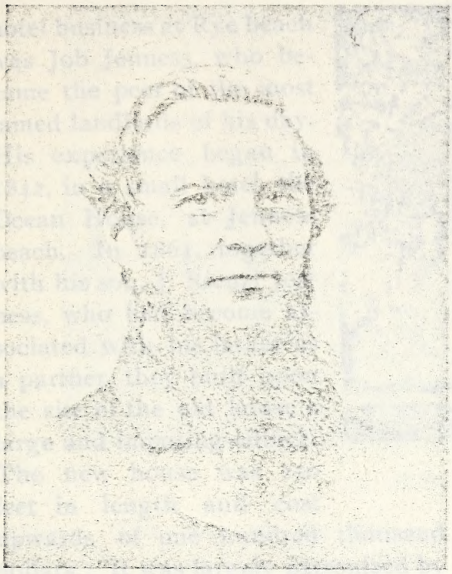


Capt. A. L. Remick, Life Saving Station.

Concord point, North Rye, is largely populated during the summer by people from Concord, N. H., many of whom are owners of attractive cottages. Here is located the Ocean Wave House, owned and ably managed by Henry Knox, which is favored with a large patronage.

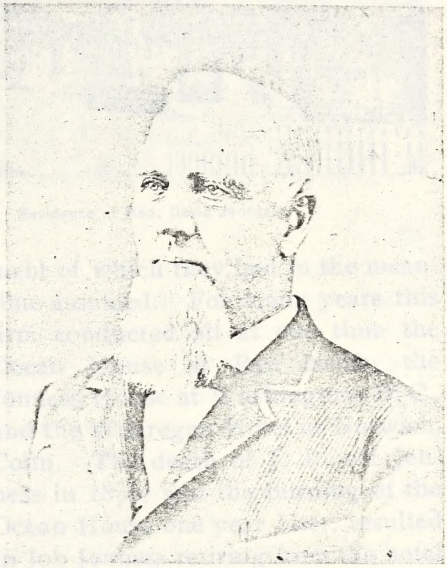
Of those who have been prominently identified with the development and business interests of Rye beach, may be mentioned John Colby Philbrick, the first to embark in the boarding business. His venture proving remunerative, some years later he built an hotel, the present Atlantic House, which he successfully conducted, and in 1866 he built the Farragut, a much larger house,





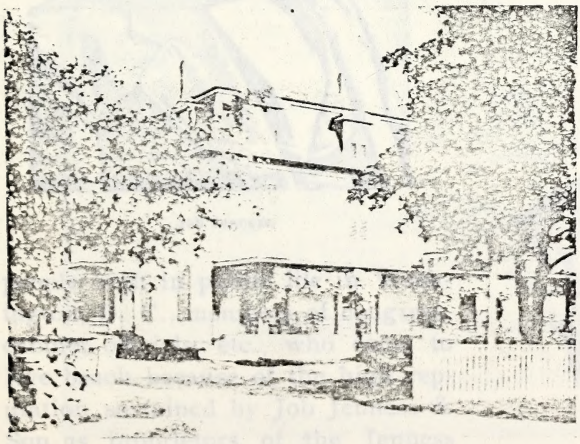
John Colby Philbrick.

which was burned in 1882. Mr. Philbrick died in 1867, while yet in the prime of manhood and business success, at the age of 51 years. His genial nature and fine business qualities had long before won him laurels as a model landlord. As illustrating the rapid and wonderful growth of the summer boarding business during his brief career, it may be said that he began taking boarders at the rate of $2.50 per week, and before his death he received rates of $5 per day. His hotel business continued to be ably managed by his widow, Eliza P. Philbrick, and son, Frank A. Mrs. Philbrick was a lady of



Hon. Emmons B. Philbrick.

pronounced business ability, and in addition to their hotel interests at Rye beach, she was lessee and manager for five years of the Wolfe Tavern, at Newburyport, Mass. Her death, at the age of sixty-eight years, occurred in 1893. She left two daughters and one son. The latter, Frank A. Philbrick, is now sole proprietor of the Farragut, a magnificent structure, erected in 1883, on the site of the burned hotel bearing the same name.



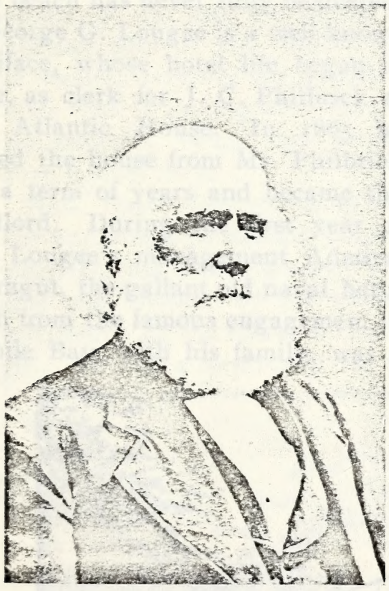
Residence of Austin Jenness.

Another pioneer in the

hotel business at Rye beach was Job Jenness, who became the peer of the most famed landlords of his day. His experience began in 1842, in a small hotel, the Ocean House, at Jenness beach. In 1864, together with his son, J. Rienzi Jenness, who had become associated with his father as a partner, they built upon the site of the old house a large and imposing edifice. The new house was 250 feet in length and cost upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. It was largely patronized by



Residence of Hon. David Jenness.



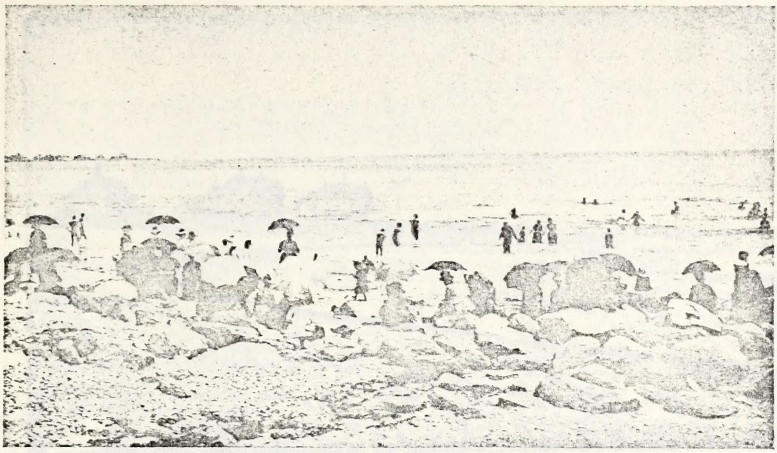
Job Jenness.

people high in public life in Washington, D. C., members of congress, cabinet officials, etc., who came to Rye beach because of the high reputation sustained by Job Jenness & Son as proprietors of the Jenness House in Washington, the management of which they had in the meantime assumed. For many years this firm conducted all at one time the Ocean House at Rye beach, the Jenness House at Washington, D. C., and the Wauregan Hotel at Norwich, Conn. The death of J. Rienzi Jenness in 1872, and the burning of the Ocean House one year later, resulted in Job Jenness retiring from the hotel



Hon. David Jenness.



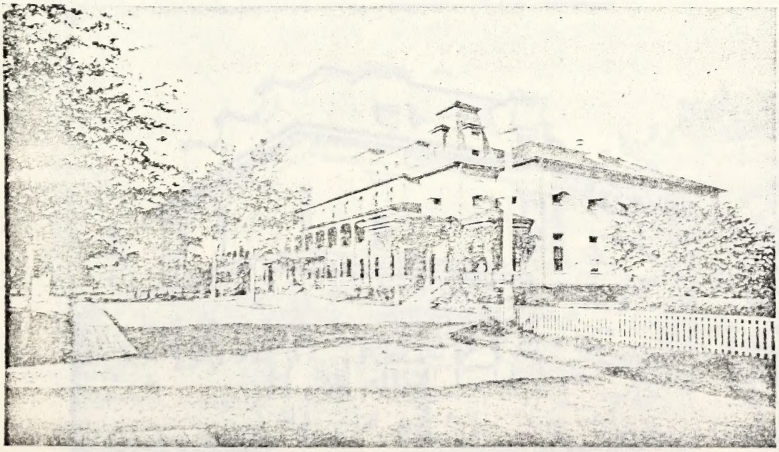


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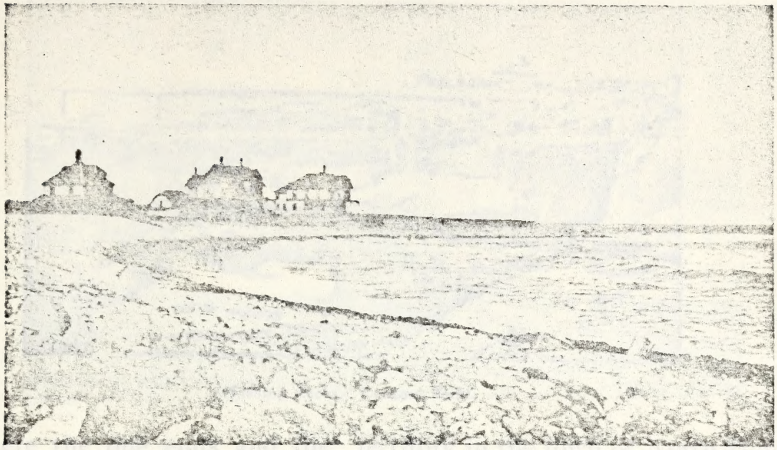
business. The loss of the Ocean House was a severe blow from which Rye beach has never fully recovered.

George G. Lougee is a well known boniface, whose hotel life began in 1852, as clerk for J. C. Philbrick at the Atlantic House. In 1865 he leased the house from Mr. Philbrick for a term of years and became the landlord. During the first year of Mr. Lougee's management Admiral Farragut, the gallant old naval hero, fresh from the famous engagement in Mobile Bay, with his family, was a guest at this house for the entire summer. In 1869, Mr. Lougee built the Sea View, which has since been conducted under his popular management. He has held various public offices, being for several years a deputy sheriff and jailer at Portsmouth, and for three years treasurer of Rockingham county.

Hon. Emmons B. Philbrick, a gentleman of enterprise and ability, was a state senator in 1878–'80, and for two years was president of the Newton National Bank of Newton,



Sea View House.



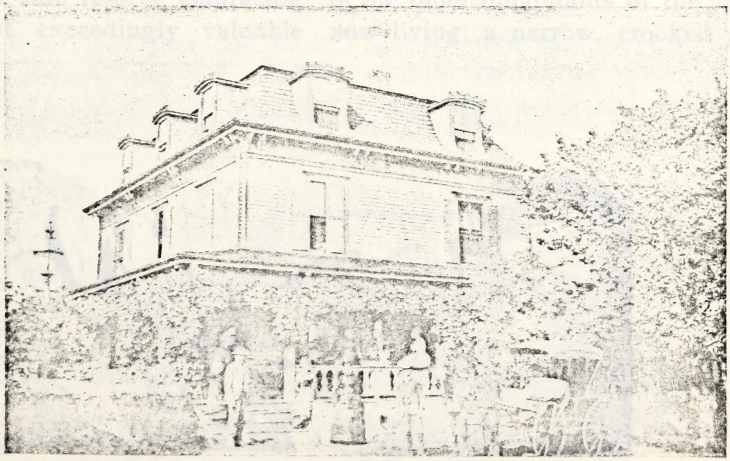
Fox Hill Point, Little Boar's Head.

Kansas. He is a trustee of the Piscataqua Savings Bank of Portsmouth, N. H., and one of the solid business men of Rye beach, where he resides, devoting the greater part of his time to looking after the boarding interests, being the owner of three houses there.

Hon. David Jenness, a native of Rye and a man of sterling worth and integrity, has been honored at one time and another by his townsmen with nearly all the offices within their gift. He was a member of the legislature in 1871–'72, and a state senator in 1887–'88. He is at present a member of the Democratic state committee.

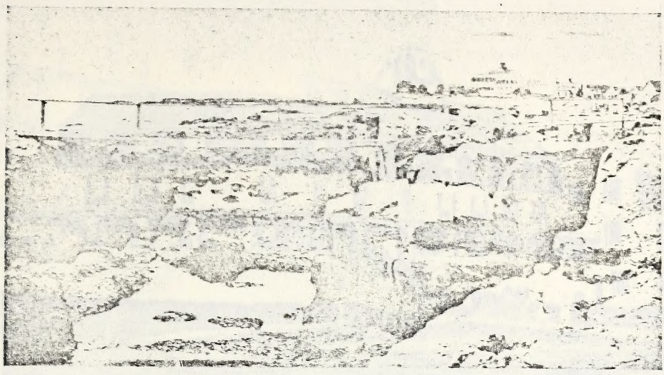
Horace Sawyer came to Rye beach in 1873, and built the large private boarding house known as "Sawyer's", which is largely patronized by wealthy western people. Mr. Sawyer is wide awake in his efforts to further the public interests of Rye beach.

So closely connected with Rye beach, that the casual observer is not



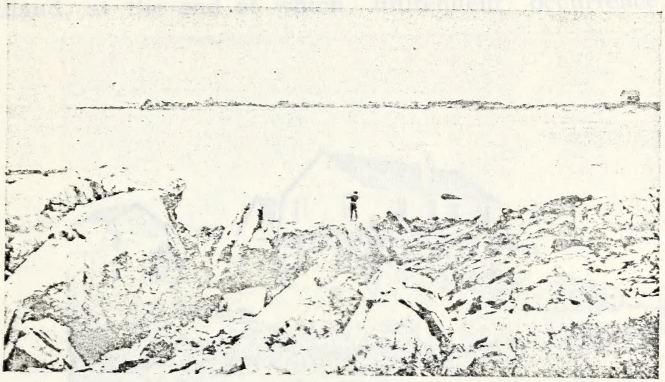
"Woodbine Cottage."



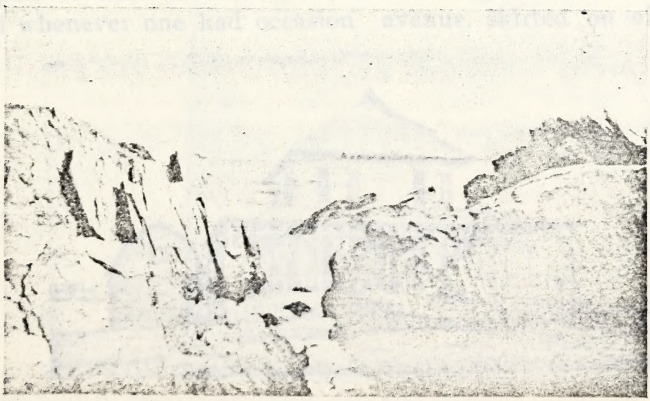


"Fishing Rocks," Concord Point.

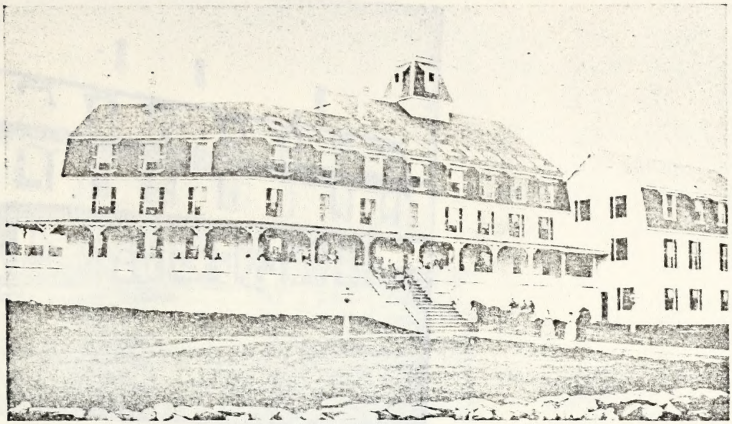
aware where the one ends and the other begins, is Little Boar's Head, a gem of sea-side resorts, embracing a small but exceedingly valuable territory in the town of North Hampton. Within the memory of some of the older inhabitants of the place, now living, a narrow, crooked path



Wallis Sands.

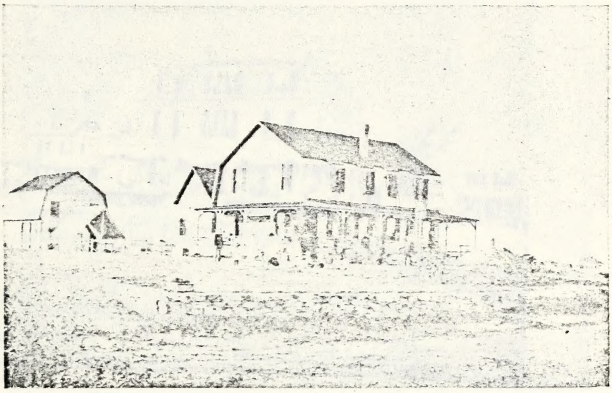


At Concord Point.

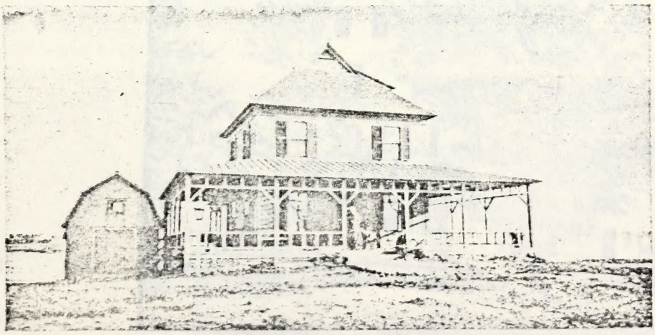


Ocean Wave House.

afforded the only means of traversing this headland, at the end of which was a pair of bars that had to be removed whenever one had occasion to pass that way, which was a very unfrequent occurrence. Now the narrow path has become a broad avenue, skirted on either side with

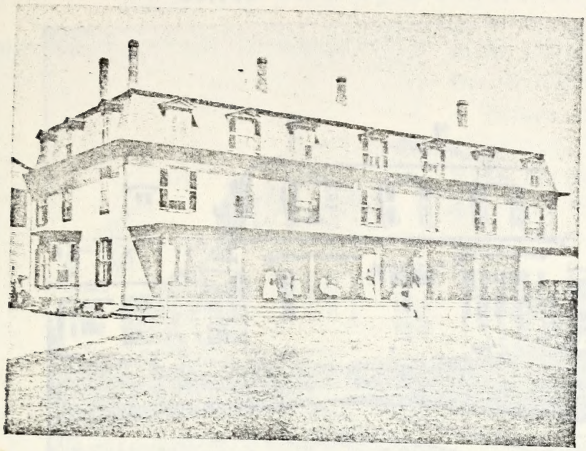


W. F. Thayer's Cottage.

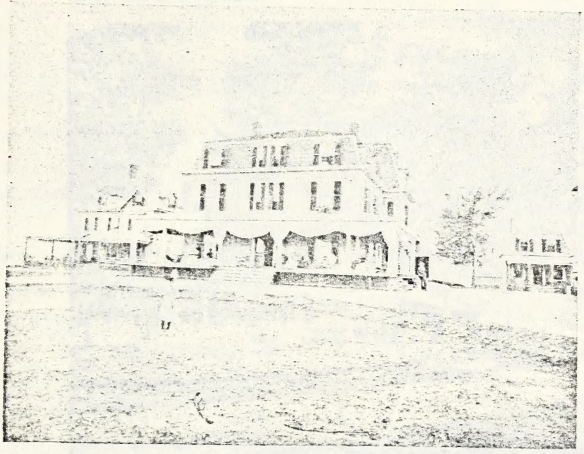


Cottage of W. G. C. Kimball.





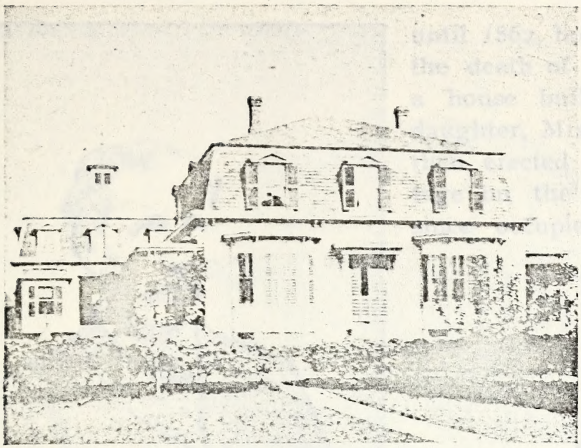
Drake's Cottage.



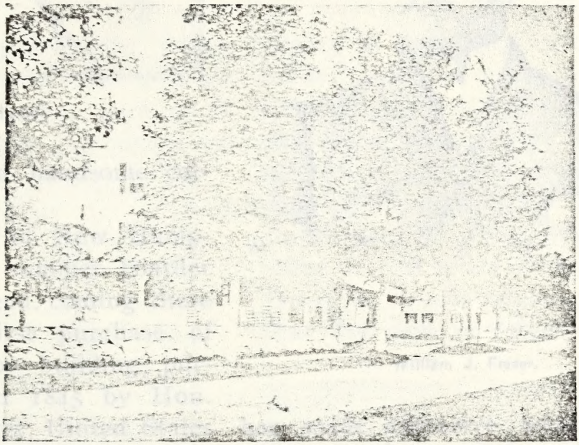
"Sawyer's," Horace Sawyer, Proprietor.



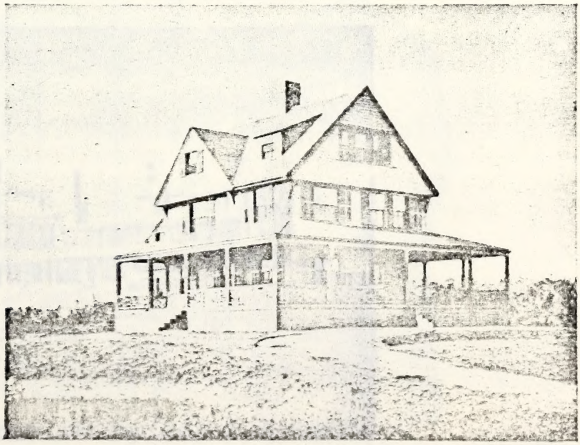
Washington House.



D. W. Dalton's Cottage.



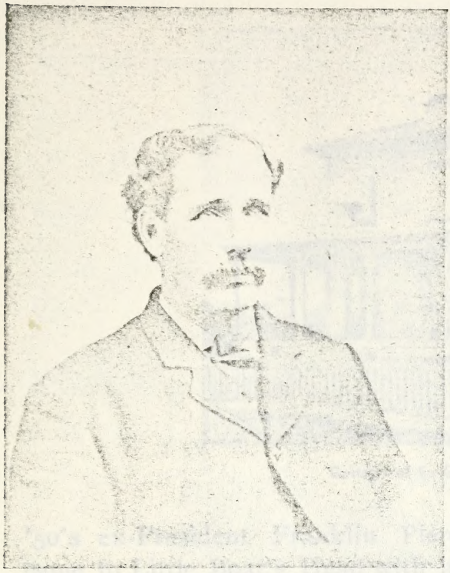
"Rising Sun Cottage."



Cottage of Joseph O. Hobbs.



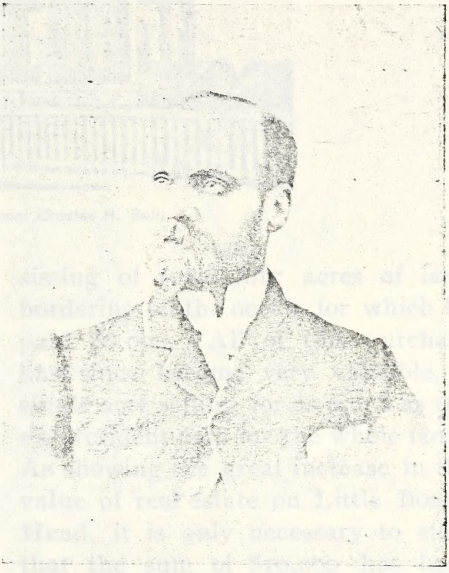




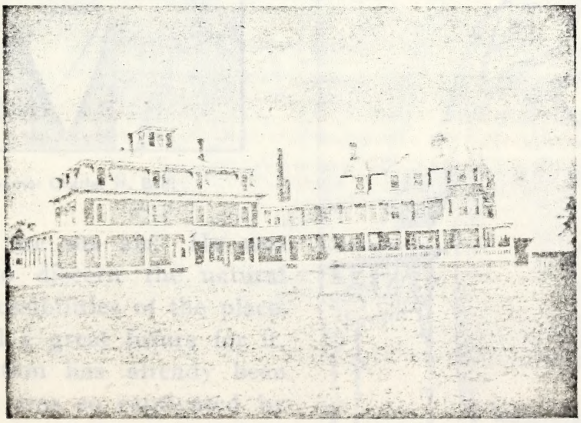
Albert Bachelder.

beautiful lawns and handsome cottages.

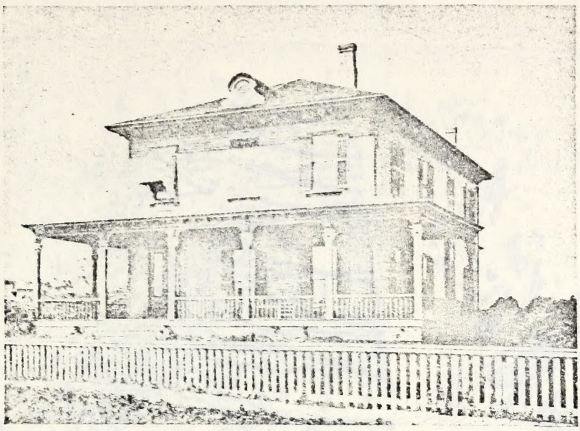
Gov. John Page of New Hampshire was the first summer boarder at Little Boar's Head, coming there in 1840. The first purchase of real estate here for building purposes was made in 1845 by Hon. James Bell of Exeter, United States senator from New Hampshire. Not until 1862, however, five years after the death of Hon. James Bell, was a house built on this lot. His daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel G. White, then erected the first summer cottage on the bluff which she has since occupied, and to which she has made extensive additions and improvements. During the early



William J. Fraser.

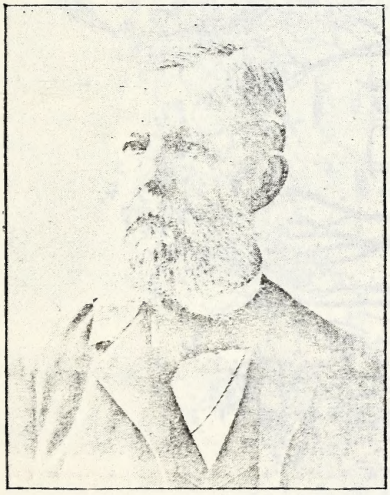


"Bachelder's."



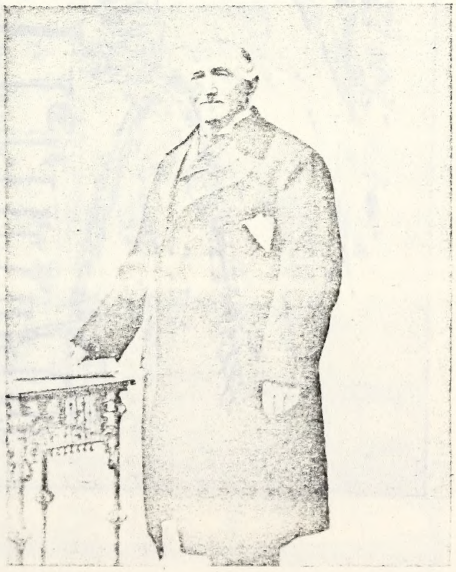
Cottage of Ex-Governor Charles H. Bell.

'50's ex-President Franklin Pierce came to Little Boar's Head with his wife, who was at that time in ill health, hoping that she would be

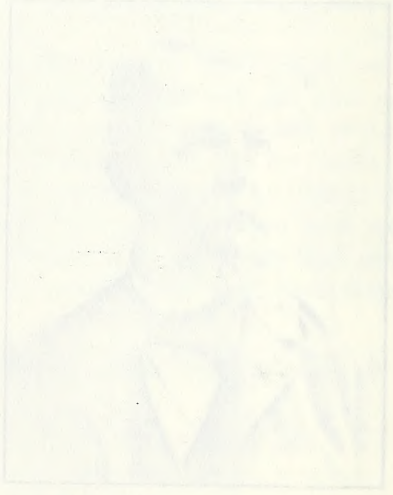


Ex-Governor Charles H. Bell.

benefited by the sea air. He was very quick to discern the natural beauty and possibilities of the place, and predicted a great future for it, which prediction has already been verified. He was so captivated by the attractiveness of the place that he purchased the "Brown Farm", consisting of some fifty acres of land bordering on the ocean, for which he paid $6,000. All of this purchase has since become very valuable, a single acre selling for as much as the ex-president paid for the whole farm. As showing the great increase in the value of real estate on Little Boar's Head, it is only necessary to state that the sum of $10,000 has been



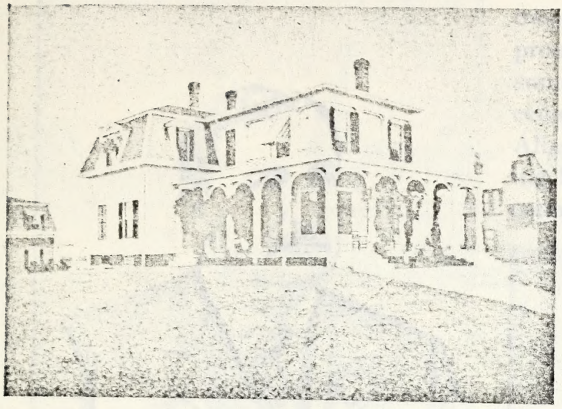
George G. Lougee.



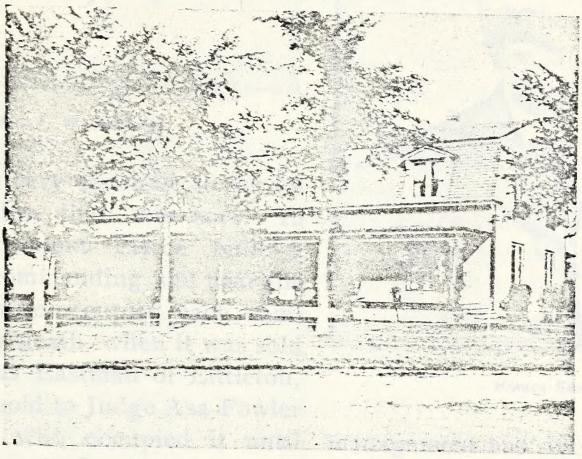




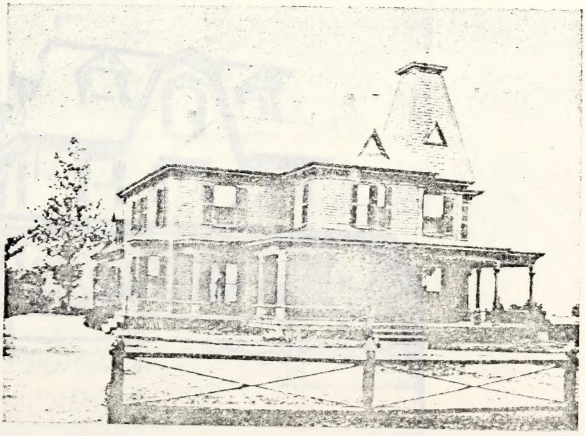
The Farragut House.



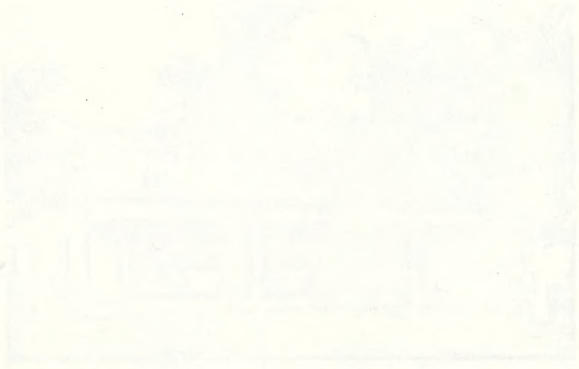
Bachelder Cottage.



Villa of George A. Allen of St. Louis.



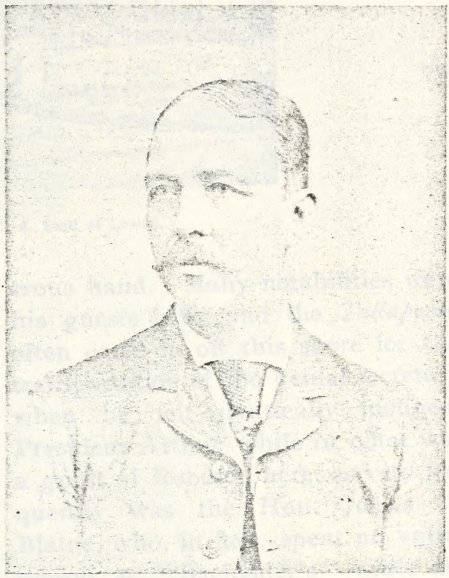
The Carter Cottage.





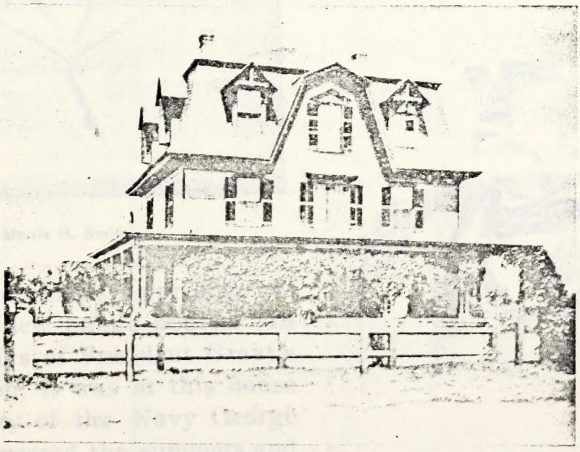
Hon. F. W. Kittredge.

refused for a very desirable corner lot containing less than one acre. In 1866, ex-President Pierce built a house on a commanding site near the water, which he occupied each summer until his death, when it was sold to Col. Cyrus Eastman of Littleton, and by him sold to Judge Asa Fowler of Concord, who occupied it until his decease. This estate is now owned by Hon. F. W. Kittredge, a prominent lawyer of Boston. The summer boarding business here received a great impetus in 1869, when Albert Bachelder built a large boarding house which, with its connecting cottages, conducted under his able

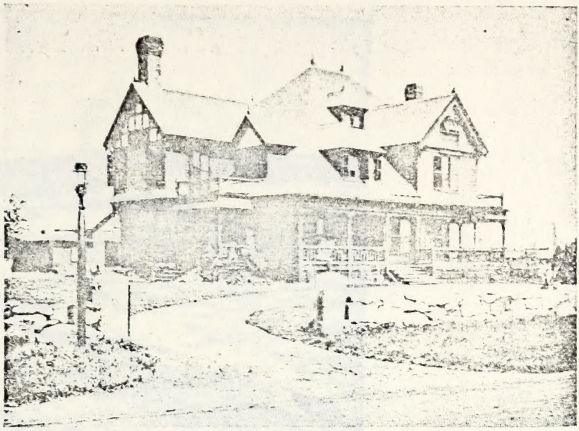


Horace Sawyer.

management has since become famed throughout the country. The excel-

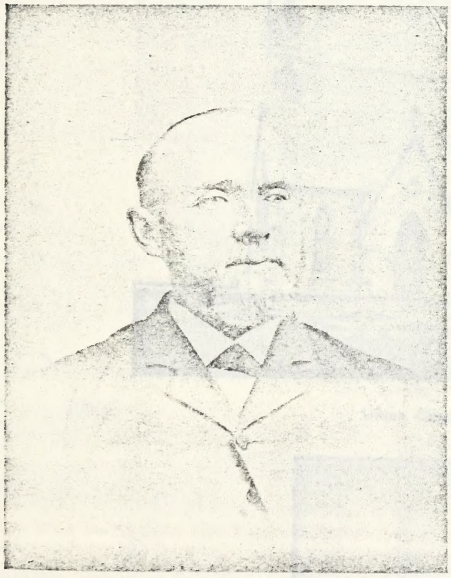


Cottage of Hon. F. W. Kittredge. Formerly the President Pierce Place.

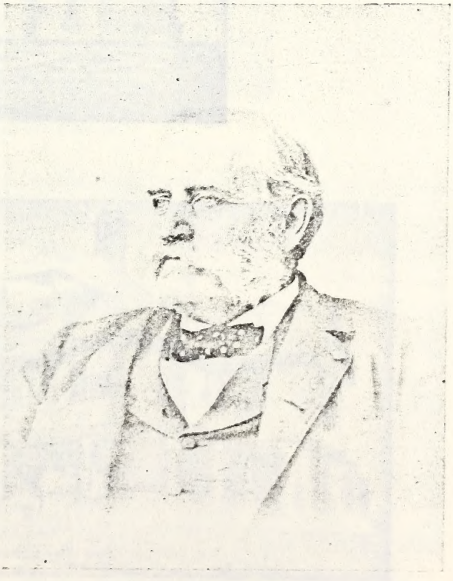


Cottage of Ex-Mayor C. A. Stott of Lowell.

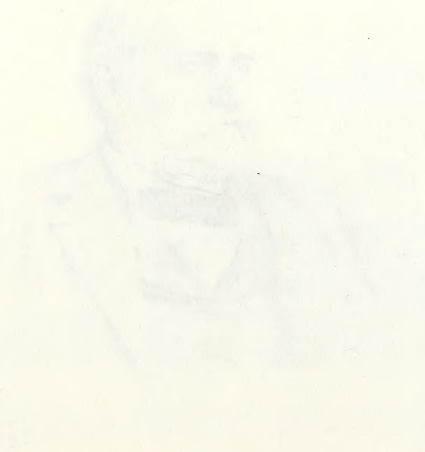
lence of its service, and a high class patronage ever on the increase, has given to "Bachelder's" a prestige enjoyed by but few public houses. In the palmy days of President Grant's administration, it was at this house that Secretary of the Navy George M. Robeson passed the summers and dispensed his hospitality with a generous hand. Many notabilities were his guests here, and the *Tallapoosa* often came in off this shore for the transportation of the genial secretary when he felt nautically inclined. President Arthur while in office was a guest of Robeson here, as very frequently was the Hon. James G. Blaine, who, in fact, spent an entire season at "Bachelder's" while en-

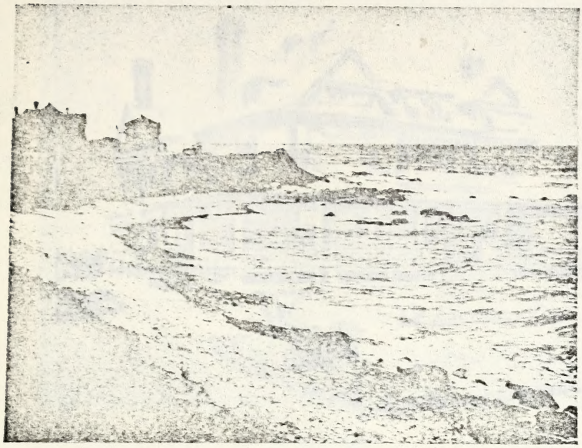


Morris H. Smith.

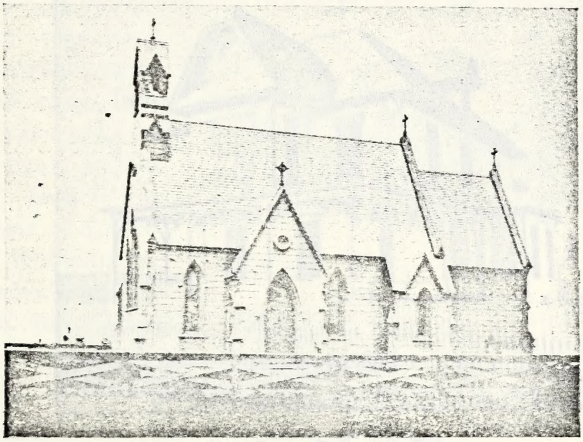


Major Charles A. Stott.





"Plase Cove."

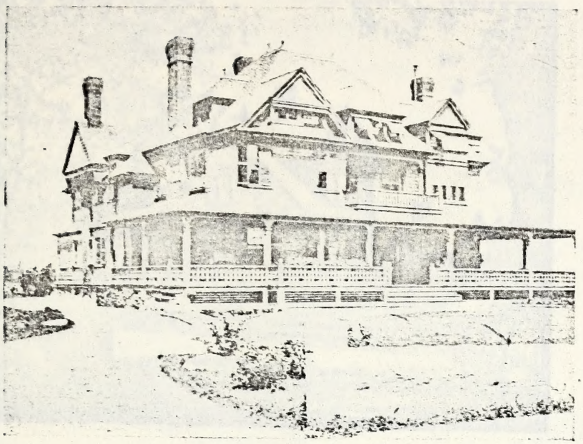


Union Chapel.



Cottage of Mrs. F. A. Lewis.

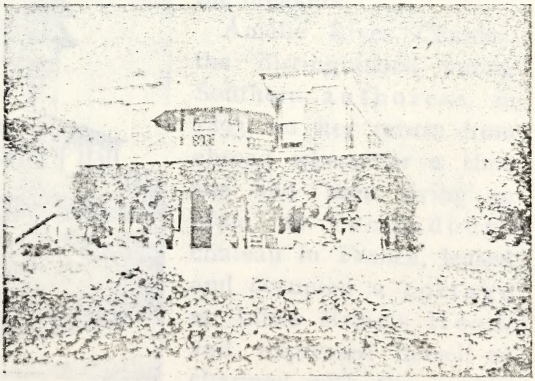




The Baker Cottage.

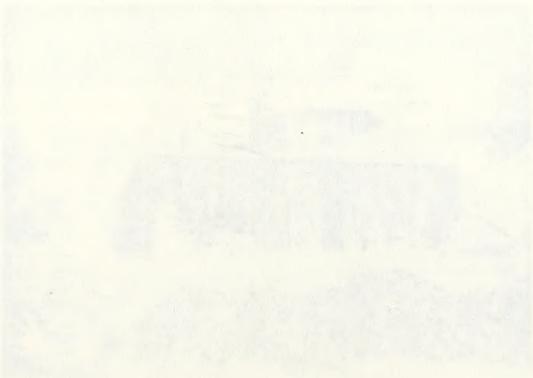


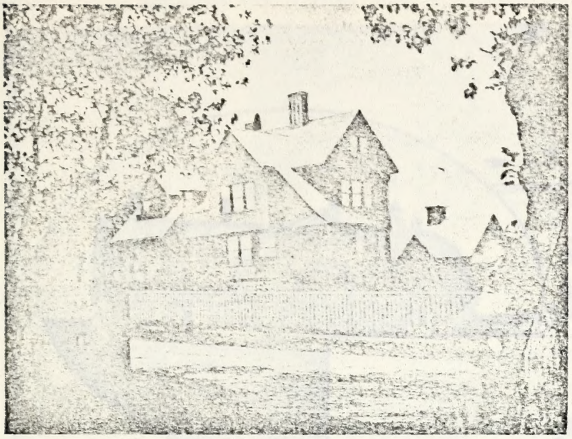
Hon. George R. Fowler's Cottage.



"Comfort Cottage," Miss Clara M. Fowler.



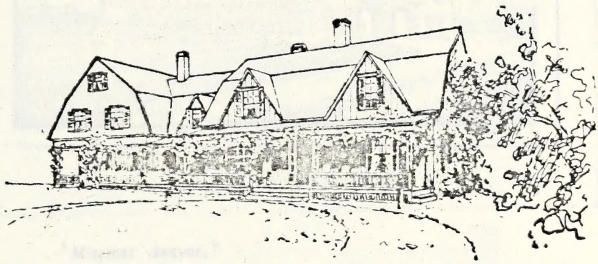




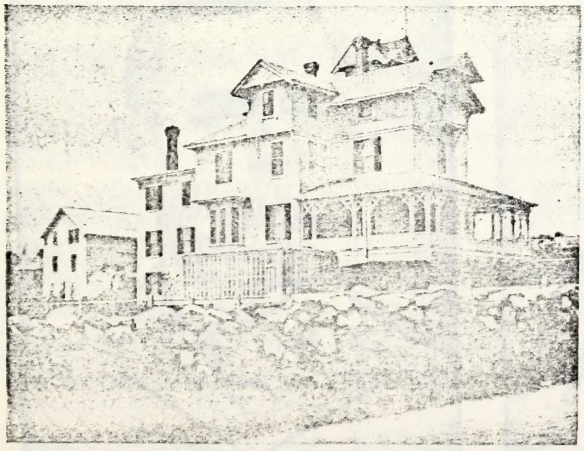
"Stoneleigh."

gaged in writing his book "Twenty Years in Congress." Among the prominent people who own or lease cottages and come here year after year may be mentioned Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Hon. Norman Williams of Chicago, Richard Hoffman, the eminent pianist of New York, who has spent twenty odd summers here, Captain W. H. Jaques, naval engineer and expert in the construction of armor plates for ships of war, who is the owner of "Miramar Jaques," a magnificent place on "Fox Hill Point." The recent death of his wife, Elizabeth Hale Jaques, a daughter of Hon. John P. Hale and sister of the wife of Senator William E. Chandler, was a serious loss to the summer colony here, by whom she was held in high regard.

The late Gov. Charles H. Bell was an earnest admirer of this place. He loved the rocks, the crags, the beach, and passed many seasons amid the quiet surroundings of his attractive summer home close by the breakers.



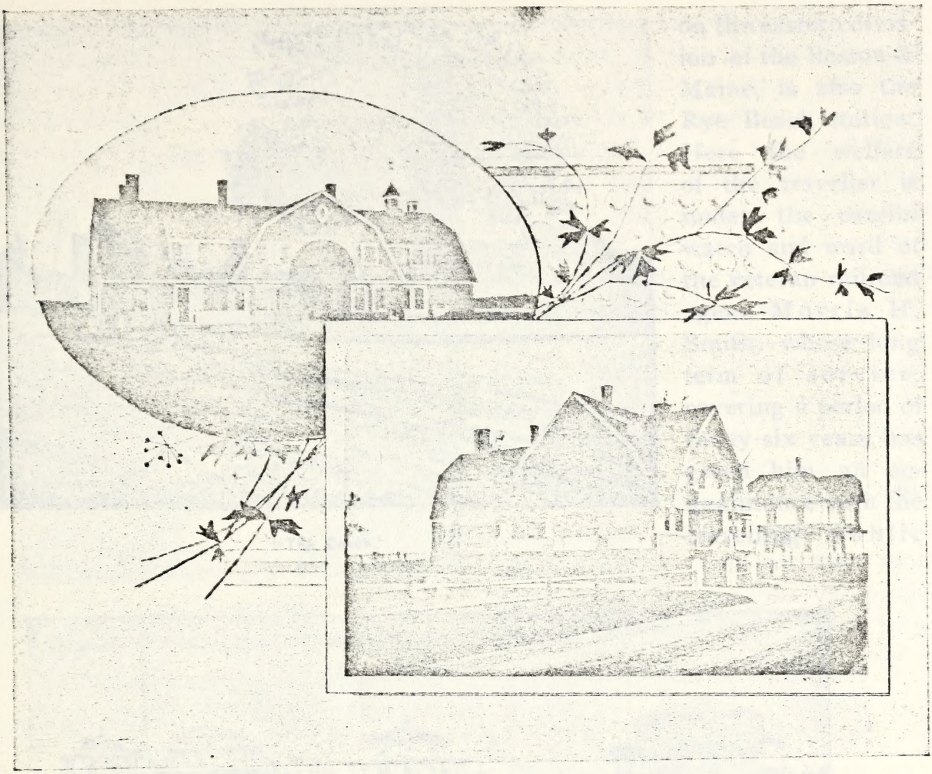
Summer Residence of Mrs. N. G. White.



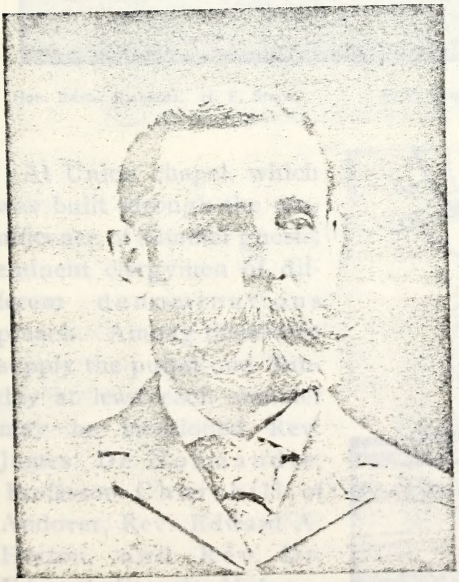
"The Breakers."

Amèlie Rives Chanler, the distinguished young Southern authoress, in 1893, on her return from abroad where for a time she had been living in Mme. de Pompadour's chateau in France, leased and occupied a cottage at Little Boar's Head, and expressed herself as charmed with the beauty of the place.

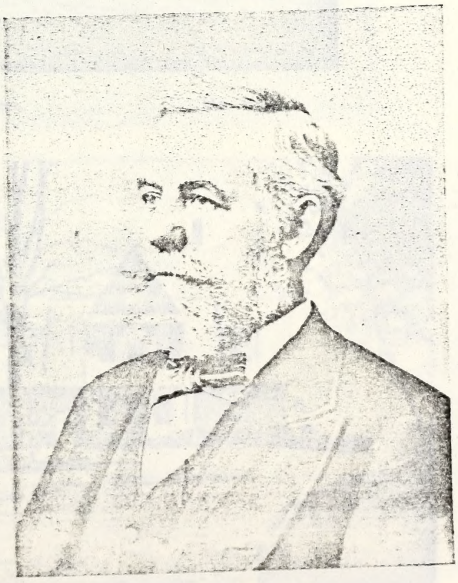




'Miramar Jaques.'

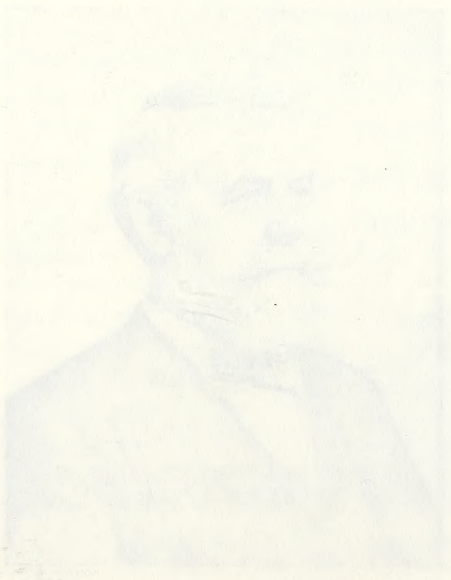


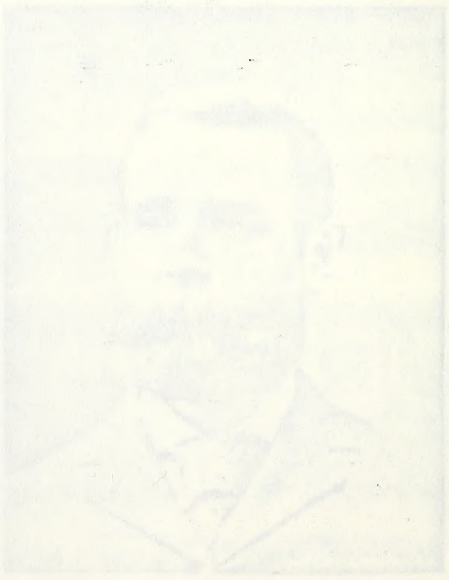
William P. Fowler, Esq.



Hon. George R. Fowler.









"The Coach."

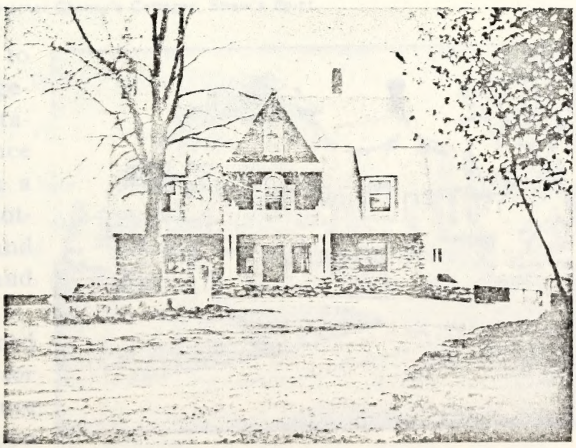
on the eastern division of the Boston & Maine, is also the Rye Beach station. Here the welfare of the traveller is under the careful watch and ward of the veteran railroad agent, Morris H. Smith, whose long term of service, covering a period of thirty-six years, has given him an acquaintance with the travelling public



Hon. Dexter Richards. H. F. Straw. F. P. Carpenter. Mrs. Huse.

At Union chapel, which was built through the munificence of summer guests, eminent clergymen of different denominations preach. Among those who supply the pulpit one Sunday at least each summer may be mentioned Rev. James De Normandie, Professor Churchill of Andover, Rev. Edward A. Horton, and Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

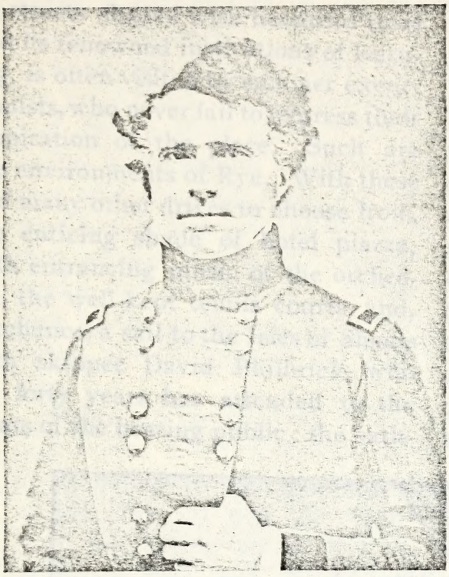
North Hampton station,



Residence of Albert Bachelder.







Gen. Franklin Pierce.

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complaint for want of places of interest to visit. A ride through the town of Rye, with its fine farms, and Newcastle, with its crooked streets and long bridges, its old fort, and other places of historic interest, to Portsmouth, an ancient city rich in legendary lore, of which much has been charmingly told by her own talented son, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in "An Old Town by the Sea," is hard to equal. To the south the new ocean boulevard gives a fine marine view all the way to Great Boar's Head. Stratham Hill, some ten miles inland, is a lovely retreat for picnic parties, and rarely a day in summer passes without a gay company from some resort filling the grounds with laughter and merrymaking. Exeter, with



Ex-Governor Cheney's Cottages, Straw's Point.

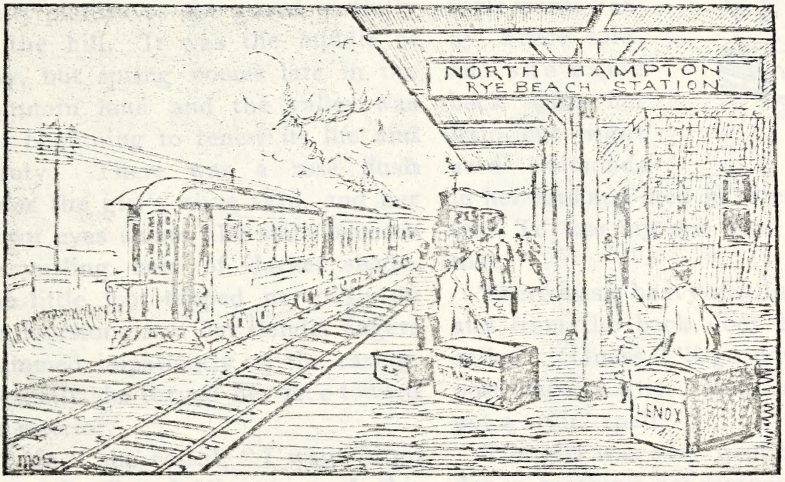
that extends from ocean to ocean. The ride by stage-coach from the railroad station to the beach, a distance of four miles, is through a section of rural beauty, dotted with country homes and shaded by stately elms and pines.

Broad, hard roads afford unlimited opportunities for those who derive pleasure from driving or riding upon the wheel, and there is never



Residence of Miss Caroline Philbrick.

its streets shaded with beautiful trees and its renowned institutions of learning, is often visited by summer excursionists, who never fail to express their admiration of the place. Such are the environments of Rye. With these and many other drives to choose from, the enticing shade of hotel piazza, with entrancing music of the orchestra, the well-kept tennis courts, and, perchance, a sail to the Isles of Shoals with skipper David Philbrick, who for forty years has attended to the wants of the boating public; the bathing, the dreamy waltz, the attractive plays at the Casino, a stroll on the beach or through the tree-embowered lanes,—the tourist finds the days all too fleeting, and when at last the summer draws to an end—as all summers must—these birds of passage regretfully hie themselves away, some to the prosaic walks of business, some to continue a life of social gaiety at other resorts, but whatever the subsequent surroundings may be, the mind often reverts to the happy days spent at romantic Rye.



THE WAITER-GIRL.

By H. C. Pearson.



THE long, low white hotel clung like a frightened rabbit to the side of the great hill; a hill which would have been a mountain anywhere but in the midst of the American Alps. Over opposite, grand old Lafayette lifted his sturdy shoulders into the bright blue sky, still bearing the white cross proudly upon his breast. On either side frowning heights stretched away till, far in the southwest, stood Moosilauke, lone sentinel at the entrance to the pass. Behind and above all, towered in the dim majesty of distance the Presidential range, as won-



derful a background as the Master Painter ever drew.

At the foot of the hill, just beneath the great hotel, the Gale river rippled and danced along through its green valley, harnessed for half-hearted service at a few little mills, but for the most part as free and gay as the birds that circled above it. Along its banks ran the highway, skirted in turn by the green and white houses, stores, and churches of the little village.

Framed in the doorway of her cottage home, Kittie Dearborn made a pretty picture as she gazed wistfully up the hill. It was the middle of May, but spring comes late in the mountain land and the valley was just beginning to renew its life and beauty. There was a rose flush under the girl's olive skin, and her brown eyes shone like stars beneath the curling hair of darker shade. One little foot tapped nervously on the doorstone and her slender fingers drummed impatiently on the casing. Presently she turned her face toward the interior.

"Ma," she called, "I want to go up to the Grand View to work this summer."

The first reply she received was a masculine grunt indicative of the deepest disfavor. Then came a shrill female voice:

"Land sakes, what will you want next, Kittie Dearborn, I don't know. Here you are, well-fed, well-dressed, goin' to school, got a beau, aint denied anythin', spoildest child in the village everybody says; an' yit you want to go to work in a hotel along of nobody knows who from Boston and everywheres else that has to do it to live, poor things! But that 's no reason why you should be mixin' up with 'em and you sha' n't, there!"

"O Mother!" answered the girl petulantly, "you know there are lots of good girls working in the hotels. I want to earn some money of my very own, and I want to see some people besides those in this village and I want to be where there is some life."



"'Some life!' Did you hear that, John Henry? The very same words Fanny Bruce said, and she came back with her hair cut short and diamonds in her ears and died in three months. Oh! To lose my one ewe lamb like that!"

There was a heavy rustling of boots and from the back door her father called: "Guess I 'll go down to the post-office, Kittie. Your ma, she's got a cryin' spell."

The girl was very gentle and tender in soothing her mother's excited nerves and drying the tears that flowed profusely. But when the threatened tempest had at last been successfully averted she said calmly: "And so I suppose I may go if I get a chance, may n't I, Mother?"

"Deary me, yes, I suppose so. You always do what you want to. That is, you may if Jim's willin'," catching eagerly at this straw of hope.

"Jim? Oh, I 'll fix Jim," answered Kittie with a laugh.

Down across the road by the river bank was a wooden seat between the trees, not really quite large enough



for two but just suited to the wants of Kittie and her lover. There they met night after night and sat for hours dreaming happy dreams, while smoke from his briar pipe kept off the mosquitoes. This evening he was more quiet than usual, and, rather to Kittie's surprise, offered not the slightest objection to her plan.

"It will keep you from being lonesome while I am away," he said. "I am going to New York the first of next week."

"O Jim! So soon? What for?" cried Kitty with a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"Well, you see, dear, I've loafed round here till my health is as good as a bulldog's and it is about time for me to get back to work. I've a chance on the *Sun* which is one not to let slip, and the sooner I get there the better. I hate to leave you, sweetheart, but you will enjoy yourself so much at the hotel that I'm afraid you will not miss me as much as I shall want you to."

And so it came to pass that when the Grand View opened its doors on June 15 there was a new waiter-girl behind one of the flower-decked tables in the long dining room; a very pretty girl, too, in her neat white cap and apron, as the head waiter from Dartmouth noticed with admiration and the other girls with a bit of envy. Kittie was a little nervous as she stood awaiting the first appearance of the people who had been assigned to her table. "They 're all from New York, going to stay the whole season, just soft snaps," the head waiter had assured her, and she had thanked him with one of her sweetest smiles. After the first awkwardness had passed away she found, too, that the young collegian had been correct in his estimate.



Mrs. Van Derck's dog was obnoxious, for Kitty simply despised pugs anyway, and this one's temper had been spoiled by a long course of pampering and petting. But Mrs. Van Derck herself did not need to quote her old Dutch pedigree to show that she was a true lady, and true ladies, as Kittie soon learned from hotel life, are always kind and courteous.



Mrs. Jacobs wore diamonds at every meal to be sure, and simply



murdered the French on the menu cards ; but she was generous to a degree, as gorgeous as her gowns, and that atoned not only for her own faults but also for those of her twin hopefuls, who have as much regard for table manners as so many little pigs.

As for the men, Kittie was soon assured by every girl in the dining room that she had the "pick of the lot." There was young Carryl Earle, who, when properly made up, looked as pretty as a mayflower, but whose perfume, alas, was cigarettes instead of arbutus. He fell desperately in love with Kittie at first sight, but discovered upon due consideration that it was not good form ; and so transferred his allegiance to one of the guests, an hurrah girl from Cincinnati, who married him, rather to his surprise, in the fall.



Jack White was a stock broker of thirty-five, seeking relief for shattered nerves in the mountain air, who chaffed Kittie at meal times, tipped her handsomely afterward, and wondered cynically over his midnight cigar what the future of so pretty a girl was to be.

And, finally, there was Colonel Hamilton. On the shady side of fifty was the colonel and it was a lively half-century that he had to look back upon ; but he still stood erect as a pine, his iron-grey hair was thick and bushy and his heavy mustache curled as dashingly as ever. His green eyes were usually half closed, but occasionally they opened wide for a glance at Kittie.



It did not take the experienced man of the world long to ingratiate himself into the confidence of the pretty waiter-girl and soon he knew all her little history. In return he told her that he was a leading lawyer of the New York bar, which was true enough ; that he had been disappointed in love when a young man, which was very far from being true ; and that she reminded him strongly of his fair but false one, which was also, of course, untrue.

Kittie naturally pitied the poor man, and their intimacy grew so fast that before long he was proposing to take her back to New York with him in the fall to study short-hand and type-writing at his expense. Kittie thought this would be "perfectly lovely," but when she mentioned it at the little home down in the valley father Dearborn gave one of his deepest grunts of negation and said to himself: "I guess I'll write to Jim," which he did.

One evening about a week later the colonel and Kittie were strolling along "Lovers' Lane." The soft light of the full moon filtered through the overhanging foliage in little glints and gleams that merely served to accentuate the cool summer darkness. The colonel had his arm around the girl's waist, "in a fatherly way," he explained to her ; and though Kittie did not remember any embrace of just that kind from her own father she did not see fit to object. They talked of their plans for her future and the colonel, after a particularly glowing picture of the

city life she would see, asked softly: "And now will not my little girl give her old friend one kiss for all that he is going to do for her?"

Innocent Kittie assented readily enough and her companion's face was close to her's when there came a sudden interruption. A dark form that had been quietly following them materialized into an athletic young man, who laid the colonel prostrate with one well-directed shove and with his other arm pressed the girl close to him.

"Who are you? What are you here for?" sputtered the colonel as soon as he had regained his feet. "I'll have you arrested, sir."

"You will not," replied the other man. "My name is James Van Horn at your service. I am a reporter on the New York *Sun* and a friend of Harry Dumont. Do you know what that means?"

"No, nor do I wish to," growled the colonel.

"I'll tell you what it means then, you grey haired scoundrel," continued Jim, warming up a bit. "I love this girl as my life. Because I do not wish to see her where Harry Dumont's wife is to-day I am here. Leave her presence this instant. If you ever dare speak to her again I'll whip you like a dog."

Thoroughly cowed and frightened, the colonel slunk away into the darkness, leaving Jim and Kittie alone. It was sometime later when Jim said: "If you are tired of the hotel life what will you want next, Kittie?"

"Jim! Dear Jim!" said the girl with a happy sigh, "I don't want anything any more but just you."



AUGUST 17, 1755.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By F. Hodgman.

The summer sun shone brightly down
Upon Fall mountain's rocky crown,
While at his foot a rushing stream
Dispersed the rays with flash and gleam
Connecticut's swift rolling tide

Swept close along the mountain side,
Till narrowed by the rocky shore
It leaped the falls with sullen roar,
Then, from its narrow bondage freed,
It wandered on by copse and mead
In devious way, with turns and crooks,
And gathered in the babbling brooks
That, down from Walpole's wooded hills,
Brought laughing tribute from the rills.
The sun shone down on peaceful scene
Of valleys broad and forests green;
Of hill tops clad with spruce and pine;
Of dells where grew the hardy vine;
Of terraced plains that stretch away
Where once the river held its sway.
The sun shone on a land most fair
With not a white man living there,
Save where the lonely cabin stood
That Kilburn made his dwelling good,
And where a mile and more away
The Bellows garrison held sway.
The sun shone bright on peaceful scene,
But even then, the hills between,
A dusky army, on its way
Through meadows fair and forests gray,
Were coming down from northern land
With musket shot and fiery brand,
With tomahawks and scalping knives
To take the peaceful settlers' lives.
Ben Bellows and a score of men
Returning homeward from the glen
Were slowly climbing up the hill
With sacks of forage from the mill.
They had their trusty guns in hand
To use if they should meet the band,
For news had come from far Quebec
That any hour they might expect
An inroad from an Indian band
To drive them from their chosen land.
Before they reached the very crest,
They halted for a moment's rest
And, peeping o'er the other side,
An Indian ambuscade espied.
Each dropped his sack and primed his gun
And when they had the summit won
They gave a shout with all their might

Then mid the ferns dropped out of sight.
As clansmen on the Scottish hill
Responded to the whistle shrill
When it was blown by Roderick Dhu,
So now up sprang the dusky crew.
And every bush, and rock, and tree,
Alive with warriors seemed to be,
For but an instant,—then they fled
Assailed by deadly storm of lead.
They disappeared like phantoms strange
Beyond the settlers' sight and range,
And soon with yells and musket shot
Were heard assailing Kilburn's cot.
The colonel sought the strong support
And shelter of his little fort,
And there, with all his force arrayed,
He waited for the savage raid.
And there till night had shut them in
They listened to the distant din,
Each minute looking for attack
And well prepared to hurl it back.
But not an Indian came in sight,
And silence fell with shades of night;
No sound was heard on wood or hill,
And e'en the night bird's note was still.
An anxious man was Colonel Ben
As, turning to his troop of men,
He said: "No further noise we hear;
Now what good man will volunteer
And down to Kilburn's cabin go,
And bring back tidings of the foe?"
The colonel's men were brave and true,
But well each one among them knew
The desperate peril he'd invite
Were he to try to go that night.
Each man drew back and glanced around
And not a single one was found
Who of his own free will and lot
Would go that night to Kilburn's cot.
"I'll try it, Father. Let *me* go.
Full well each foot of ground I know
And all the better for the night,
I'm sure to go and come all right."
'T was Peter spoke, the colonel's son;
Of all were there, the bravest one
To dare the perils of the night

And bring them tidings of the fight.
The boy was only just sixteen
And for his age was small I ween;
But he was fleet as any deer
And never knew the slightest fear;
Had hunted all the country o'er,
And knew it well from hill to shore.
He left the fort at dead of night,
And soon his form was lost from sight
Amid the forest dark and gray
That hid him on his silent way.
His feet with softest buckskin shod
Made not a sound upon the sod;
He careful stepped, lest breaking stick
Should reach the Indians' hearing quick;
He kept close watch on all around
Where'er a foeman might be found,
And thus with eye and muscle strained
The Kilburn clearing safely gained.
Now if the Kilburns held their ground
And foes were lurking yet around,
A double danger he must dare
From those who watched and waited there;
And so he sought the deepest shade
That friend and foe he might evade;
With double care no soul to rouse
At last he safely reached the house;
With care he searched about the place
And of the foe found not a trace.
As good as new the cabin stood,
No fire had scorched its solid wood;
The lad stood still in dire suspense
With beating heart and muscles tense.
Was any one there alive or dead?
And where had all the Indians fled?
Had they scalped John Kilburn and his men?
If so, where were the women then?
With vice-like hold he gripped his knife
And waited for some signs of life.
They came at last. Low sounds of speech
From well known voice his hearing reached.
When that sound met his grateful ear
He knew full well no foe was near.
He shouted loud: "Good friends within,
Unbar the door and let me in;
I've just come down from Number Three

And not a soul has troubled me."
The well-known voice and Peter's words
Seemed sweeter far than songs of birds.
They soon unbarred the heavy door
And let him in where safe once more
And all unhurt, save only one,
They'd fought from noon till set of sun.
They told him all and on him pressed
Refreshing food and drink and rest;
They shared with him the best they had
And prayed that God would bless the lad
Who through the woods without a fear
Had brought them words of hope and cheer.
Then homeward Peter went his way
And reached the fort by break of day.
His welcome home need not be told.
If your boy did a deed as bold,
On his return, pray, what would you
To welcome him be apt to do?

WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUSANNA von TECHOW was also out of doors on that same beautiful spring afternoon when Reutlingen met his wife. The violets were blooming upon the green terraced banks of the lake which lay near her house, and their odor drew her to the shore. She stooped and plucked the lovely little spring flowers, and with their scent she seemed to dream of the past. Years ago, it was now; she was a child and stood in this same place looking for violets. At her feet lay a slender, handsome boy, his laughing brown eyes gazing up at her. They were the children of neighbors and were constantly together; he was her dearest playmate. His parents had died when he was young and he had been brought to Steinhovel to be educated with the young Reutlingens, and soon wild Jobst and he became inseparable, except that he seldom brought Jobst to Zellin.

Once during violet time they came

together across the lake, each in a cranky little fishing boat, and shouted greetings to the slender Susanna as she stood upon the bank. They were home on leave and had come to show her their uniforms, Jobst von Reutlingen as a sub-lieutenant in the Baireuth dragoons, and Wolf von Eickstadt, the younger and weaker, as a page to the prince of Prussia, with the hope of soon entering his friend's regiment as a sub-lieutenant also. Both boats reached the shore, and out stepped two soldierly oarsmen, each wishing her to accept his escort for a boat ride. Her heart drew her to Wolf, the charming page whose beautiful brown eyes besought her so earnestly, but it was much too good a chance to torment him, and so she took the wild Reutlingen's outstretched hand. The young lieutenant showed her his Hohenfriedburg sabre cut and told her of the king's precious words, while Wolf fell into an indescribable rage. He brought his little skiff so close to the other and moved about in it so roughly that finally it capsized and the page found himself in the water. The day was cool, and Susanna took loving care of her unlucky friend, whose rage against Jobst was not lessened by the latter's ridicule.

Wolf was mortified and cast down, but she comforted him, gave him her violets, and later in the evening, when he and his friend took their leave, she could not find it in her heart to deny him the first kiss for which he begged so earnestly.

Wolf was now a lieutenant and she seldom saw him, but she heard reports of him that pained her greatly; not only that he gambled and won, but that he paid court to other women, as though he had forgotten his youthful love.

"He offers incense at every shrine," said Heinz von Reutlingen to her with his deep smile. This bearer of evil tales gathered all the bad news about Wolf that he could, and told with much pleasure of a certain woman in Pasewalk by whose side the young lieutenant was constantly found, and to whom he had given his unsought love. Susanna saw, however, that Heinz himself was passionately attached to her, and thought that perhaps he spoke maliciously to injure his rival.

Once Wolf had come to Steinhovel, and thence to Zellin to see her, bringing with him a bunch of violets. They had sat together for a short time, and she then saw that she had a great influence over him, and that he realized and rejoiced in it. Had he since been untrue to her? She dared not hear the answer. It seemed to her that she had then cast from her that which was her right, for where Susanna von Techow loved, there she wished to reign supreme.

They had not spoken of their future, for Wolf was without means, and Susanna looked upon the life before them with sensible eyes. So they had separated and had not met since. Susanna sighed. How long ago had it been? Was not youth passing, the violet time of life?

"I am not obliged to wait for him," she murmured unwillingly to herself. A few days before another had stood before her with passionate supplication, begging for her love and her hand,—Heinz von Reutlingen—but she did not care for him. She had sent him away, and he had left with a disagreeable laugh.

"Don't think you can count upon Wolf von Eickstadt," he had said, "for he has a very short memory. He was desperate in his attentions to my sister, but he has forgotten her in even this short time."

She had listened to him disdainfully, but still she could not forget his words. Why did she worry over them; surely she was not obliged to wait for him?

With a frown upon her brow she heard a light step behind her, and turning, saw an active, handsome figure, in the bright blue, silver-trimmed blouse of the Baireuth dragoons, the hat with its flowing white plume in his hand. Thus Wolf von Eickstadt approached her.

"Susanna," he cried in a low tone, with deep agitation in his voice.

A treacherous blush appeared beneath the soft, wavy lock that fell over her forehead.

"Herr von Eickstadt, is it you?" Never before had she called him Herr von Eickstadt. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips with an expression of unbounded respect.

"Fraulien Susanna, we have not seen each other for a long time; have you entirely forgotten your old playmate?"

"Oh, no! I have had no vicissitudes of war to distract my mind. I have lived quietly all these years, but have heard much and forgotten nothing."

She spoke coldly and stiffly, more so, perhaps, than she intended, which was only natural. He might have known it, but he only noticed the repulsion in her tone, and that pained his faithful heart.

"The war has tossed me about like a ball," said he, "but through everything the thought of you has been constantly with me, to see you again has been the aim of my life."

She laughed him away. "What nonsense you talk, Wolf. Come and greet my parents, and tell us what you have been doing."

They returned to the house, Wolf talking as they walked.

"I came with Jobst von Reutlingen, but he went on to Steinhovel to visit his wife, while I came here." Then after a pause: "Did you see anything of Frau von Reutlingen?"

"Yes, indeed; she is charming, and improves wonderfully on closer acquaintance, for she is a trifle shy at first."

"A trifle! I should say she was painfully shy. It is her greatest fault, but she never shows it to me."

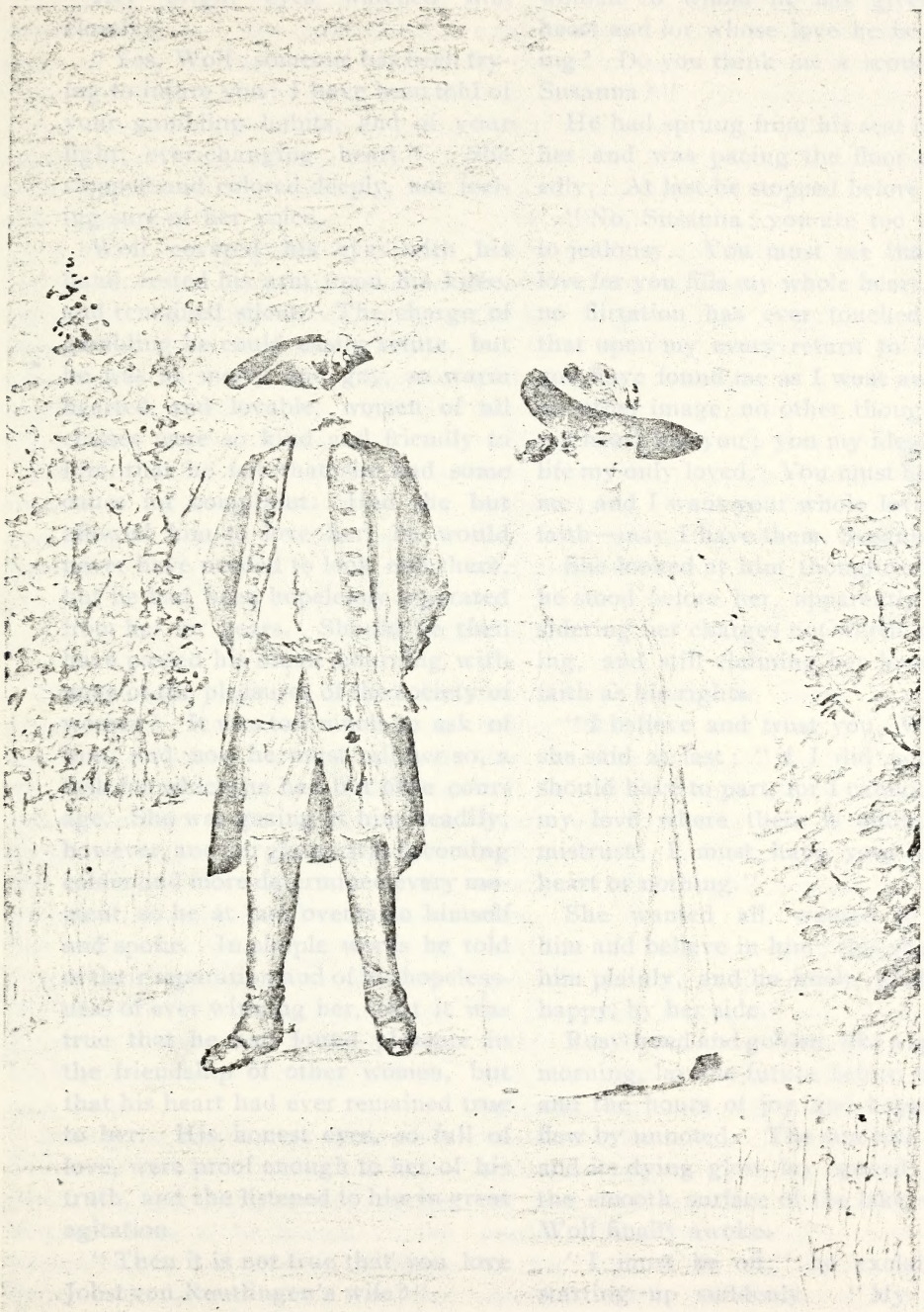
"So I have heard."

He felt instinctively that there was more in her words than appeared on the surface, so he watched her attentively.

He was not pleased at the prospect of spending the afternoon with Susanna's parents, but he saw no way of avoiding it, until at last Susanna herself gave way to the silent supplication of his dark eyes, and led the way to her own little sitting room, a proceeding which did not please her father and mother, although they never interfered with their daughter's actions.

Wolf followed her with a beating heart, and when she seated herself on the little sofa in her bright room, he hastened to her side, and, seizing her hand, pressed it passionately between his own.

"Susanna, has anyone been trying to injure me in your eyes?"



"They returned to the house, Wolf talking as they walked."



Her bright eyes watched him closely.

"Yes, Wolf; someone has been trying to injure you; I have been told of your gambling habits, and of your light, ever-changing heart." She stopped and colored deeply, not feeling sure of her voice.

Wolf covered his eyes with his hand, rested his arm upon his knee, and remained silent. The charge of gambling he could easily refute, but he was so merry and gay, so warm hearted and lovable, women of all classes were so kind and friendly to him, that he felt that she had some cause for complaint. Had she but allowed him to love her, he would never have needed to look elsewhere, but he had been hopelessly separated from her for years. Should he then have passed his life in mourning, with none of the pleasures of the society of women? It was too much to ask of him, and now he must tell her so, a task for which he had but little courage. She was gazing at him steadily, however, and her glance was becoming colder and more determined every moment, so he at last overcame himself and spoke. In simple words he told of their separation and of his hopelessness of ever winning her, that it was true that he had found pleasure in the friendship of other women, but that his heart had ever remained true to her. His honest eyes, so full of love, were proof enough to her of his truth, and she listened to him in great agitation.

"Then it is not true that you love Jobst von Reutlingen's wife?"

"Jobst von Reutlingen's wife!" he exclaimed. "Have you not answered your question in those four words? The wife of my dearest friend? The woman to whom he has given his heart and for whose love he is striving? Do you think me a scoundrel, Susanna?"

He had sprung from his seat beside her and was pacing the floor excitedly. At last he stopped before her.

"No, Susanna; you are too quick to jealousy. You must see that my love for you fills my whole heart, that no flirtation has ever touched me, that upon my every return to Zellin you have found me as I went away—no other image, no other thought in my heart but you; you my ideal, my life my only loved. You must believe me; and I want your whole love and faith—may I have them, Susanna?"

She looked at him thoughtfully as he stood before her, apparently considering her charges not worth meeting, and still claiming her love and faith as his right.

"I believe and trust you, Wolf," she said at last; "if I did not, we should have to part, for I cannot give my love where there is doubt and mistrust; I must have your whole heart or nothing."

She wanted all, wanted to love him and believe in him: this she told him plainly, and he knelt, glad and happy, by her side.

Rosy-hued and golden, like a spring morning, lay the future before them, and the hours of joy and happiness flew by unnoted. The sun had sunk and its dying glow lay spread upon the smooth surface of the lake when Wolf finally awoke.

"I must be off;" he exclaimed, starting up suddenly. "My stern captain ordered me to leave soon after sunset, so I must hurry."

"Jobst stern?" exclaimed Susanna, with a smile of unbelief.

"Indeed he is. He is severe in matters of duty. He undoubtedly longs to stay at Steinhovel, but I wager he'll be with the troop before I am. Now, Susanna, before I go I must speak to your parents, and you must promise me that some day you will be my wife."

"I have already promised, Wolf, and you are right, you must speak to my parents," answered Susanna earnestly, "but I think I can tell you what their answer will be. They see trouble for us in the future, and they will be slow to give me to you."

He went, but soon returned with a shadow of discouragement in his eyes that disappeared when he saw Susanna.

"Your parents will not give you to a poor subaltern, they have two sons in the army, and are therefore too poor. You know the situation, beloved; will you wait for me?"

Tears filled her eyes as she clung to his arm and clasped it tenderly.

"I will wait for you forever!"

The twilight was fading, and his horse was pawing impatiently before the door.

"Give me the violets that you picked today, Susanna, as a remembrance of this sweet hour."

She gave him the flowers, and he rode away with them upon his heart, whence they breathed forth their fragrance, and whispered sweet tales and songs of love.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Baireuth regiment joined the corps of Prince Heinrich in the march against the Russians on the banks of the Oder, and later into Schlesien against Laudon. The king remained for a time in Saxony with his army and besieged Dresden, but finally gave that up and joined Prince Heinrich in time to command at the great victory of Liegnitz, where he shattered Laudon and the Austrian army. Friedrich's departure from Dresden left Saxony practically cleared of Prussian troops.

During the entire siege Benno von Trautwitz had been confined in Dresden. He had been carried to the hospital there to be treated for the wound that he had received at Reutlingen's hands, and when the fever had abated enough for him to leave his bed, the siege had begun, and the shadow of death lay over the unhappy city. Hunger, epidemic, momentary danger of death from falling shell, fire, and every misery that war can bring, all made life a hell in the beleaguered city, and Benno von Trautwitz was forced to suffer with the rest, the unfavorable conditions rendering his recovery very slow.

At last the king gave up the siege and left the half-annihilated city to its fate, and Benno did not linger within the battered walls a moment after the road was clear. Sick and suffering, he made his way to his relations at Leitnitz, who took him in with true hospitality and gave him the care and attention he so sadly needed, trying by all possible means to win him back to health and strength. Herr von Trebenow, who was a chamberlain at the court of the king of Poland, was at Warschau, and Frau von Trebenow and her daughter were at home alone, so they

had plenty of time to attend to the comfort and entertainment of their guest.

The daughter, Maria Elizabeth, was a pretty, lovable girl, with a rosy face and ash blonde hair, who reminded Benno now and then of Ulrike, thus becoming doubly dear and agreeable to him.

Ulrike—she was in his every thought, the dream of his waking hours, and there had come to him a longing to see her again, together with a burning hatred of the man who had robbed him of her. He had thought that he had Reutlingen in his power in the fight at Coszdorf, but his enemy had not only escaped but had felled him to the ground with terrible wounds, and now a fierce longing for revenge burned within the young hussar's breast.

Benno learned with surprise that Ulrike had written to the Trebenows, telling them that she had married Captain von Reutlingen and was now living in his home at Steinhovel during her husband's absence with his regiment. She had asked for her relatives' blessings, but nothing in her letter told why she had taken the step or whether or not she was happy. Benno read this letter, and became greatly excited over it, making up his mind to see Ulrike again at any cost.

"She is sitting there alone while her brute of a husband is out in the world," he growled to Frau von Trebenow. "The Prussian army is on the frontier of Brandenburg between our forces and those of the Russians, and will thus doubtless soon be destroyed. She will have no one to protect her in the stormy times that will follow, for that brute will certainly never trouble himself about her. I am going to see her."

"But you are a soldier and should join your regiment at the front," remonstrated his aunt, "and besides, it seems to me that you are not quite just to your cousin's husband, dear Benno."

"Perhaps you are right, my dear aunt," he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, "although I don't quite see how. At any rate, I will go to Steinhovel to see Ulrike, and I will try to persuade her to return with me to Leitnitz."

His aunt approved of this proposition, and so Benno wrote to Ulrike and told her of his intended visit. He soon received an answer, but he did not show his cousin's letter to any one.

"I will go, of course," was all he said, and in a few days he was on his way to Steinhovel. The ride was a very severe one in his feeble condition, and he was tired and worn out when he found himself, at evening, in the house of his deadly enemy. Ulrike was not at home, but old Ferdinand cared for him as his mistress's cousin, for such he complacently announced himself to be, and gave him a room and something to eat and drink.

Ulrike was at Zellin with the Techows, whom she often visited in her loneliness, but she returned home before she was expected, and when she entered the hall heard the soft tones of a spinnet touched by a master hand. It did not occur to her that it might be Benno, but she thought of Heinz, and terror seized her heart.

"You have a visitor," said Ferdinand, in answer to her silent inter-

rogatory, "a young gentleman, a relative of yours, my young mistress."

She hurried up stairs and entered the sitting room. There sat Benno von Trautwitz at the spinnet. Ulrike remained standing in the middle of the room, her dark mantle slipping from her shoulders and hanging over her white dress to the floor. She hastily removed her veil and held it in her hand, while she gazed upon the intruder with a look of displeasure on her face.

"So you have come, Benno? Didn't you get my letter? I begged you to stay away. What do you want here?"

"Just to see you again, Ulrike, nothing more. You misunderstood my purpose when you told me not to come, and I felt that I must make you understand me. Have you no welcome to offer me after we have been separated so long, after I have suffered so much for your sake?"

"I know of nothing that you have had to suffer for my sake," she responded coldly, "and I am not responsible for anything that you may have done. This is my husband's house, and you have entered it against my will, for I know you would be no welcome guest to him. He despises you because you broke your word of honor. Tell me if that is true before I give you my hand in greeting."

A deathly paleness spread over Benno's face.

"Give me your hand on trust, my cousin," he said with a forced smile; "it is the hand of an honorable man that I offer you; even Reutlingen cannot deprive me of that glory."

His tone was firm and confident, and she had been accustomed since childhood to look up to him as one to be trusted. She was now undecided in her opinion and he noticed it.

"Why did he not make this accusation to my face?" he continued with growing assurance. "He can produce no proof, can call up no testimony against me. But I will have a reckoning with him for this accusation. He has known my affection for you, my dearest relative, and he has thought to separate us."

Ulrike threw off her cape, sat down upon the sofa, and leaned her elbow upon the table.

"You needn't trouble to bring him to account," she said dejectedly; "he is not in the habit of making false accusations. If he has been misinformed about this he will gladly admit that he is wrong, of that I am sure."

Benno grasped her hand and kissed it.

"Thank you, my cousin; that was thoroughly wifely, truly, and rightly spoken, and the pretty Ulrike whom I have loved and honored throughout my whole life is a worthy wife."

Ulrike gave him her hand again.

"I have loved you very dearly, my cousin, and if I have doubted you it was because of my husband's mistake." She hesitated for a moment and then continued. "I begged you for your protection when I was sorely in need of help, but you went away and left me to my fate. Captain von Reutlingen cared for me, and now that I am in safety you come to me. You cannot blame me for believing him."

Benno was ready for this attack.

"I deserve your reproach, dear Ulrike," he said in a trembling voice. "I will not try to defend myself for leaving you defenseless, for I know

myself to be guiltless. Was I not frantic under the torture of leaving you at Langenrode, and did you not refuse to go away to a safe place with me? But one thing in the world could have driven me from your side, and of such a power you know nothing, you can't even imagine what it means —the duty and honor of an officer in time of war."

She knew nothing of a soldier's honor and duty—she, the wife of a Prussian officer, the "comrade" of the Baireuth dragoons. But she did not care to contradict him, and the warmth with which he spoke carried conviction to her mind. Being convinced against her better judgment, she sought to change the subject of conversation.

"You have been sick a long time," she began, "where did you get the wounds that have given you so much trouble?"

Benno gazed at her in astonishment.

"Don't you know that, my dear cousin? Haven't you heard it from the owner of the kind hand which gave me these wounds? Your husband was the man, the wild Reutlingen; sad is the day for him who meets that man. So he has kept it a secret from you, has he? It seems that he doesn't look back upon the affair with a free conscience, then?"

Ulrike was silent. It surprised her that on that last evening when Jobst had told her so much of the battle, he had not mentioned his meeting with her cousin; still she did not wish to listen to Benno's account of the affair.

"You have been sick," said she, "and yet I have not once asked if anyone has arranged a room for you and offered you something to eat and drink—"

"It has all been done," he interrupted. "The old servant is attentive to his duty; nothing has been wanting but a greeting of welcome from you, Ulrike."

His gentle reproach shamed her.

"Then you shall have that in addition to my good wishes for a pleasant, comfortable night; it is late, and you must be tired after your long journey."

Ferdinand was called, and escorted the guest, who, after a hearty handshake, departed to his room, glad of the much needed rest.

* * * * * *

Mignonette and gillyflowers sent forth their fragrance in the warm sunshine of the August morning when Ulrike stepped into the garden and saw her guest sauntering slowly along in the shade of the heavily laden apple trees. She had sent his breakfast to his room and so had not seen him before that morning, and now when he heard her step he turned and greeted her with such warmth and tenderness that she saw it would be necessary to moderate his feelings. As they walked backwards and forwards together he told her of his life during the siege of Dresden, then of his convalescence at Leitnitz, and of the care and attention of his aunt and cousin, and at last asked her if she had no desire to see her relatives once more after such a long separation. His aunt had directed him to beg a visit from her, and naturally, considering the great distance, it could not be allowed to be a short one. At his last words Ulrike drew herself up with a determined air; the thought, "He has forbidden it," ran

through her mind at once, and for the present she dismissed the question.

Benno's cheerful and pleasing companionship caused the day to pass for Ulrike as though on wings, and by night her old innocent love for the friend of her childhood was restored.

A warm summer evening fell upon Steinhovel. Clear as a smooth silver shield hung the moon above the edge of the forest, while the sighing wind rustled to and fro amid the tops of the fragrant trees. Ulrike and Benno sat together upon the lawn before the house, she with a white shawl thrown around her shoulders and her head leaning back against a vine covered trellis that ran along the side of the house. Silvery white was her hair among the dark green leaves, and Benno's eyes never left her, while her gaze was fixed dreamily in the distance so that she could not see her cousin's face.

"How long is it now," he began suddenly, "since that most painful hour of my life when I had to leave you at Langenrode? It seems ages to me."

"Still it is not a year," she answered with a sigh.

"Did the dragoons come soon after I left?" he asked in the same suppressed voice. "Did the abbess live to see them?"

Then Ulrike told him, and he questioned her carefully, skillfully, and minutely, until, almost without her knowledge, she had given him all the information that he desired; Reutlingen's arrival at the abbey, his assistance at the burial of the abbess, his promise of protection and his wooing, and also the agreement under which she had consented to the marriage. Her loving trust in her cousin made it easy for Benno to find out everything, and the little she did not tell him he readily guessed.

A wild, mad joy filled his heart, for he knew that these two looked coldly upon each other, and the knowledge aroused anew his deadened hopes.

"And has he kept his word?" he asked in a faltering voice.

"Has he kept his word? A Reutlingen break his word?" cried Ulrike; and Benno started as though stung to the heart.

"Of course; he must have done so unless he wanted to be called a scoundrel by every honorable man," continued Benno quietly. "Upon the whole, he has treated you very honorably, and he appears to be a good fellow with self-sacrificing impulses, under the influence of which he married you. But, if you will pardon my saying it, my dear cousin, his whole conduct bears witness to an undoubted coldness on his part; had he been moved by passion his actions would have been very different."

Ulrike was silent. A hand of ice seemed laid upon her heart. She knew all this herself; why did he speak thus? It was torture to hear it.

"He wasn't jealous, either," continued Benno, "for he left you here alone for several months with his young, hot-blooded brother. The man is truly enviable in his unconcern. Now, my cousin, thank God that your heart has also remained untouched, that you, who are beautiful and lovely, towards whom the noblest in the land might well turn their longing gaze, thank God that you have not fallen in love with this cold-hearted cavalryman, that you

have conceived no unhappy, unrequited passion for this rough soldier, who is so absorbed in himself that he cannot see that he has placed you in a position that no true woman's soul could endure."

Ulrike had risen, overcome by a feeling of horror and aversion that almost robbed her of breath. How pale she was as she trembled with the pain his words had brought.

"I am cold," she said softly. "The evenings are still cool. I will go in—good-night."

She went without once looking back, and so did not see the glance of mingled triumph, pity, and fierce passion that followed her. Benno von Trauwitz had placed a file on Ulrike's fetters, and now he worked with it carefully, little by little, watching with hungry eyes the progress that he had already made, and wondering how much further he dared go. The hope of ultimate success never left him for a moment. With inward excitement he looked forward to the next morning, and when it came found his young hostess pale and quiet, the dark shadows beneath her eyes entirely changing their usual clear and childlike expression.

It would not have been easy for Benno to have carried on a harmless and agreeable conversation that day, and as the afternoon was beautiful and sunny he proposed a walk. So they strolled away together over the heath and into the forest of firs. How delicious was the fragrance of the trees, the breath of the forest!

Their way led them to the bank of a small pond bordered by rushes and covered by broad leaves, amongst which glistened a few yellow lilies. Ulrike's usual resting place, a large moss-covered rock, lay not far from the bank, and now she seated herself upon it, clasped her hands over her knee, and gazed with dreamy eyes into the green depths.

"Is this the full extent of nature's beauties in this vicinity?" asked Benno jokingly, but she did not answer, so he leaned against the trunk of a fir and watched her.

"I am worried to see you so sad and depressed, my pretty cousin," he began at last. "Have any of my yesterday's words angered you, or is it the burden of your fate that weighs upon your spirits?"

Ulrike took off her straw hat as though it pressed upon her brain, let it fall upon the moss, and threw back her head.

"What good does it do to talk about it?" she murmured in an undertone, as though to herself. "Fettered hand and foot."

Benno's eyes glowed.

"Thank God that those fetters can be broken, my dear cousin. Reutlingen very nobly promised to give you up when the war was over; very well, we have this Friedrich, this margrave of Brandenburg, in a tight place, and I hope we can soon destroy him; then you can ask and receive your freedom. For your sake I long for the time to come, and for Reutlingen's I wish that it were long past."

Ulrike drew herself up. "For Reutlingen's sake you wish it past?"

She thought it all over in a flash, how Heinz had said: "It costs but a word and he will set you free." How did Heinz know that if Reutlingen himself had not told him, and did not his assertion agree with what Benno had just said?

"It certainly is not necessary for me to look any further into it," she continued hesitatingly. "He deferred the moment for which he longs until the end of the war, however. Why did he delay it so when one firm step would put an end to all our misery?"

She raised a fleeting look of pain to her cousin. "Do you really believe that it would please him to have his freedom again?"

"I cannot know that," he answered. "As far as I have heard, Herr von Reutlingen has never felt called upon to limit his freedom on account of his marriage."

"What have you heard?" she asked quickly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Mere rumors."

"No, cousin," she cried with spirit; "you know and mean something definite and you must speak out. I can bear truth and frankness when the matter concerns my whole life."

"Yes, indeed you can, dearest Ulrike," he cried with suppressed excitement. "Why should I be silent when perhaps a word from me will make it easier for you to break the fetters that are an insult to you?" He leaned towards her.

"I know this Reutlingen well, as you know. Never has a man been more closely watched than he, for I felt that I must know the man to whom Ulrike von Trebenow had confided her life's happiness. The result of my scrutiny was not pleasant. He doesn't care to be well known to your friends, for his heart, his love, as he calls it, is given to an unworthy creature upon whom he throws himself away."

Ulrike trembled at his words. "Can you prove what you say?" she asked in a dull, expressionless voice.

"Of course I can prove it!" he cried. "I know the woman, a black-eyed gypsy creature; he knew her before he first went to Langenrode, and now she follows the regiment to be with him." He stopped, and then added: "His comrades wouldn't tell you of this; they don't see anything wrong in it. If you desire the proofs that are within my reach you may soon know the truth."

Ulrike said nothing; a kind of paralysis seemed to rob her of speech and motion. At last she slowly rose, replaced her hat, and walked silently along the homeward path, careless as to whether Benno followed or not. He walked by her side and occasionally spoke to her without receiving any answer. When she reached the house she hurried to her room, locked the door behind her, and remained standing.

"Oh, if I were only the dark-eyed gypsy creature that he loves! What is it to me to be his wife in name only, what to be young and well born, if he does not care to love me?"

She muttered it inaudibly at first, but again the words came in a whisper from her lips and startled her. She stepped to the mirror, and, with a quick movement, threw off the shawl from her shoulders. White as a lily in face and dress, exquisite and pure was the picture that she beheld in the glass. Could he do aught but laugh at her, this wild Reutlingen? "Ah, if I were only that black-eyed gypsy girl!"—The white face in the glass turned red with the flush of shame and anger, and her hand clutched at her heart.

"It certainly is not necessary for me to look any further into it," she continued hesitatingly. "He deferred the moment for which he longed until the end of the war, however. Why did he delay it so when one single step would put an end to all misery?"

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"O God! what have I been thinking? To throw myself away for his love? So I am to love him—this wild one who loves me not; that also is to be my fate?"

Her glance wandered to the writing desk, to his picture, and she met the winning smile in his eyes. She wrung her hands and covered her eyes.

"God help me; I could n't bear to see him again. His laughter, his careless attentions—to know that in his heart he exulted over my unreturned passion—that would be torture, not death alone."

Evening came, night passed, and the dawn broke. Day had also broken with terrible clearness in Ulrike's mind. "I am going away." That thought was firmly fixed. "His house must shelter me no longer; his noble protection for which I once thanked him has now become an insult. His command for me to stay here has no meaning nor value now, and if he should kill me in his anger, so much the better."

She was troubled as she thought of their agreement and of the faithfulness and honor with which he had kept it, but still she shrank from the bitter humiliation of his learning her unasked love. In the hours of suffering of the night she had made up her mind, and morning found it still unchanged.

In the latter part of the afternoon Benno sent her maid to inquire after her, for he did not know the effect of his words, and was beginning to grow uneasy. Ulrike came down herself and met him in the living room. Her determination was fixed, and a cold quiet had consequently settled upon her. She greeted her guest with a glance but did not offer him her hand; it seemed as though she could not forgive him for the terrible news he brought.

"Thank you, my dear cousin; how should I feel? Well, naturally. I want to tell you that I have changed my mind and have decided to visit our relatives in Leitnitz for a time. If convenient to you we can start together to-morrow; I will be thankful for your protection, for it is a long drive. To-day I will go to Zellin and say good-bye to the Techows."

Benno forced himself to speak calmly of his pleasure at her decision, and she did not see the flash of triumph in his eyes.

Late in the evening Ulrike entered Lore's neat little chamber, which was only separated from her own sleeping room by that of Annette. The old woman was sitting up, spinning a fine thread by the light of a tallow candle, singing a sad song to herself as she worked, and did not notice her mistress's entrance until she felt her arms around her and found her kneeling by her side and weeping passionately.

"My dear lady! Oh, what has happened? Do n't cry so, my sweet child."

Ulrike shook her head. "Let me alone; nothing has happened. Caress me, Lore; kiss me, show me that you love me, but let me cry."

They were the first tears that had come to ease a heart that had been full to bursting. Lore felt that they told of some sorrow that was beyond her knowledge, and a deep fear filled her heart. She said nothing more, however, kissing the hair and hands of the sobbing girl in silent sympathy instead.

"Lore," began Ulrike at last, recovering her self-command, "I am going away to-morrow. My relations in Leitnitz—I have doubtless told you of them before—have begged me to visit them, and I have accepted their invitation. My cousin will accompany me."

The old woman clasped her hands together in nameless dread.

"How terrible, my dear lady! You are going away from here? Our captain was so light at heart to know that you were here in safety."

She felt the slender figure tremble in her arms and continued rapidly: "Does he allow you to go into the enemy's country where you will find dangers on every hand?"

"How can I ask him when he's not here?" cried Ulrike. "Who knows when he will return? And I am so lonely here, Lore."

She could not say: "I am going away because I love him, and his wishes have no more weight with me."

"You must have good reasons, I don't doubt, my dear young mistress," answered Lore with a sigh, "but it seems to me unfortunate for you to go away. Pardon me for saying it, my dear lady, but it seems an injustice to my young master. Suppose he should come back and not find you here?"

Ulrike had dried her tears and now looked at the old woman with sad, moist eyes. An unspeakable anxiety clutched at her heart. Yes; suppose he should come back, and, not finding her here, look for her, perhaps. She could not shake off the terror of the thought.

"If he comes back and asks for me," she whispered, "tell him, Lore, that I leave him my best wishes, and that he must not be angry with me, for I have done what is right. And give him this letter."

The next morning Ulrike and her maid began their journey to Leitnitz under Benno's care. Steinhovel stood empty once more, and good old Lore sighed as she closed the doors and curtains of her mistress's room.

CHAPTER XX.

In the autumn the Baireuth regiment returned to Saxony with the reinforcements under General von Forcade, which Prince Heinrich sent to his brother, the king. The troops had much marching and camping that fall, and very little rest. Reutlingen had not seen his wife for half a year, and his thoughts of her were full of trouble and fear.

Then in October came terrible news. The Russians were before Berlin; devastation, death, burning homes, and outrages of every kind marked the path their army had taken, and at the break of one autumn day the inhabitants of the capital found their enemies around them. Would their terrible suffering last long, would the king send aid, or would these troops go further and devastate the entire country?

In great excitement Reutlingen speculated as to whether the enemy would reach Steinhovel, and, although he did not think it probable, soon determined on his course of action. He himself could not leave his troop, not even for a single day, so he sent the trusty Ferdinand to

Steinhovel, with orders to conduct his young mistress and the old Lore to Magdeburg, to which place of safety from the enemy the whole royal family had retreated. The funds and archives of Prussia had been secretly conveyed to the same place some time before. There Ulrike would undoubtedly be safe, and he sent a letter, commending his wife to the kindness of Frau von Vosz, the wife of the court marshal, who had been a great friend of his mother's. So he did the best he could for his wife, but he still felt far from easy about her. Perhaps something had happened to her before he could do anything, news came to Saxony so slowly.

Reutlingen had just returned from a severe ride upon which his duty had called him, and, being greatly angered by some breach of discipline on the part of one of his under officers, slammed the door of his room fiercely behind him, hoping to sit in quiet before the fire and free his mind from all worries. It was late in the evening, and his brother officer who shared the quarters with him had long since gone to bed in the next room. So he sat alone in the firelight, and smoked, and dreamed. In a few moments the door opened quietly and some one entered.

"Ferdinand! Man! You back already? What have you done?"

The captain sprang from his chair and advanced to meet his servant. He felt that the next moment would bring him evil tidings and his questions stuck in his throat.

"You must pardon me, my dear sir, but I could n't take your lady to Magdeburg; she had already left Steinhovel."

"What?"

"Yes; Frau Lore sends many greetings, and says that her master need not trouble to send her away. In August a young gentleman, one of my lady's relations, came to Steinhovel and stayed two days; Herr von Trautnitz or Trautwitz, he was called. Then my lady went away with him, taking Annette with her, and left this letter behind to be given to the captain."

Reutlingen received the news in silence, mechanically stretching forth his hand for the letter.

"That is all, you may go."

He pushed a chair close to the table, threw himself into it, hastily broke the seal and read:—

"Do not blame me, Herr von Reutlingen, for disobeying you and leaving your house. Never will I forget your kindness to me, never will my heart cease to beat in gratitude to you; still it is better for you, as well as for myself that I should go away now, and I am convinced that you will agree with me.

"Once more I offer you my thanks for your kindness and nobility to me, and give you my best wishes for your future well-being.

"ULRIKE."

Reutlingen ran hurriedly over this letter and then read it again slowly; then he let his head fall upon his arm, while his hand convulsively crushed the paper and held it. A sharp pain, such as he had never before known, pierced his heart. She had left him! Ulrike! His wife! His own! While he was caring for her safety she had gone away with his bitter enemy! "I will not trust you with that scoundrel!" he had once said to her, when as an utter

stranger he offered her his soldierly protection, and now she was his wife and still had trusted the villain and had left him! It was a farewell for life that he read in the cold, meaningless phrases of her letter. He sprang up and stamped his foot angrily.

"My commands disobeyed! Our agreement broken! My love betrayed! You shall explain this or make amends, my faithless wife!" He began to pace the room with heavy steps, throwing the furniture noisily from his path.

"Heavens and Hell! It didn't originate in her child's head! Carried off! That villain has robbed me of her, dishonorable hound! You shall feel my hand, lying scoundrel, although you are not fit to die an honorable death at the hands of a Prussian officer!"

He paused again, smoothed out the crumpled letter, and re-read the superficial words of farewell. Then he tried to picture the look in her eyes that he loved so well, and the nameless rapture of that kiss. His heart was bursting; it could not, must not, be true. He again paced to and fro across the room.

"All the devils in hell can't stop me! I'll see her again before I believe it; she shall say it to me herself—shall give me her reasons—and then for that scoundrel—Leitnitz is only a day's ride from here—I can surely find her there somewhere among her relatives!" He suddenly threw open the door into the next room where Captain von Zobeltitz was sleeping in the dark.

"Zobeltitz, are you asleep?"

"Of course, and have been for a long time. I shall be soon again if you'll stop making that awful noise," was the answer.

"Oh, never mind that! Do you suppose Bulow would give me leave for a couple of days; I have something very important to do?"

"Leave? Now? When we are expecting a fight daily? Go to bed, Reutlingen, you must be half asleep already."

"You are right, I think I must be myself. Good-night, Zobeltitz."

"Well, good-night at last."

CHAPTER XXI.

The king, to save his cause, must fight a fierce battle, must win a great victory, for the Prussian army was threatened with annihilation. On one side was the mighty host of Field-marshal Daun, on another the Russians, and on a third was General von Laudon, the king's troops being thus entirely surrounded, cut off from all sources of supply, from Berlin, Breslau, and from Magdeburg. Friedrich must cut his way through his enemies, must drive them from Saxony. Upon one turn of fate rested the life or death of the army, of the king, and of Prussia.

Watchful and threatening, in an almost impregnable position upon the heights of Suptitz, near Torgau, lay Daun and his army, and yet, on the third of November, the king was obliged to advance. General von Zieten was to attack on the other side while the king himself led against Daun, but before Friedrich could get more than a part of his infantry into position, the sound of heavy guns told him that Zieten had

engaged, and so, without waiting for his cavalry and artillery, he at once opened the battle with such of his troops as were available. A terrible fire from the artillery on the Domitscher heights poured down upon the brave grenadiers as they advanced upon the field, and rank after rank, regiment after regiment, sank down before it. The king looked on in a rage.

"What a terrible fire! I have never seen its like!" he exclaimed vehemently to his aides.

The sun flashed a ray through the heavy banks of clouds that covered the sky, but it was no ray of hope, for it fell upon a bloody field of battle strewn with the dead and dying heroes of King Friedrich's army.

This terrible work was given up. The infantry could no longer stand before the murderous hail, and was on the point of breaking, when at four in the afternoon, the hour of greatest need, the Prussian cavalry reached the field. This column was led by the Prince of Holstein, and consisted of the Baireuth dragoons and the Schmettau and Spaen curassiers, names that will ever be immortal wherever the tale of the Battle of Torgau is told. At a moment of greatest importance, when victory seemed to rest upon the Austrian banners, the troopers charged the enemy without waiting to form line of battle. Confident of success, they rode forward to victory or to death.

Leading the charge, at the head of the troop rode Captain von Reutlingen, the wild rage of battle in his heart. The heath before them was cut up by trenches, and the enemy's flank was defended by an apparently impassable ditch, too wide to leap, too deep to cross. There was no time for deliberation there, in the face of the enemy, however, and at the signal for the charge the bold leader's horse started forward at a gallop towards the dangerous obstacle, and by a mighty effort cleared it at a bound. The captain's spirit spread through his troop and thence to the regiment, and the troopers followed him with scarcely a mishap. Like the wind they whirled down upon the enemy's unprotected flank, and the infantry wavered and broke under the terrible onslaught. The gallant attack had changed the tide of victory, although the fight was still to be won. Daun sent fresh troops to oppose the Prussians, and the battle trembled in the balance until evening, when Friedrich's charges had broken Daun's line and scattered his regiments in every direction.

In the midst of the storm of shot, wherever the fire was fiercest, there the king held his position, and at evening a shot struck him on the breast and he fell from his horse. His excited aides gathered around him, raised him, and loosened his clothing, and in a few moments he opened his eyes.

"It is nothing."

Yes; they saw it. His fur-trimmed velvet coat had checked the spent force of the murderous bullet and the king was safe. God's will had done it. God's hand lay over the king's holy head, and covered and protected it.

The fight continued until after nightfall, for Daun had yet to be driven from the field, and as yet nothing had been heard from Zieten. The darkness of the grave settled over the earth. There were no stars

in the sky; heavy masses of clouds overshadowed the heavens; the storm swept over the battlefield, and wet, cold, and shelterless, friend and foe wandered aimlessly over the field together, and fought and shot at random. The groans and cries of the wounded and dying sounded with heartrending clearness through the gruesome night.

Now the village of Suptitz on the heights was in flames, fired by the Prussian shot, and there, on the other side of the mountain, was Zieten, falling upon his enemy and putting him to flight. Far away through the darkness flashed the sea of fire, a flaming torch to light the Prussians on to victory.

The king had not yet heard the news, and with a troubled heart he rode to the village of Elsnig to spend the night, expecting to return to the attack in the morning. All the houses were overflowing with wounded and there was not a place of refuge for the royal hero, so he at last sought shelter in the village church and bound up his wounds by the light of the altar candles. It was not enough that for his country and his people he should bear the heavy burden of war and responsibility, he must also carry this bleeding wound in his breast.

At the same time there was no rest, no assistance, for him, and until late that night he sat upon the altar steps receiving reports and sending commands to his generals.

In the shadows behind him a number of officers gathered and whispered softly to one another. The news of the king's wound had spread like wildfire and they had come to see if it were true and if he still lived. Reutlingen was among them, and his hands crossed over the hilt of his sabre in a silent prayer of thanksgiving as he saw his beloved leader earnestly at work, his sharp, clear face illumined by the flickering light of the candles. Friedrich looked up.

"Who will carry this order to the prince of Holstein for me? You, Reutlingen? Here, my brave one. Your regiment fought nobly to-day, and I hear your troop was not backward. I will find out more about it later."

Away stormed Reutlingen with the message.

Hark! What was that? A trumpet call resounded down the village street and a foreboding of victory filled the king's breast and flamed in his large eyes. The church door opened, and with a clashing of spurs and sabre, General von Zieten strode up the aisle. "I congratulate your majesty upon winning the day."

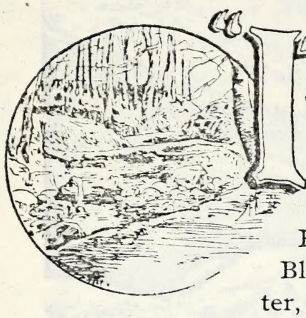
Victory! Victory! The battle was won. The king stood with his friends and thanked them. Zieten had won the day on his side.

Quiet was the king's heart, happy and filled with thankfulness, as he stretched himself upon the bed of straw which his friends had brought him, covered himself with his mantle, and slept as he had not slept for nights. Before this glorious crisis, trouble and anxiety had tormented his soul, but now the victory was his and Friedrich slept. The angel of God floated through his holy dream and watched over and protected the slumbering hero, Prussia's shield and star, her king, Friedrich the Great.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NORTH CONWAY-AMONG-THE-MOUNTAINS.

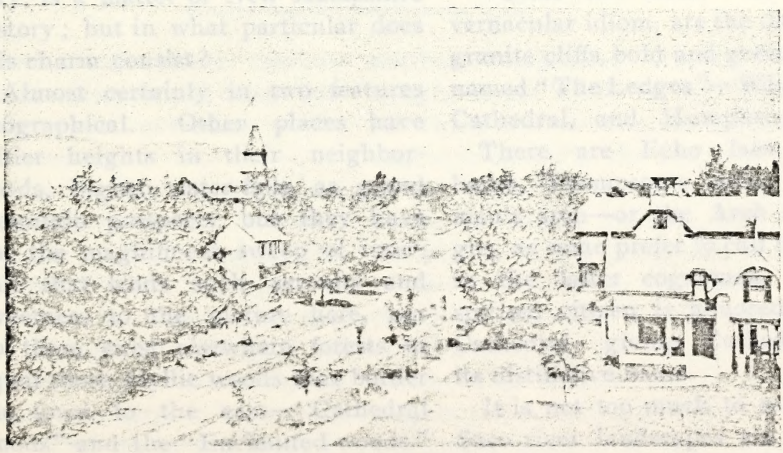
By Mrs. Ellen M. Mason.



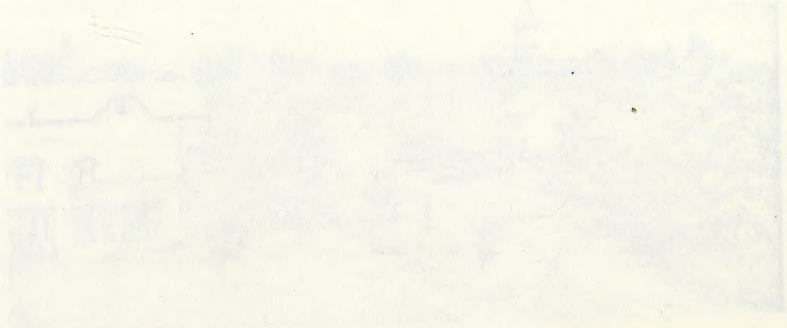
"IT IS such a pretty name, 'North Conway,'" said Professor E. Charlton Black last winter, "it makes me think of 'Conway-by-the-Sea.'"

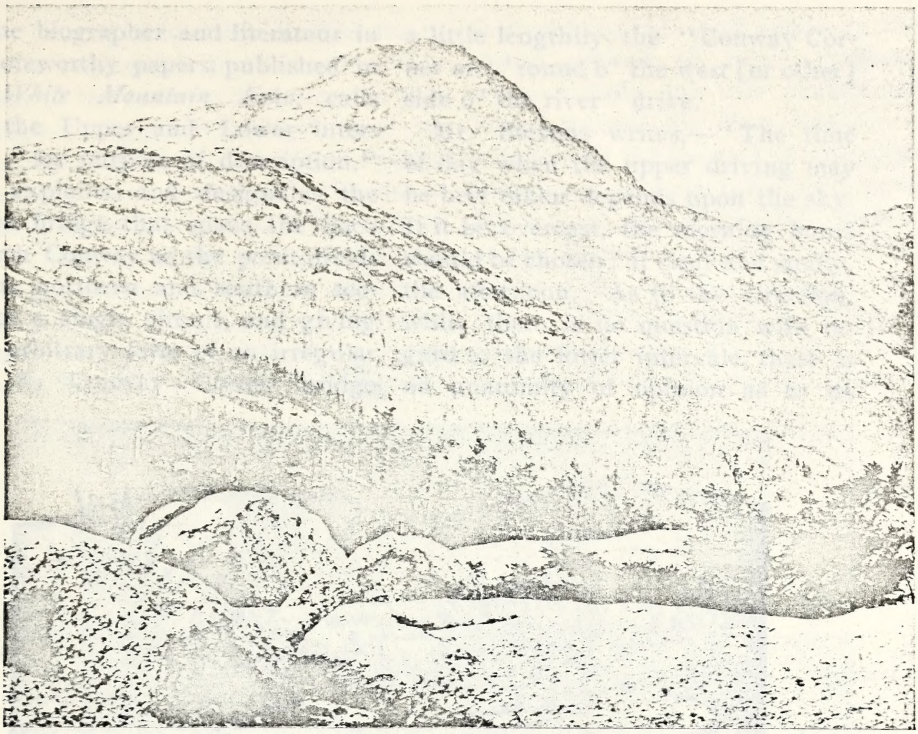
"But this is North Conway-among-the-Mountains, and one of the very loveliest places on earth," declared the writer.

Fancy a long valley enclosed to the east and west with mountain ranges; a strikingly bold and noble peak to the north-east; a majestic mountain towering to the north—Mount Washington—and nowhere in New Hampshire more impressive than as seen coming straight up the main village street of North Conway; pretty, rounded hills to the south; fancy, to the west, below the plateau on which the town is built, a valley on a still lower level—a long stretch of luxuriant meadow-land, adorned with stately elms, the bright water of a curving river glancing out here and there. Fancy this intervale winding around the cliffs that form foot-hills to the great Moat range. As the sea winds about the sea-cliffs, there are many shades of green in the woods on the great ranges, and the fantastic, splendid clouds of a mountain landscape trail fascinating shadows over them. A crystal-clear atmosphere pervades the picture;—this is North Conway as it seems to the stranger just come here, as it must seem to those who have known and been fond of it this many a year.



Looking up Main Street, North Conway.





Peak of Chocorua.

That there is a distinctive charm in this region, that gives it a place apart from other White Mountain resorts and has enabled it easily to keep this first place for nearly half a century, is a matter of New Hampshire history; but in what particular does this charm consist?

Almost certainly in two features geographical. Other places have loftier heights in their neighborhoods, higher water-falls, as grand mountain prospects, but they have not the magnificent sweep of intervale that lends such serenity and sweetness to the picture here, nor do there exist elsewhere forests to equal those idyllic woods that border the town to the east—"Cathedral woods" and the "Enchanted woods." There is a perfect treasury of grand and beautiful scenes lying at the base of Moat, that vast rampart of the valley, the lovely, undulating lines of whose summits are so softly traced along the western sky.

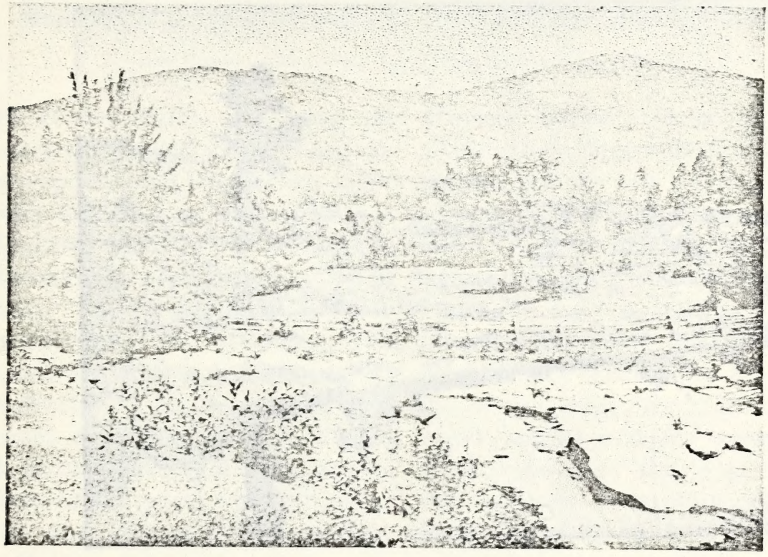
"Crost the river," to use the vernacular idiom, are the dark purple granite cliffs, bold and green-wooded, named "The Ledges"—White Horse, Cathedral, and Humphrey's ledge.

There are Echo lake, Diana's baths, Thompson's falls, and Pitman's arch—or the Arch of Lycurgus, as some prefer to call it, because in the latter cognomen, a public-spirited citizen is honored, and the Cathedral, giving Cathedral ledge its distinctive name.

It is not too much to say that the Saco river landscapes are renowned the country over. John Austin Stev-



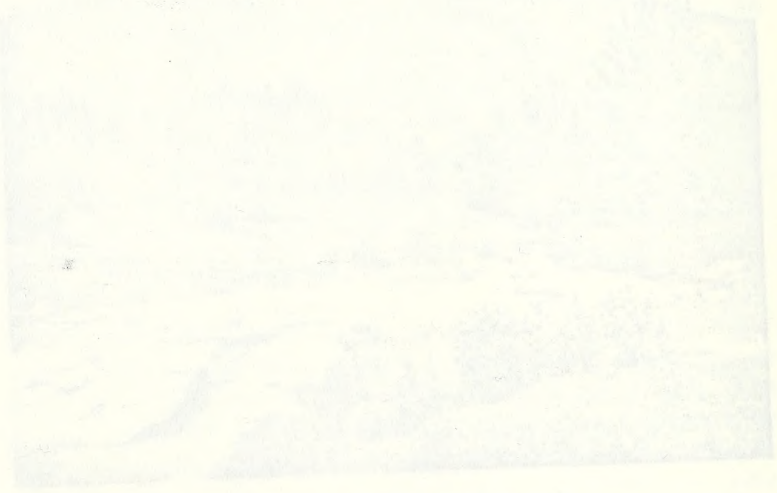
ens, the biographer and literateur in two noteworthy papers, published in The *White Mountain Echo*, calls them the Upper and Lower intervales, "for purpose of description," as he explains, and designates the covered bridge that spans the Saco at North Conway as the point dividing the northern and southern sections of a single circuit, and giving it the arbitrary form of an irregular figure 8; Conway Corner bridge at the lower end, North Conway bridge at the centre, and Glen Station at the upper extremity of the Intervale meadow.



Kearsarge Mountain, from Kearsarge Village.

The drives circling the upper and lower intervales are very beautiful and romantic. That around the highlands which skirt the upper or northern one is known as the, "Around Humphrey's Ledge," or the "'Round Ledges" drive, a name which properly belongs to but a small part of it. The one by the south, or lower intervale, is properly called, but a little lengthily, the "Conway Corner an' 'round b' the west [or other] side o' the river" drive.

Mr. Stevens writes,—"The time of day when the upper driving may be best taken depends upon the sky. If it be overcast, the morning hours should be chosen; if clear and sunny, the afternoon. As to the direction, while there is no question with regard to the lower intervale, there is no unanimity of opinion as to its northern companion. Artists, whose delight is the study of light-effects, for which this entire region is famous, concur in advice to the tourist to turn to the westward by the road which passes by Sunset Pavilion, and from the start hold the mountains ranged to the northward in full view; but this high authority to the contrary, notwithstanding the reverse tour is commended, because of the greater surprises of scenery presented on the homeward descent to the valley of the Saco . . ."



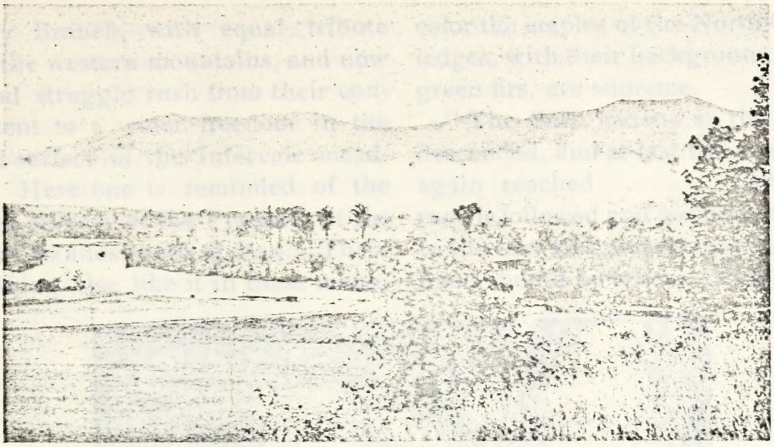
"At the turn of the road at Intervale, the meadow to the northward is one of the most pleasing views in this region—Mount Washington and its companions of the Presidential range closing the landscape. There is nothing to mar the perfect peace of the valley scene. No buildings, large or small, give it an American character. The European traveller may sit on the porches of the Intervale houses and think himself at the mouth of one of the valleys which open upon the Rhone beyond the Leman lake. Nothing in view but wide meadows with clustering groups of trees and an expanse of green over which the sunlight plays in arabesques of light and shade, now in long sweeps, as the clouds float slowly by, and now in quick, fanciful play about the dark maples and through the feathery foliage of graceful elms . . ."



Saco River and Rattlesnake Range. Madison Hills in the distance.

"Kearsarge and Bartlett mountains are now left behind to the southeastward as the road winds up the rising ground to Lower Bartlett, where a light but well constructed bridge crosses the East Branch—a tributary of the Saco—a stream quiet in ordinary seasons, but a wild, rushing torrent after a mountain freshet, as the boulders and heavy driftwood on its rocky bed bear constant witness. There is quite a cluster of road-side houses about this point, one of which, the Pequawket, keeps in memory the almost forgotten name of the Indian tribe who raised their corn in the intervales, fished the rapid mountain streams, and retired into the fastnesses of the inaccessible hills before the march of settlement which followed the tread of the colonial soldiery to the conquest of Canada in the old French war."

"At this point of the drive, the western ledges—Humphrey's, Cathedral, and the White Horse,—close the horizon and are seen at their best. The road now passes through a



Moat Mountain, with drifting clouds. Saco River in middle distance.

closely wooded region over rising hill and steep descending glade in a westerly sweep until the head of the upper intervale is reached at the point where the highway turns to the northwest, and through Jackson and the Glen to Gorham. At this spot there is a fine southerly view of the intervale. The Glen railroad station is now passed, and a short distance beyond the Ellis is crossed by a long, covered bridge.

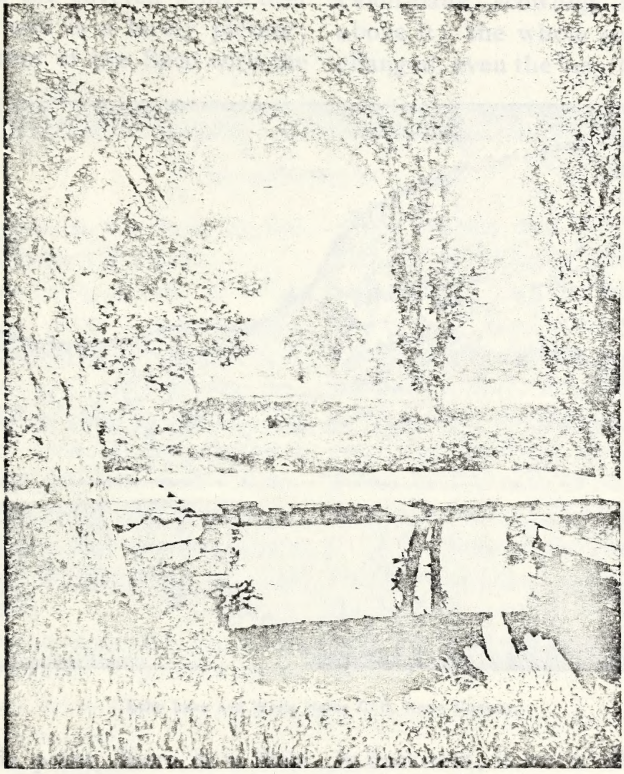
"A second covered bridge crosses the Saco at the point where the road on the west side of the river, from Conway Corner, branches to the westward to Upper Bartlett. A turn to the left is now taken, and the scenery entirely changes in character. Humphrey's ledge is now ascended. To the eastward are seen, clean cut, the two road gaps through Thorn hill, while low down, hundreds of feet beneath the steep declivity of the ledge, the Saco roars in rapid tumult and for cause. The Ellis, swelled by the Wild Cat from the northern mountain slope, has been joined by its worthy peer, the



Looking across the Intervale to Moat Mountain and Ledges, from Intervale Park.

Rocky Branch, with equal tribute from the western mountains, and now in mad struggle rush from their confinement to a wider freedom in the broad surface of the Intervale meadows. Here one is reminded of the savage scenery of the Pyrenees at the Eaux Chaudes south of Pau. There is nothing else like it in these mountains. The drive is more wholly through woods striking for variety and perfection of form of trees, beautiful in summer in their greens of every tint, and in the autumn marvellous in their myriad hues. America is famous for its autumnal foliage. The valleys of the Ramapo and Susquehanna are justly renowned, but artists claim that for brilliancy of color the maples of the North Conway ledges, with their background of deep green firs, are supreme.

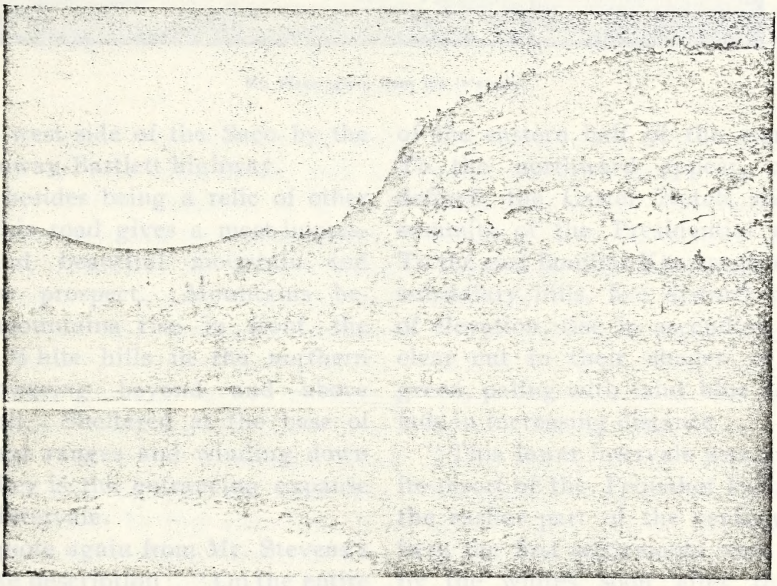
"The Saco widens as the ledge is descended, and at last the intervale is again reached . . . The high road is followed and pursued southerly to the first fork, when that to the left hand should be taken. This leads to the bridge over the Saco, named as the dividing lines of the intervales. North Conway is now reached after a drive, which may challenge, for variety, beauty, picturesque surprises, and extended views of hill and plain, any in this or any other country; and this without danger, exposure, or fatigue."



A Bit of Intervale, North Conway.

In regard to the "Conway Corner

and 'round the west side o' the river," or the lower intervale drive, as Mr. Stevens terms it, he is almost equally enthusiastic; but first, two of the delightful landscape-views at Conway Corner deserve special mention. Mount Chocorua is majestic and beautiful as seen from the lower end of the village; and at its entrance, just north of the covered bridge over the Saco, there is a lovely picture; at the junction of the Saco with the Swift at this point, there is a little island thickly covered with trees and undergrowth, and presenting a picturesque, rocky aspect at the lower end; the aforetime still waters rush with a pleasant sound over the stones with which the river-bed is thickly strewn, and up the long valley-vista Mount Washington stands, glorious against the northern sky.

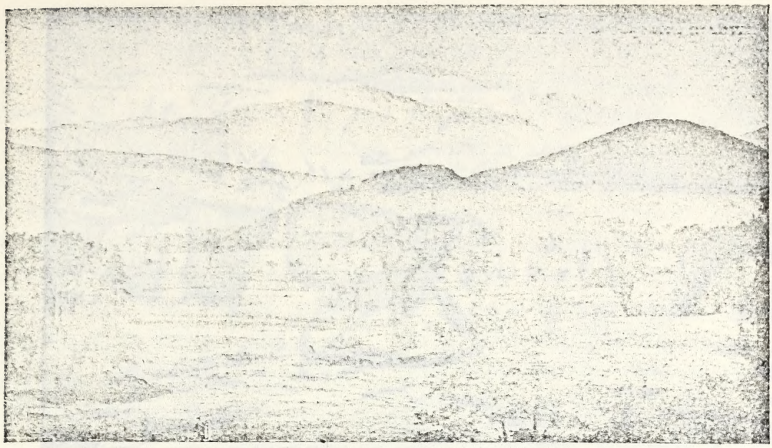


Echo Lake and White Horse Cliff, North Conway.

And here is sometimes furnished confirmation strong of the Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde nature of the Saco; in ordinary summer weather it flows in sunny shallows by the tiny island, soft and peaceful as a happy dream, or the course of a good, benevolent life. Then suddenly after a mountain freshet, it becomes a raging, roaring torrent; its clear waters black and turbid, threatening to submerge the faithful island; a lowering inky cloud-bank scowling in like mood above it; the whole scene strangely changed, even the very trees shrouded in darkness; it has a wild and intense beauty at these times that is most poetic and fascinating.

Conway Corner itself is a pretty little hamlet of much interest to those who are fond of local history and old-time landmarks. In the old days it used to be called "Chatawque Four Corners," and the older people of the region call it "Chatawque" now; it was here that the stage coaches used to stop over night on their way from Centre Harbor to Crawford's, passing





Mt. Washington, from the Intervale.

up the west side of the Saco by the old Conway-Bartlett highway.

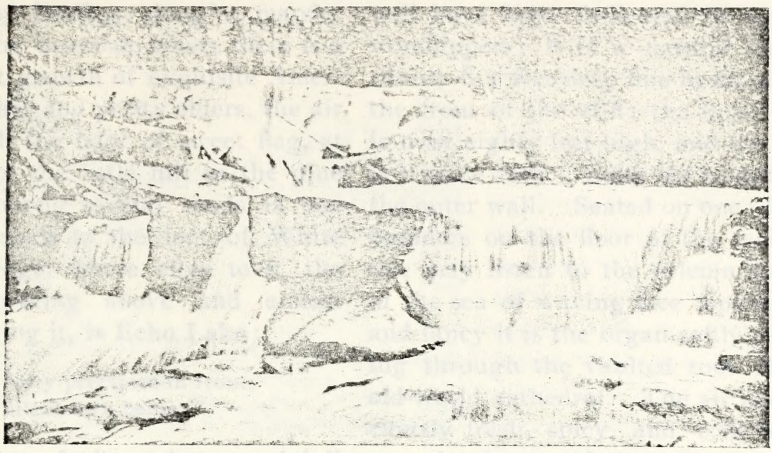
But besides being a relic of other days, this road gives a most impressive and beautiful mountain and meadow prospect. Mountains beyond mountains rise in front, the grand White hills in the northern sky towering beyond and above them all. Sheltered at the base of the great ranges and winding down the valley is the entrancing expanse of the intervale.

To quote again from Mr. Stevens's accurate description: "On the entire length of this drive the view of the mountains is unsurpassed for variety, extent, and grandeur. On the left, divided from the road by a narrow slope of land, overhang the steep, palisaded cliffs of the White Horse and Cathedral ledges, beyond which rises Moat mountain with its peculiar top, which has the rare characteristic of appearing the same from all points of the eastern half of the compass. To the northward appear, clearly defined, the Carter Notch and the summits of the Presidential range. To the east familiar Kearsarge and its subsidiary hills, five distinct ranges of elevation, rise in ascending grade clear cut in their shades of dark green, paling with faint blue as they fade in increasing distance . . .

"This lower intervale was a favorite resort of the Pequaket Indians in the earlier part of the century, and here the first settlements were made by the whites soon after the old



Mt. Washington and Meadows, from near Moat Mountain House.



Diana's Baths, after a Freshet.

French war. For fertility of soil, variety of tree and shrub, and for beauty of river scenery it is unrivalled, even in this fascinating resort."

It is pleasanter far to come along this road at sunset. As the sun grows low the mountain shadows float lower and lower, and spread far and wide into the valley, darkening the green fields and the silver river.

The vast purple mountains stand sharp-drawn against the clear sky. If the sunset be fine elsewhere, it is wonderfully, tenderly beautiful here, and often very splendid, the sun going down in masses of gorgeous clouds that flame above the ledges.

But to one on a flying trip through the mountains, and having time only to visit the most remarkable points of the different sections, the "crost the river" scenes skirting the foot of the great western range are recommended as the places *par excellence* to show the variety of beauty and picturesque features of North Conway. Visitors staying all summer here are apt to make the tour of these scenes a familiar walk, as they are near enough at hand that we may go often and deliberately and minutely study their characteristics at leisure, until they become dear from close acquaintanceship; and the passing tourist has ample time "between trains" to visit them all.

The road leads through rich intervale fields studded with graceful elms. There is a remarkably beautiful view of the White Mountains and the dusky purple Carter mountains, with the graceful loop of the Carter notch, up the Saco valley. At the covered bridge the great beauty of the silver maples on the thick-wooded, overhanging right bank is noticeable; and so is the clearness of the water running over shining stones below the bridge. Then there is a small island and presently a black, deep branch of the Saco is crossed; here is a wide piece of coarse, stony beach, made wider each year by the heavy freshets in the spring and autumn, but beautified by a growth of slender sumachs with their velvety red spikes. Then are more fields with their grand trees, and a pretty brook is reached, where leaning trees make shady pools in the bright water; taking the left

hand way leading along a marshy part of the intervale where there is a luxuriant growth of exquisite American larches and pretty elders, the air filled with the odor of sweet flag, at the top of the little hill in the pine woods, among several roads is one that descends to the foot of White Horse ledge, where close to it, the ledge towering above and almost overhanging it, is Echo Lake:

> "A lofty precipice in front,
> A silent tarn below."

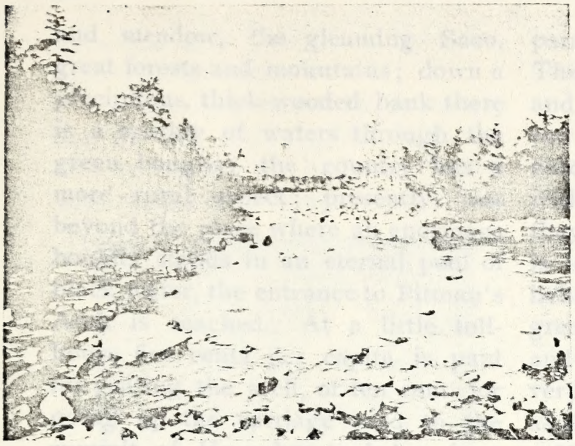
It is deep, dusky, solemn, and full of poetic beauty and charm. A narrow shroud of pines separates it from the cliff, which sends back a wonderfully clear repetition of wise or foolish sayings. Above it in eternal stone White Horse pursues his endless, motionless journey. It is only one and a half miles from the village, yet it seems "miles away among the mountains," the look of isolation is so complete. The ascent of the ledge by a good and well-defined path may be made in about half an hour and there is a fine view from its top. From Echo lake one may follow a romantic lane, a kind of lovers' by-way, through the pine woods redolent of warm, spicy odor, or from the highway leading northward, a road with a wide gate marked "Cathedral" is soon reached; it leads west through another fragrant forest aisle to the base of Cathedral ledge where it terminates in a little clearing, the solid gray rock rising sheer five or six hundred feet at one side of this miniature Alpine field.

A well kept stairway makes easy the steep ascent to the beautiful Cathedral whose name seems not inappropriate for a place that might well have been dedicated to nature worshippers; it is a natural cavity twenty-five feet deep fine-hewn out of the front of the cliff; the inner wall is over eighty feet high, and the roof is a noble arch. Lofty old trees form the outer wall. Seated on one of the boulders on the floor of the temple, one may listen to the solemn sough of the sea of waving tree tops below and fancy it is the organ softly swelling through the vaulted roof of an old-world cathedral. The air is deliciously fresh, spicy, and cool here, even in the very hottest days. The descent by a rocky path beyond the southernmost point of the Cathedral fissure, is as easy as the stairway, more romantic, and has the advantage of an extensive view of the valley and of Sunset hill, or Birchmont as it is now known, the estate of Hon. Payson Tucker.

Further north from the highway another gate leads westward by easy carriage-way through a pleasant field



The Cathedral.



River view at Chatawque Four Corners.

and wood to Diana's baths. Diana's brook on which the Cascades are situated flows down from the side of Moat mountain, and a pretty wood-path leads up the rocky ravine to where the water flows softly over broad, inclined tables of granite and falls in tiny cascades over jutting rock. There is one lovely fall about ten feet high a little distance up the stream. One may walk for rods over the sloping rock, where there are great numbers of the "baths," of conventional shapes and smoothly polished, perfectly carved in the stone by the movement of the water and the whirling pebbles. One is of mammoth dimensions, ten feet deep and long and wide in proportion.

At times of high water the cascade becomes a grand cataract, but at midsummer the limpid stream running over the rich colored ledges, the overhanging trees casting flickering shadows through the glade, the quiet and sylvan freshness make an enchanting scene, and one rather expects a glimpse of the Arcadian huntress, armed with her arrows, and holding in a struggling mountain deer.

Retracing one's way and still following north, more and more charming grows the forest road, the luxuriant foliage enclosing, overhanging, and shadowing it, lending a delightfully primeval character. Every wayfarer's interest is excited at sight of the picturesque, tiny, wood-colored house with quaint, overgrown little yard, the place that was once the home of Lady Blanche Murphy and her gifted husband, both of them dead and gone now, while the memory of their romantic story lingers in the lovely nook at the foot of the vast purple cliff, and is as refreshing in this somewhat sordid *fin de siecle* time as the wildwood fragrance that fills the air, and, it might be fancied, hallows the poor, pretty deserted home to all lovers true.

Just before reaching this wayside shrine, on looking up the narrow forest vista, the dark, towering height of Humphrey's ledge seems to wall the way. One might fancy he had reached the end of the world. But no, the road dips down into a sweet little hollow where a gay murmuring brook runs under a little culvert, and a great motherly-looking oak tree—the very sight of which suggests the country home and country childhood's delights—stretches its broad arms to shelter the little run, there is a sudden ascent and lo! the cliff rises to the left, an obstacle that could not have been gotten over but has been gotten around—like many another obstacle in the world.

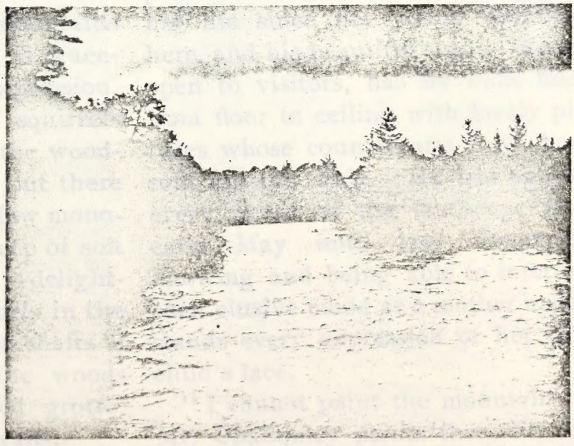
On the right is the true lovers' deserted home; beyond it are field

and meadow, the gleaming Saco, great forests and mountains; down a precipitous, thick-wooded bank there is a sparkle of waters through the green boughs; the country has a more rural aspect; presently, just beyond the place where an enormous boulder stands in an eternal pool of black water, the entrance to Pitman's Arch is reached. At a little toll-house five cents per capita is paid for visiting the arch, or ten cents for going up the carriage road to the summit of Humphrey's ledge from whence there is a magnificent prospect.

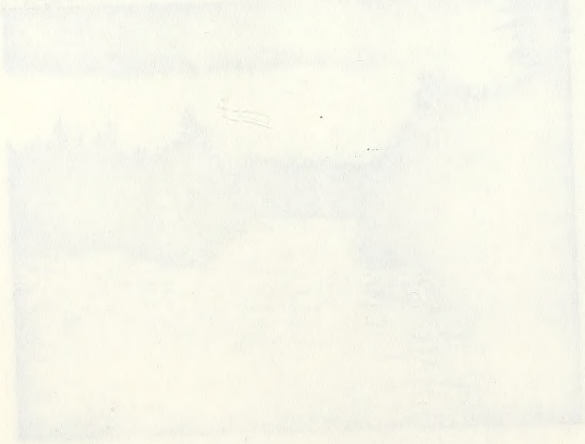
The arch is not very far up on the east side of the ledge. It is reached by a narrow path into the woods and then up a natural rock stairway guarded by a rustic rail. A most luxuriant undergrowth adds much to the beauty of the way. Virginia creepers, wild buckwheat, and long wild-currant vines drape the great rocks, and the reddish purple blossoms of the flowering raspberry make bright masses in the forest's shadowy greenness. Meadow rue, Solomon's seal, and wild columbine grow in profusion, and the trees are beautiful. Beside and above the buttresses of the arch, tower lofty basswoods whose dark, stone-colored trunks form stately columns, yellow birches with boles shining like dull golden satin, gleaming white birches and feathery hemlocks.

The arch is a grand and beautiful specimen of Nature's masonry; almost perfect in shape, it seems as if it were hewn with infinite pains out of the granite of the ledge. The space within is wide and lofty, and the entrance a vast though narrow rent in the side of the cliff. The outer walls and buttresses are faced with irregular blocks that look as if they were cut out of the rock, which is soft and easily broken. Dark lichens, dainty rock-ferns, and velvety green moss grow up the buttresses and walls of the grotto. The stone is very dark and rich in color, and looks as though it might contain iron.

Whoever has visited the Rhine will be fancifully reminded of the Roland arch, for Pitman's arch is like it in its contour, size, and massiveness, though it is but a specimen of Nature's building and possesses no romantic legend to enhance its interest as does that fine Rhenish relic. One may sit at the matchless entrance of this American arch, adorned as it is with Nature's exquisite carvings, and traceries of foliage and ferns, and gaze down upon a scene as entrancing as that viewed from the Roland arch; in truth the "Seven Mountains" are not so grand as Kearsarge, nor is the Rhine with the little island of Non-



Chatawgue Four Corners. River view during a freshet.



nenwerth more beautiful than the Saco with its intervales.

The eye is attracted by the woods that fill the steep incline from the arch to the narrow highway hedged with trees and wild-growing shrubs,



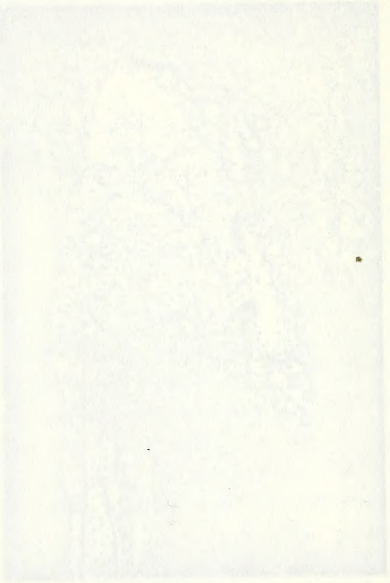
Pitman's Arch.

then are the intervale fields where the Saco flows in lovely curves and shines like silver amidst the green stretches, and beyond the view is terminated by the soft-tinted mountains against the glowing sky; it is peaceful and restful beyond expression. The pleasant chattering of squirrels and the delicious notes of the wood-thrush break the stillness, but there is no other sound save the low monotone of insects and the sweep of soft winds through the trees. It is delightful to visit the Arch very early in the morning, and watch the first shafts of sunlight strike through the woods and into the dusk-haunted grotto, lighting up the dark rock walls.

To Thompson's Falls there should be a separate excursion. Situated part way up the eastern side of Moat, and about four miles distant from the village, this waterfall possesses a peculiar interest that might be said to be historic since it was discovered in the summer of 1851 or 1852 by Benjamin Champney, the landscape painter, who has probably done more than all his fellow artists to make North Conway known to the outside world; as a matter of fact the half dozen pictures that he sold to the Prang Chromo Company about 1870—thus securing an immense circulation to the views—contributed largely towards popularizing the fame of the scenery of the whole east side of the White Mountains.

Much earlier than this, in the summer of 1850, Kensett had painted his famous picture, "The White Mountains and Valley of the Saco, from Sunset Hill, North Conway," and sold it to the American Art Union, and it was engraved for distribution to subscribers, thus becoming widely known and interesting artists and lovers of mountain scenery in the region; but Mr. Champney has passed nearly all the summers of his life since his young manhood here, and his beautiful studio, always open to visitors, has its walls lined from floor to ceiling with lovely pictures whose counterparts have been sold far and wide. He has painted every phase of the landscape from early May until late November, knowing and being able to interpret each elusive mood as a mother understands every expression of her little child's face.

"I cannot paint the mountains as Mr. Champney paints them because I do not love them as he does, and to



paint a landscape well, the artist must love it," said Mr. J. J. Enneking to the writer recently.

"But surely, you are fond of the North Conway scenery?" I asked.

"Yes, and I mean this: the better one knows that region, the more he will love it. I do not know it as well as Mr. Champney does, and therefore do not love it as well."

This summer almost half a century ago, seven landscape painters were staying at the Kearsarge House, kept by the late Mr. Samuel W. Thompson, its builder and first proprietor; they were Benjamin Champney, David Johnson, John Williamson, J. W. Casilear, B. B. S. Stone, Mr. Durand, and Alfred Ordway. One day Mr. Thompson told them that while in a logging-camp back of White Horse ledge, he had heard the roar of some waterfall, but had never seen it; so, their curiosity excited, they immediately set out on a tour of exploration, but "after fording the Saco and passing the Ledges," says Mr. Champney, "we soon got into a perplexing labyrinth of half overgrown wood roads and began almost to despair, for not even a mountain rill was visible and we were about to turn our horse homeward, when one of the more persevering of the party and myself resolved to make a last attempt to find the unknown cataract. We penetrated the deep forest and in half an hour had fathomed the secret."

They carried back an enthusiastic report and on the morrow those seven musketeers of the brush attacked the scene which they had christened "Thompson's Falls," in honor of their host. Mr. Champney says they spent a week in their studies there.

And it is regarded just as difficult an undertaking in these latter days to find the way; so difficult that there has come to be something alluring about the very name of Thompson's Falls. People set out again and again to return disappointed. The writer knows of one enthusiastic and determined Appalachian who made seven unsuccessful jaunts; the eighth was successful and he came back delighted and proceeded forthwith to make a map of his route for the use of his friends, and one heard less about people getting lost trying to find that will-o'-the-wisp waterfall during the rest of that summer.

Yet to the initiated in wood-craft it is easy enough. Arrived in the pine woods at the road leading to



Thompson's Falls.

Echo Lake, one should take the wood path just to the left of the little white school-house standing there. Here is the entrance to a great forest of evergreen trees mixed with deciduous ones in pleasant diversity.

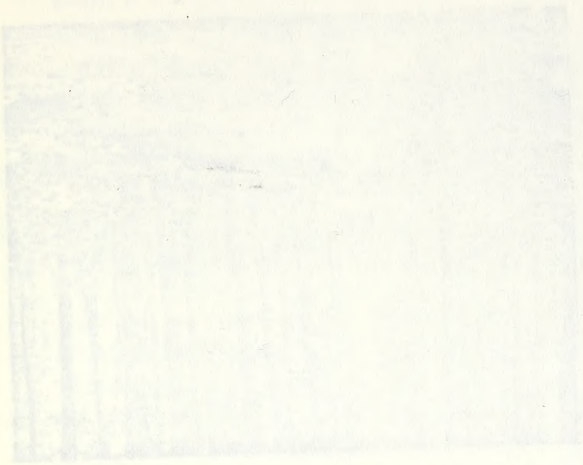
Avoiding all ways that diverge from this, the right one, whether on the right hand or on the left, the wise and prudent initiate fares serene through the forest and after a little while comes out to a pleasant clearing very near to Moat mountain and White Horse ledge and shut off by a stubborn-looking pair of bars that nevertheless yield to the persuasion of determined and persistent tugging. A clear brook flows over white sand and stones only a little way from the bars, and the clearing proves to be one of those most pathetic of places, a deserted homestead. There are the remains of an old cellar, mostly filled up and grassed over, and a number of old apple trees lend that peculiar look of peace and comfort that nothing else but an old orchard can.

Now away to the right of the clearing, at the edge of the forest that encircled it, is a large, dead, white birch, a skeleton or mummy of a tree that looks as if it had been dead a hundred years. Following the forest's edge around to the left, or below the skeleton tree, there is a remarkably pretty hemlock rounded and evenly shaped as though clipped and trained by the most finical of gardeners. A little below this a path enters the wood, bears away to the right, and soon crosses a shallow, stony stream, and then emerges into a tiny clearing. Soon it becomes a mere thread winding through thick growths of brakes of the variety that children call "parasol brakes;" and now it ascends, and the wood is very close and soon becomes a growth of white birches, tall and slender, reaching off as far as the eye can see. Giant logs are stretched across at intervals. Presently there is a sound of rushing waters, and at the right is a steep bank down which one may peek through the trees at the stream below the falls. In a few moments the place is reached where one may clamber down over boulders and get a view of the falling waters from below. They are lovely, delicate, and lace-like, resembling a bridal veil, floating softly over the rich warm-colored granite. A curious birch tree spans the stream, rooted on one side, the trunk lying prone across, with the top curving about and resting on the opposite side, yet with foliage luxuriant and looking perfectly hardy.



A view in Enchanted Woods.

The home of the waterfall is a long, narrow chasm, furrowed down the side of the mountain, and from the top of the fall the scene is remarkably lovely. A long, shining, narrow stream flows down from the vast forest; behind, rises Moat; in front, seen through a delicate, leafy screen across the vista, lies North Conway, pastoral, peaceful, but



seemingly far away. Above on the Rattlesnake range are sunny clearings in the great woods. Tall, ancient, grey-bearded hemlocks grow beside the silver current whose pools and shallows dotting the shelving rocks over which it flows, resemble the quaint cuts in the old readers, illustrating the story of the innocent lamb and the grumbling, deceitful wolf that dissembled his wickedness under the pretext of being rather particular as to the matter of drinking after others. So sweetly wild and secluded is the whole scene that it might be miles away in the wilderness.

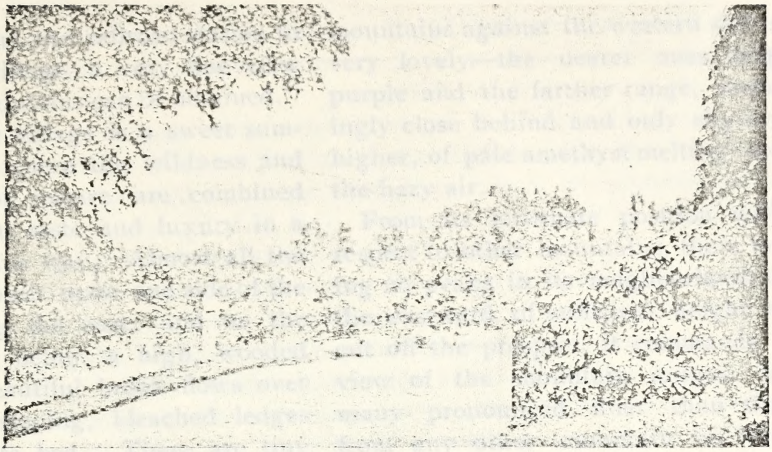


Coming from the Mill, Main Street, North Conway.

The summer of 1853, there were twenty landscape painters at the Kearsarge House. The pioneer hotel men were Mr. Thompson, John McMillan, Nathaniel R. Mason, Daniel Eastman, Stephen Mudgett, and Edwin Merrill. The old hotels were the Kearsarge House, kept by Mr. Thompson, as before stated; the McMillan House, bearing the name of its owner; the North Conway House, kept by Mr. Mason, and the Washington House kept by Mr. Eastman. Mr. Mudgett first kept summer boarders in the large farmhouse now belonging to the Bigelow estate, afterwards buying the Intervale House; and Mr. Merrill kept a boarding house at Kearsarge village, famous throughout the region as "The Merrill House." It is now one of the Russell cottages. Mr. Mason afterwards built the Sunset Pavilion for his sons. Of this older generation of hosts, Mr. McMillan only is left. The descendants of the others still keep open house for the tourist-public in the Saco valley.

And there are now about fifty hotels and boarding houses in the neighborhood, including North Conway, Intervale, Lower Bartlett, and Kearsarge village, besides a growing summer-resort cottage-colony at Intervale. This is of the typical kind, made up of wealthy and well-to-do families from different cities. There are several prominent persons among them, one of whom is Mr. James Schouler, the historian and eminent jurist; General Francis A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, some seasons occupies one of the Intervale cottages; and Howells, the novelist, has passed several summers here, a guest at the Intervale House.

There must have been a strange contrast between those primitive days and these present ones. Mr. Champney tells how in the month of August, (the height of the season!) 1850, he planted his easel in the middle of the main street and painted a picture of Mount Washington! There were no



View from "Birchmont," the Estate of Hon. Payson Tucker.

full dress hops, no fashionable afternoon driving, nor tennis tournaments, nor Sunday trains, nor society reporters then.

No; nor coaching parades. And in the matter of White Mountain coaching parades, though those gorgeous pageants were inaugurated on the west side, the east side celebrations are famous far and wide for their finish and elegance in details, and the admirable manner in which they are conducted as well as for the eclat that attends them. Prizes in the shape of handsome banners and other trophies are awarded for the finest displays. On the west side, the competing for prizes was abolished a few seasons ago, and on the occasion of the first parade after that, the writer remarked through the columns of the Boston *Herald*, that a coaching parade without prizes was like a dinner without salt, whereupon the witty editor of the *White Mountain Echo* remarked that there was no accounting for tastes, and some people preferred fresh meat to salt, which was the case with the reformed Bethlehem appetite, while promoters of the west side parades had no desire to have their judges well peppered for their awards.

But the annual special pageants of the east and west sides since then have confirmed the notion that a coaching parade without prizes might indeed be likened to a dinner without salt. The award of prizes lends a bouquet, a flavor, a zest to the carnival that nothing else could, and judges, not willing to sustain a little harmless peppering for the sake of the success of the occasion, are wanting public-mindedness, and lack the spirit of *camaraderie*, indeed.

A descriptive sketch of North Conway, with no allusion to the famous prospect from the summit of historic Kearsarge, would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out, to make use of a hackneyed and much abused simile.

To Kearsarge village *en route* to the mountain-top, the pleasant, winding road follows a continual upward slope. Of this road, Col. H. H. Dow, of the Ridge hotel, in his hotel circular for this season, felicitously remarks that "from nearly every point along

the way, from the railroad station to Kearsarge village, a very fine view of all the mountains can be obtained."

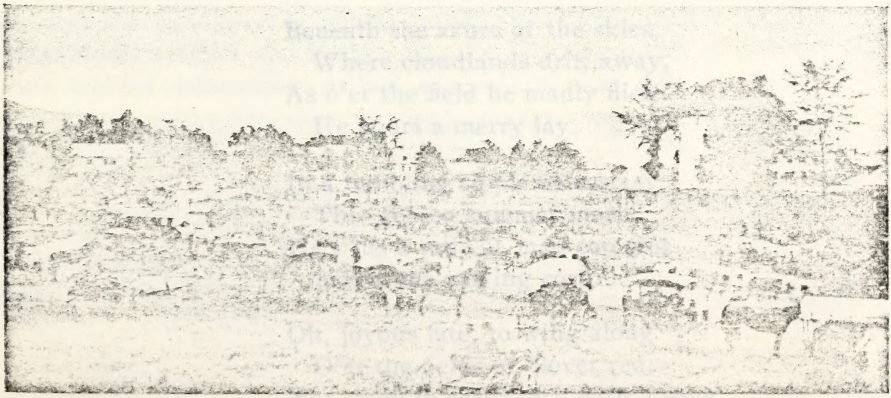
Kearsarge village is a sweet summer haunt where the wildness and simplicity of nature are combined with modern taste and luxury in a very attractive way. Almost all the houses are built upon one side of the road, facing the east; and on the other side, below a high, wooded bank, a beautiful brook flows over the wide, sloping, bleached ledges that form its bed. There are tiny glades in the little wood along the streams that lure to holiday dreaming and pleasant revery; and everywhere east, west, north, and south, the vast, sheltering mountains rise.

Fertile farms reach up to the foot and on the side of Mount Kearsarge, and the very last farm-houses are given over to the summer boarding interests of these latter days, their owners bestowing upon farming only a secondary consideration, if indeed so much as that.

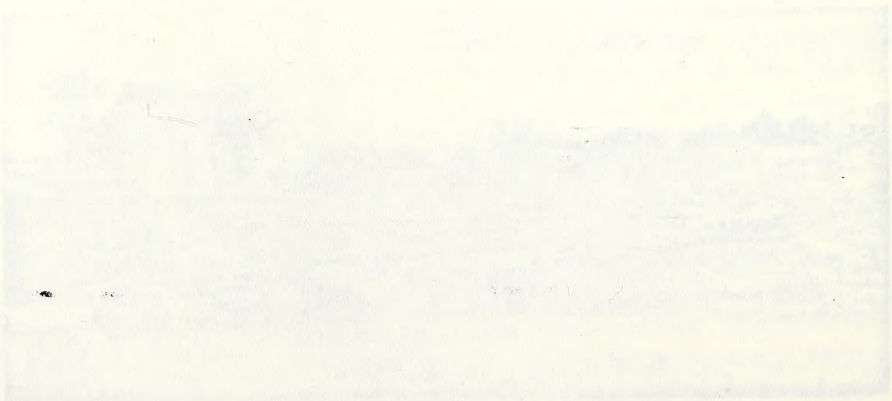
It is a good three miles stiff climb. From Prospect Ledge, about a mile up, there is a delightful view, and near the summit the double line of mountains against the western sky is very lovely—the nearer ones deep purple and the farther range, seemingly close behind and only slightly higher, of pale amethyst melting into the hazy air.

From its fortunate position with respect to other mountains, there being no peaks in its neighborhood to the eastward of sufficient height to cut off the prospect, it commands a view of the mountain ranges, by many pronounced finer than that from any other mountain in New Hampshire.

Mountains beyond mountains rise like infinite, petrified billows rolled off into the circling horizon. The whole of the Presidential range is perfectly distinct, Mount Washington, occupying its proper relative position, being the most prominent in the line. The Saco can be traced almost from where it rises, down through the green valleys till it winds away into Maine. Great numbers of lakes brighten the scene. The broad, nearly level stretch of country towards Portland serves as a complement to the grandeur of the limitless ranges, toning up the landscape, as it



A Picturesque "Feature" of the Parade.



were, to almost ineffable effect. The whole great picture is surpassingly beautiful.

The favorite though unaccomplished project of the older hotel men of the region was to build a carriage-road up Mount Kearsarge, but this present and progressive generation would of course have none of it, and there is in existence a charter for an organized company to build a railroad—according to the latest idea it is to be an electric road—to the summit. And it may sometime be, who knows? Stranger things have happened.

It may be said, in passing, that all the mountain peaks of the neighborhood are easy of ascent, as mountain climbing goes; and it is something worth while for the stout mountain-climber to carry his mental portfolio away, at the close of the summer vacation, filled with the distinctive and widely varying views that he has made his own for all time.

Mount Chocorua, of which there is such an enchanting view from Sunset Hill, or Birchmont, is the Matterhorn of the east side, and for a woman to have made the ascent, even in these days of general athletic training, is esteemed something to tell of indeed.

The town has an exceedingly interesting and picturesque local history, dating from the year 1765, in the reign of His Gracious Majesty King George the Third, and Benning Wentworth, governor of the Province of New Hampshire, but it does not come within the scope of the present sketch.

It is certain that North Conway owes much of its present progressive condition to the Hon. Payson Tucker, who has manifested the utmost liberality, and public spirit, and the greatest interest in the prosperity of the place ever since he became a summer resident here.

THE BOBOLINK.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

Beneath the azure of the skies,
Where cloudlands drift away,
As o'er the field he madly flies
He pours a merry lay.

In a bubbling ripple of ecstasy,
This golden summer morn,
He trills a tune of mad-cap glee
Above the waving corn.

Oh, joyous fate, to wing along
O'er the fields of clover red,
Nor stoop to earth save with a song,
And only by fancy led.



"Robbers' Row," Hilton Head.

WAR PICTURES.

[CONTINUED.]

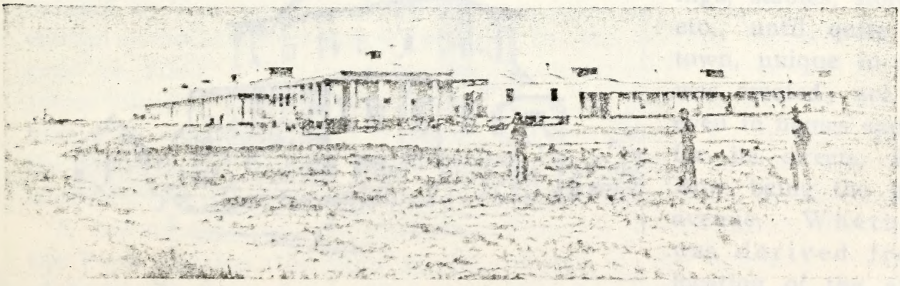
[Illustrated from photographs by Henry P. Moore, Concord, N. H.]

By John C. Linehan.

THE brigade was encamped on a cotton-field of considerable extent just across a creek at a point opposite the Pope mansion and outside the fortifications built by the Confederates. Here for five months the troops were drilled constantly—battalion drill, dress parade, inspection, and review, varied only by the daily routine of guard mounting, company drill, and the occasional spree or tussle which made some of the boys acquainted with the interior of the guard-house.

This was the condition of affairs when Mr. Moore arrived, and his pictures are faithful delineations of the scenes to which all had become fairly accustomed. The Third New Hampshire and the Forty-eighth New York with the officers and crews of the men-of-war in Port Royal bay proved to be his best patrons. Early in April, 1862, the Third was ordered to Edisto island, and later, when Fort Pulaski on the Savannah river was captured, the Forty-eighth garrisoned it, which gave Mr. Moore an opportunity he was not slow to avail himself of as the illustrations of the fort and regiment indicate.

The reproduction of these views cannot but be of general interest, for at this point the United States government secured, within six months of the fall of Sumter, a foothold on the soil of that state to which the

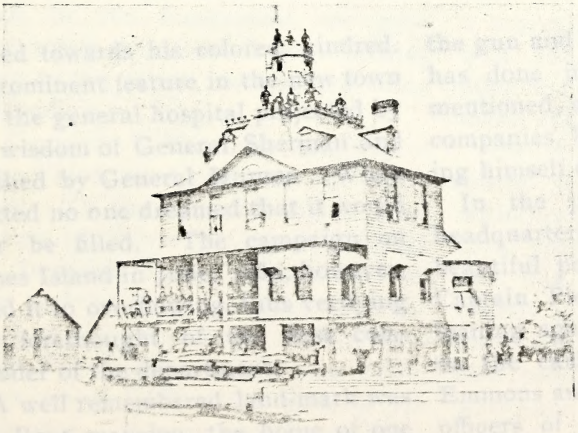


General Hospital, Hilton Head.



"From Bluffton-on-de-Main, Sah."

responsibility of the rebellion can be justly charged, and it seems like retributive justice to find the home of John C. Calhoun in possession of the Union army, for it was located upon one of the islands occupied by Sherman's troops. But if it is of interest to the general reader, how much more so must it prove to be to the survivors of the regiments who took part in its capture or occupation? They can again recall the stirring scenes of the bombardment on that cloudless November day, the broad bosom of Port Royal bay as well as the sky being for a time obscured by the artificial clouds produced by the incessant firing of great guns, or mortars, followed by the music of the various bands and the cheering from thousands of throats as the cessation of the firing announced the capture of the forts, and the occupation for the first time since April by Union soldiers of the sacred soil of South Carolina, any effort to dislodge them therefrom proving a failure. Then the volunteers saw the long dock grow before their eyes, the result of the labor of Colonel Serrell and his engineers, and the gradual addition of stores, dwellings, stables, storehouses, etc., until quite a little town, unique in its way, was created; not lacking even in names appropriate for its streets, Robbers' Row being the principal avenue. Whether this was derived from the location of the sutler's quarters there, or not, the



Pope Mansion, Hilton Head.



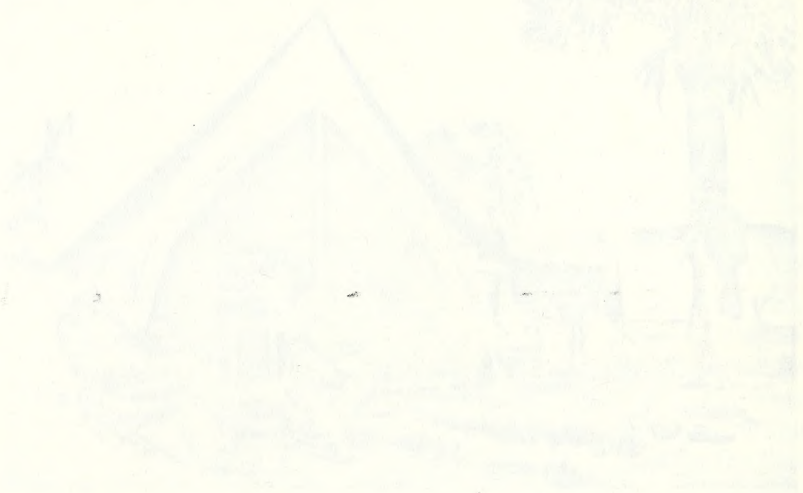
writer cannot remember, but if it was, most appropriate was its name. The new town was not lacking in population, either, for there was not a day without fresh arrivals, invariably "from Blufton on de main, sah;" contrabands of all ages and of both sexes, and, it might be added, of all shades from indigo to mahogany, and from mahogany to clear white, thus furnishing proof that in one respect, the average Southerner was not prejudiced towards his colored kindred. A prominent feature in the new town was the general hospital projected by the wisdom of General Sherman and finished by General Hunter. When erected no one dreamed that it would ever be filled. The campaign on James Island in June, 1862, however, filled it to overflowing, thus verifying the forethought of the first commander of the department.

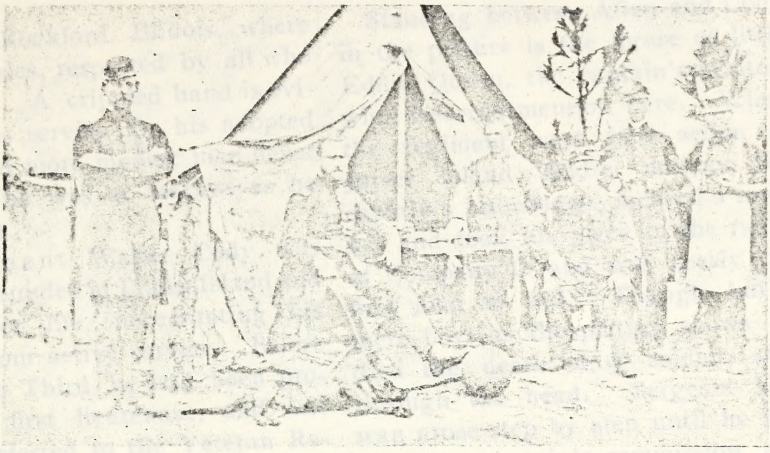
A well remembered land-mark was the Pope mansion, the home of one of the departed magnates. This was used as a signal station, and as headquarters at first, and here the boys were paid off, going from camp in squads, and many of them returning as they pleased, the result of an acquaintance with the brandied peaches of the sutler. These pay days were busy days for the officers of the day, and of the guard, and for a week after there was no lack of men for police duty, when the shovel, the axe, and the water-pail superseded the gun and the bayonet. The artist has done justice to all the scenes mentioned, as well as to the different companies, bands, groups, etc., availing himself of his services.



Company G—Captain Wiggin, Lieutenants Emmons and Hendersor.

In the picture representing the headquarters of Company G with the beautiful palmetto tree on the left, Captain Pierce L. Wiggin is seen leaning against the tree, and seated on the camp-stools are Lieutenants Emmons and Henderson, the original officers of the company. Captain Wiggin resigned in June, 1862, went





Company C Officers.

home, and was commissioned captain in the First N. H. Cavalry, in which he served till the end of the war. He then located in Beaufort, S. C., where he married, was elected judge, and died there a few years ago. Lieutenants Emmons and Henderson were later commissioned captains; the former is still living in Boston and is employed on the Old Colony division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. The latter died in Keene a few years ago while holding the position of postmaster. The shell and rifled cannon ball in the foreground are grim reminders that theirs is not a holiday trip to the South, such as are taken nowadays.

Company C, the Irish company of the Third, next demands our attention. To the left with folded arms stands the figure of Captain Michael T. Donohoe, its first commander. At his right is Sergeant John Kirwan, and at his left, seated, are Lieutenants Robert Allen and Walter Cody, and behind Cody stands Orderly Joe Donohoe. A more genial man than Captain Donohoe was rarely met. He was well educated, a fine musician, and as an all-around man it would be hard to find his equal.

He was commissioned colonel of the Tenth regiment in the summer of 1862, but before leaving the Third he led his company with the regiment in its first engagement at Secessionville, James Island, June 16, 1862. Company C suffered severely here. Both lieutenants and the orderly were wounded, one of them severely, and sixteen of the men were killed and wounded. Colonel Donohoe served until the end of the war, earning a brevet brigadier-general's commission, and led one of the first brigades, if not the very first, in to Richmond after its fall.

Lieutenant Robert Allen was promoted to captain after Donohoe's withdrawal, and served faithfully for three years. He was born in Ireland, and was in religion a Protestant. Nearly all of the men under his command were Catholics, but no distinction could ever be noticed in their demeanor towards their officers, for "Bob" Allen was beloved by all. On retiring from the service, he

located in Rockford, Illinois, where he still resides, respected by all who know him. A crippled hand is evidence of his service for his adopted country. A more modest man never lived, and he was as fearless as he was modest.

Lieutenant Walter Cody was severely wounded at James Island and crippled for life, necessitating his retiring from active service. Before he left the Third, he had been promoted to first lieutenant, and was then transferred to the Veteran Reserve corps, where he served until near the close of the war. Like his superior officers named, he was a good representative of his race and breed, sturdy, upright, the soul of honor, and a brave soldier. He has made his home in Manchester since the war.

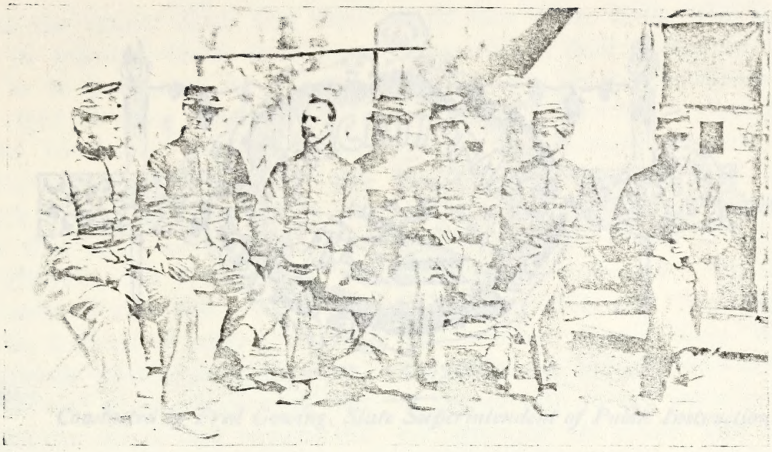
Orderly Sergeant Joe Donohoe accompanied his brother into the Tenth, was commissioned first lieutenant, and appointed adjutant. He was later promoted to a captaincy, and served on the staff of General Fessenden. He served until February, 1865. He died of disease and wounds after the war.

Standing between Allen and Cody in the picture is the figure of little Eddie Quinn, the captain's waiter, who deserves mention here. When the regiment went into action at James Island, Eddie, without the captain's knowledge, secured a musket and took his place in the ranks of Company C and was nearly the first man to fall. Though but a mere boy, as the picture shows, he died the death of a soldier, shot through the head. Sergeant Kirwan arose step by step until he had earned a captain's commission, and by his gallantry maintained for the company the proud reputation secured for it by its first commanders. He married a daughter of the late Luke Benson of Concord, and since the war has lived in the west, residing at present in Chicago.

The figure of the dog in the foreground recalls the faithful comrade who is, of the entire animal creation, the truest friend of man. The picture of the shell at the feet of Allen is a reminder of one of Dupont's compliments to the Confederates, for his fleet literally rained shells on the



Drum Corps at Mess.



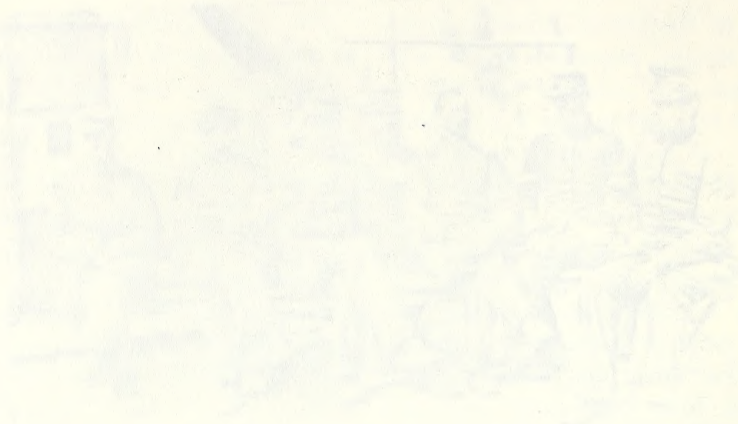
Hopkins, Langley, and others.

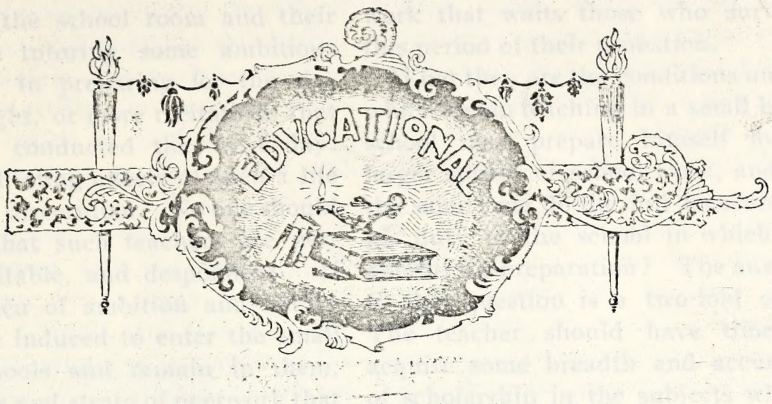
island during the bombardment, and it was rare to find a tent without one or more of them as ornaments. Rather dangerous, however, as it proved in one instance, when one used as a candlestick exploded, killing two and wounding several other soldiers, a fragment flying in the direction of a group of which the writer was one, making them think for the time being that euchre was a wicked game, after all.

The next group fronts a mess tent, and from appearances the boys are on good terms with the cook who stands, ladle in hand, surrounded by his pots and kettles. The faces are familiar, but a lapse of thirty-two years has completely obliterated the names from memory. The portable stoves on the left were a valuable appendage to the cook house, but once worn out were never replaced. For this part of its camp equipage, the Third New Hampshire was envied, as few regiments were supplied with them. A glance at the figures of the soldiers will give an idea of the youth of the volunteers, most of whom were boys.

The next view discloses Orderly Sergeant Hopkins on the right and Lieutenant Langley on the left but one; who the others are the deponent knoweth not. Each view is well supplied with the palmetto or pine, both of which were not lacking on any of the islands thereabout. The tent in the rear was Mr. Moore's head-quarters. The boys tried to make him believe when he occupied it that it had been used as a hospital tent for small-pox patients. The artist was not frightened but he never grew anymore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE CURRICULUM OF A SMALL HIGH SCHOOL.[1]

By Edward J. Goodwin.

In constructing a programme of studies for a small high school a very important consideration is the well-being of the teacher. It is true, of course, that the school is not maintained for the sake of the teacher; but it is likewise true that those communities that disregard the personal welfare of their teachers do not have, and can not have, the best schools. In view of this, it is not unreasonable, as a preliminary to the discussion of the main proposition of this paper, to ascertain and clearly state the conditions under which a teacher in a small high school may carry on his work in a normal and successful manner.

My first thesis is that the teacher must not be overworked. He must be a sturdy and persistent worker, but he must not be overworked. The schoolmaster who allows his nervous system to be upset and his spirits broken by carrying too heavy and unreasonable burdens, commits a wrong not only against himself, but also against his school. No remuneration is great enough to compensate a man for loss of health; and no teacher whose blood lacks oxygen or whose nerve centres lack what Dr. Hall calls "euphoria" is qualified to instruct or train a healthy and vigorous youth. The teacher should have time for abundant physical exercise in the open air, and for such recreation as affords him needful rest and pleasure. This is not only his right but his duty. Children are as soft clay in the hands of a teacher who possesses an abundance of vitality and good nature. But how many teachers in the village high schools of New England can even approximate such a condition? As a class they are seriously overwrought. They spend their days in the most harassing kind of

[1] Paper read before High School Institute, Concord, N. H., by Edward J. Goodwin, principal high school, Newton, Mass., and published in *School Review* May, 1895.

labor in the school room and their nights in tutoring some ambitious pupil, or in preparing for the six, seven, eight, or more recitations that must be conducted the next day. The debilitating effects of such a life are easily discernible. No one should wonder that such teachers are nervous, irritable, and despondent. If young men of ambition and ability are to be induced to enter the small high schools and remain in them, this stress and strain of overwork that depresses the spirits and impairs the health of conscientious and faithful teachers should be removed.

My second thesis is that the teacher in the small high school should have his work adjusted in such a way that he may thereby and meanwhile be making suitable preparations for a position of larger responsibility and more substantial remuneration. Every good teacher is an ambitious one. The small high schools secure a high order of talent, and often the most efficient and skillful service, simply because the wide-awake teacher looks to the future, and believes that transfer and promotion are sure to come to him whose work from day to day evinces both wisdom and fidelity. In this view the small high schools are the training ground where men and women are prepared for more responsible duties and wider fields of activity in the larger centres of population. Fortunately for the small high schools that this is so, and the communities in which these schools are placed will consult their own interests when they see to it that the men and women, who serve them so efficiently at small salaries, shall have some reasonable opportunity to prepare themselves for the larger work that waits those who survive this period of their probation.

What then are the conditions under which a man teaching in a small high school may prepare himself for a larger sphere of school work, and at the same time do the full measure of his duty to the school in which he obtains his preparation? The answer to this question is a two-fold one: The teacher should have time to acquire some breadth and accuracy of scholarship in the subjects which he attempts to teach, and should have opportunity to study both theoretically and practically the problems of education and the most approved methods of instruction. These two statements may be summed up in one: The successful teacher must be both learned and wise.

The teacher who is thoroughly saturated with his subject is the one to whom pupils listen with attention and respect. He it is who wastes no time on non-essentials, but puts the emphasis of his own instructions and his pupils' efforts where it is most needed. Mr. Collar, of the Roxbury Latin school, on his return to this country after a somewhat careful study of the German gymnasium, said in substance: "The chief defect in our secondary schools is the poor scholarship of our teachers." "We American teachers," he said, "do not know enough about the subjects which we profess to teach." He might have added: Nothing is so destructive to good scholarship among American teachers as the necessity of teaching half a dozen or more subjects on the same day or in the same year. A curriculum of wide range in a small high school inevitably precludes scholarly teachers. Therefore

since the good quality of the school is so dependent upon the scholarship of the teacher, the most serviceable course of studies for such schools is the one which is carefully, but rigorously, limited in the number and range of the subjects to be taught.

Furthermore, that a teacher who is hard pressed with the cares of the school and has a large number of subjects to teach, can give anything more than a cursory attention to the philosophy of his work is out of the question. The teacher should not only have time for observation and reflection concerning the phenomena that appear from day to day in the class room; but he should have leisure also for careful reading and close study, if he is to understand in any good degree the real significance of the work that he is attempting to do. Men, of course, differ about this, and there are some who go so far as to say that there is no such thing as a philosophy or science of education. But all will agree, I believe, in the notion that those who direct the education of children and youth need to know something about the characteristics of human nature; something about the different effects that a study of the several classes of subjects, such as language, literature, history, science, and mathematics, has upon the human mind; and something about the form and nature of the civilization under which they live, and for which their pupils are to be trained and instructed. This is what I mean when I say that the truly successful teacher must be a "wise" man. Such wisdom is not inherited and cannot be imparted; it comes only from the attentive study and profound reflection of men of experience. Of course ultimate knowledge along these lines of investigation is not to be expected; but we must all admit that real progress in educational science depends upon the successful prosecution of these three departments of study. When we know what human nature is, we shall agree as to the proper function of the school. When we understand the effects of the several subjects of study upon the child's mind, we shall know the best means of education. When we fully realize the essential qualities of modern civilization, we shall be better able to judge of a pupil's power to conform to it and thrive under it. It may be urged that this study of the philosophy of education is more or less speculative, and I admit it. And still it is better to make slow progress by an uncertain light than to grope in utter darkness. But however fundamental or important these problems may be, the teacher of the small high school cannot be expected to give them serious attention so long as his time and strength are wholly absorbed in the work of the class room and in preparation for it. Thus far an attempt has been made to present, from the stand-point of the teacher, some reasons why great care should be taken to restrict the number of subjects to be taught in a high school that has only two or three teachers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NECROLOGY.

DR. EDWARD SPALDING.

Edward Spalding, M. D., LL. D., of Nashua, died June 22, while on a fishing trip near the Magalloway river. Dr. Spalding was born at Amherst, September 15, 1813, graduated at Dartmouth in 1833, and from the Harvard Medical school in 1837. He began the practice of medicine with Dr. Elbridge in Nashua, and has ever since remained a resident of that city. Aside from the permanent success achieved in his profession Dr. Spalding was a prominent and valuable citizen. He had been president of the Nashua Savings and the Indian Head National banks, and a director of both for many years. He had also served as president of the Pennichuck water works, the Nashua & Jackson Manufacturing company, and the county board of education, the New Hampshire Historical society, and the New Hampshire Bible society. He had been a trustee of Dartmouth college since 1866, and of the Nashua public library. In politics, Dr. Spalding was a steadfast Republican. He was mayor in 1864, delegate to the Baltimore convention in the same year, councillor under Governor Prescott, and a member of the constitutional convention in 1876. He gave liberally to the various societies of the Congregational denomination and to the erection of the new First church at Nashua. Two daughters survive him.

REV. A. A. MINER, D. D.

Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., the leading Universalist clergyman of New England, who died at Boston, June 14, was born at Lempster, August 17, 1814. He gained an education at the public schools and academies, and in 1839 was ordained to the Universalist ministry. His first charge was at Methuen, then at Lowell, and in 1848 he became the colleague of Hosea Ballou in the pastorate of the Second Universalist church of Boston. He later succeeded to the pastorate, which he held over forty years, being pastor emeritus at the time of his death. From 1862 to 1875 he was president of Tufts college to which he gave $40,000 for a theological hall. He was also a member of its board of trustees, of the board of overseers of Harvard college, of the board of trustees of Dean academy, and of the board of visitors of the State Normal Art school. He was prominently allied with many reform movements, notably those of temperance, woman's suffrage, and free public schools. He was a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and of the executive committee of the American Peace society, and was many times the candidate of the Prohibition party for governor.

ORMOND E. COLONY.

Ormond E. Colony died at Keene June 14 at the age of 54 years. He was formerly one of the editors and proprietors of the *Cheshire Republican*, was postmaster under President Cleveland's first administration, and has since been manager of the L. J. Colony Chair Co.

DEACON CHARLES KIMBALL.

Deacon Charles Kimball was born at Dunbarton January 23, 1826, and died at Concord June 1. In business he was a builder and a contractor and a man of the strictest integrity. The South church found in him for many years a tower of strength.

ALBERT F. LANE.

Albert F. Lane, a native of Exeter, died at Virginia Beach, Va., June 24, aged 35 years. He was one of the finest scholars in the Harvard class of 1882 and later studied law and engaged in business life in West Virginia and Ohio.

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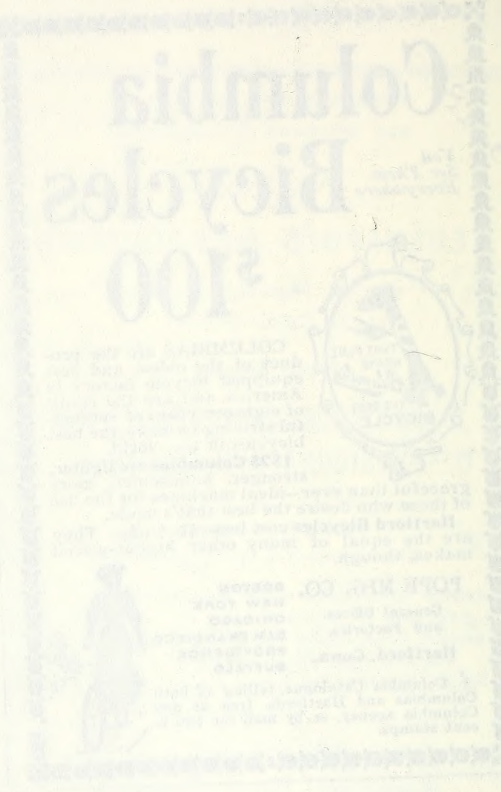
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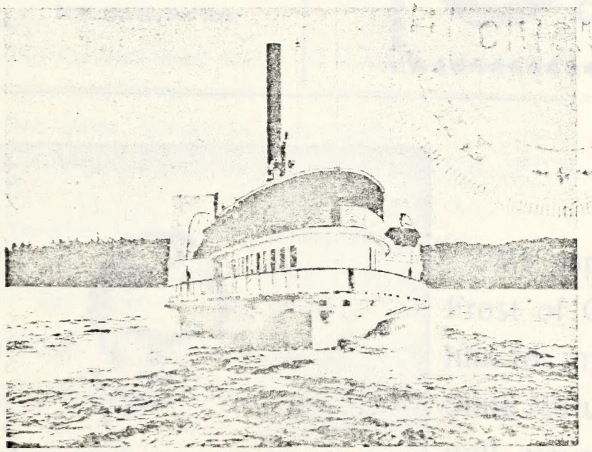
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AUGUST, 1895.

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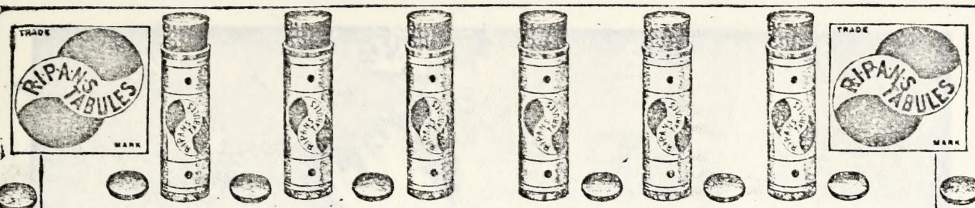
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Subscription: $2.00 per year; $1.50 if paid in advance; 20 cents per copy.
Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second class matter.
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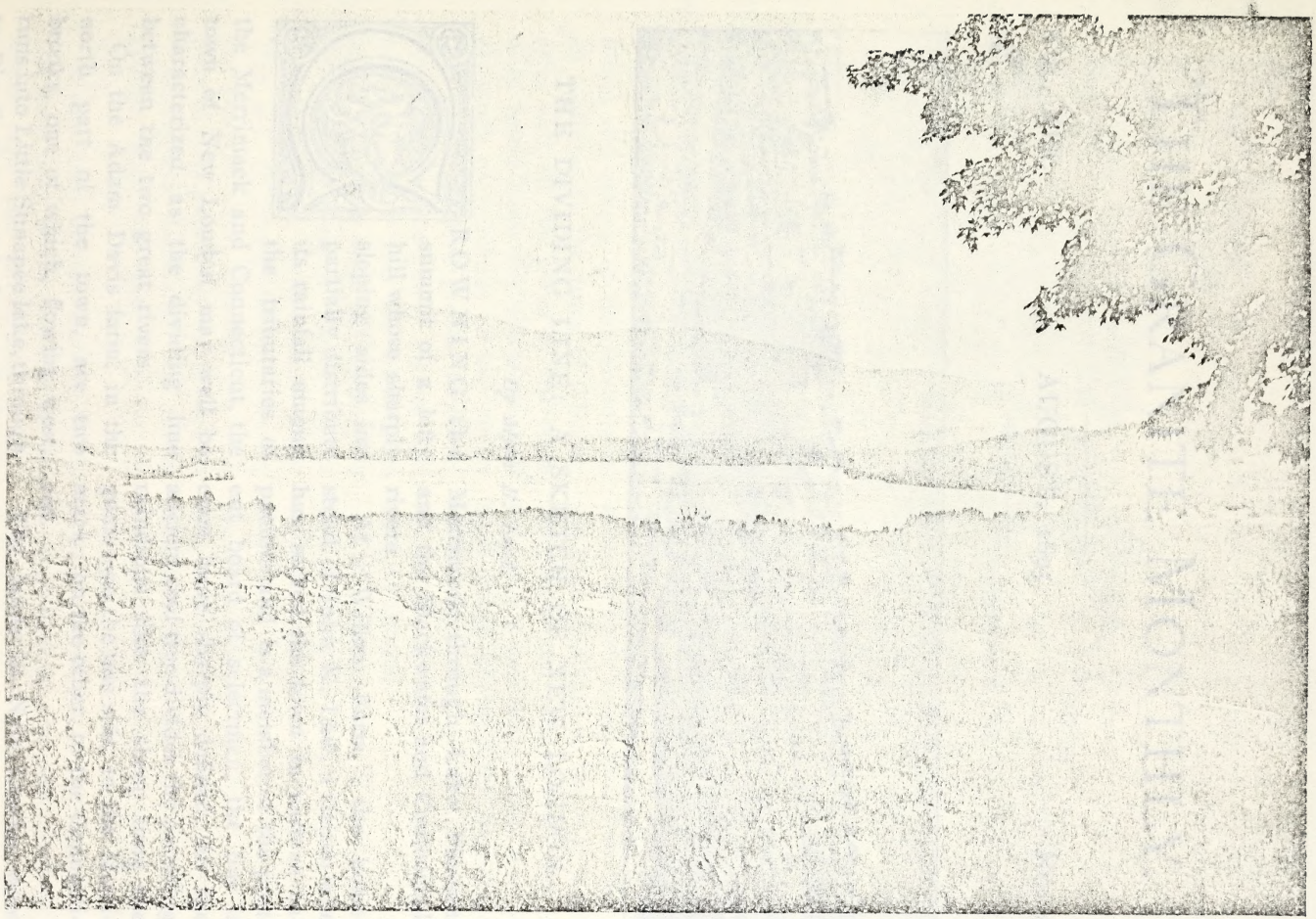
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VOL. XIX. AUGUST, 1895. No. 2.



THE DIVIDING LINE: A SKETCH OF NEW LONDON.

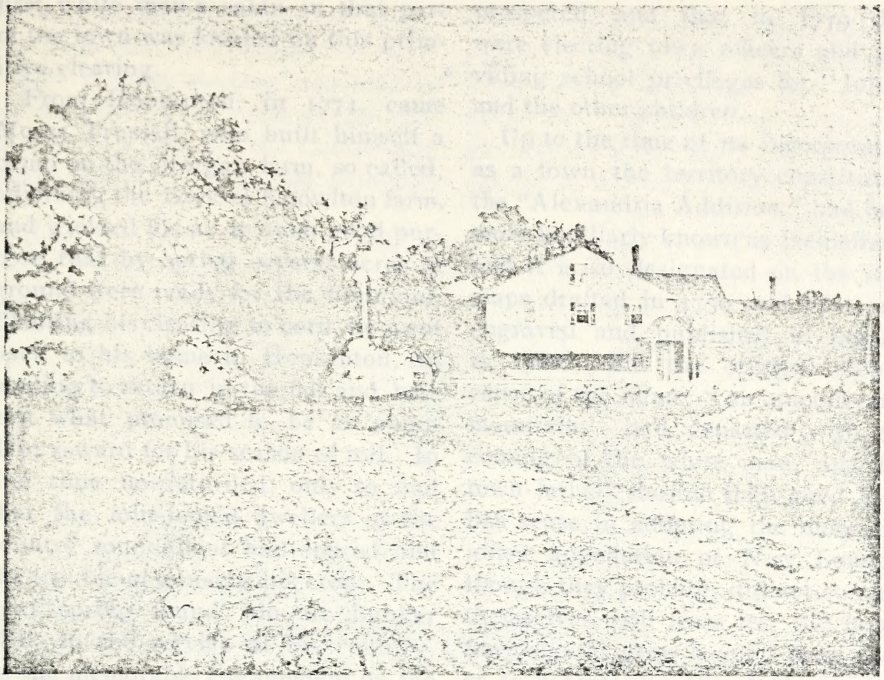
By Myra B. Lord.

CROWNING the summit of a lofty hill whose sharply sloping sides impartially distribute its rainfall among the tributaries of the Merrimack and Connecticut, the town of New London may well be characterized as the dividing line between the two great rivers.

On the Adam Davis farm, in the north part of the town, are two brooks, one of which, flowing west, runs into Little Sunapee lake, through to Big Sunapee, and thence, by way of Sugar river, to the Connecticut; the other, flowing east, reaches the Merrimack through Lake Pleasant and the Blackwater and Contoocook rivers.

At "Willow Farm," the homestead of John K. Law, a citizen who has served the town in various capacities and is a member of the present board of selectmen, the line is even more sharply defined, for the ancient roof-tree divides the pattering raindrops like the sheep from the goats—on the one side, to the Merrimack; on the other, to the Connecticut.

The lands in New London were originally, and are still, held under a grant, dating back to 1773, from the Masonian proprietors to Jonas



"Willow Farm."

Minot and others, of this territory as an addition to the town of Alexandria, and all the plans of the town were based upon the allotments and drawings or purchase of lots under that grant. These grants, however, conveyed no municipal rights, and hence six years later the inhabitants of the hill town were petitioning the "Great and General Court" for a charter as an independent town. The act of incorporation, creating the town of New London out of a tract of land previously recognized as "Alexandria Addition" in titular phrase, bears the date of June 25, 1779.

There were Indian settlements in the town long before the foot of the white man had penetrated to this locality, and though they had departed from the region previous to the advent of the first settlers, the ashes of their camp-fires had not as yet been scattered to the four winds. The hills and valleys had been the red man's hunting-ground, and his light canoe skimmed the blue waters of the lakes and ponds that nestled so coyly in the shadows of the forest-clad mountains.

The large number of Indian relics that have since been found in the west part of the town would indicate that their principal settlement was on the border of the lake near that neighborhood, with trails leading to smaller camps at Harvey (now Clark) pond and the easterly shore of Little Sunapee. From the latter locality a trail wound over the long stretch of highland to the east, ending in another settlement at the upper end of Lake Pleasant. Here, in the fertile land of the intervale, were their little plats of golden maize, and the



first white man's cabin in that part of the town was located on this primitive clearing.

From Hopkinton, in 1774, came Moses Trussell, who built himself a camp on the Morgan farm, so called, adjoining the Ezekiel Knowlton farm, and wielded his ax to such good purpose that by spring several acres of ground were ready for the firebrand. Planting his clearing to corn, he went back to his home in Hopkinton, intending to return in the fall and harvest what promised to be an abundant reward for his season of toil. In due time he returned, only to find that the four-footed dwellers of the country roundabout had spared him the trouble of housing his crop. The next spring found him at Bunker Hill, in the service of his country. In the memorable engagement on the 17th of June he had his left hand taken off by a cannon-ball while helping to remove his wounded commander from that bloody field. In 1804, just thirty years after his first visit, he returned to New London, where he thenceforward resided for many years.

James Lamb, Nathaniel Merrill, Eliphalet Lyon (the sponsor of Lyon brook, which runs through the valley on the westerly side of Colby hill), and Ebenezer Hunting were the pioneer settlers, and came in 1775, the first named erecting his humble cabin on the Knowlton farm mentioned above. The next year this cabin in the wilderness had another inmate—the first child born within the town limits—and his parents not inaptly named him John.

With the Lyon and the Lamb dwelling in peace together, it is no wonder that the little settlement prospered, and that in 1779 they were electing town officers and providing school privileges for "John" and the other children.

Up to the time of its incorporation as a town the territory constituting the "Alexandria Addition," had been more familiarly known as Heidelberg, and it is so designated on the state maps drafted in 1750 and 1761, and engraved and published in London in 1768. But the original significance of the name, "an uncultivated mountain," had departed with the coming of the white man, and the town fathers showed their good English sense in adopting the more dignified appellation of New London, though they probably did not concern themselves with fears lest the infant town should grow beyond their power to control, as Elizabeth worried, with only too sure prescience, over the metropolis in the mother country.

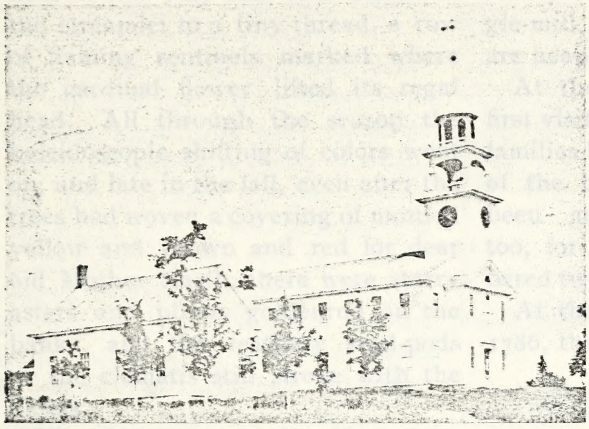
But the town grew and prospered, nevertheless. The records kept by



At Little Sunapee.



the first town clerk, Ebenezer Hunting, show that on February 12, 1781, a duly notified meeting was held to see what action the town would take to procure a man for the Continental army; and the file in the adjutant-



The Church on the Hill.

general's office at Concord duly credits the town with one, "Francis Como," mustered in April 23, 1781, and also with a payment of £60. Again, in 1782, the town provided a soldier; and until the disbandment of the Continental army in November, 1783.

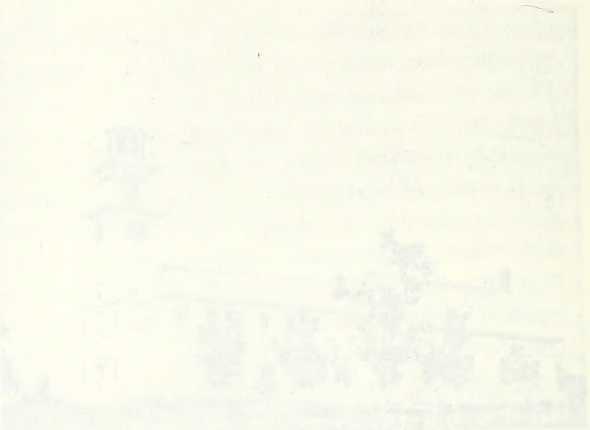
Nor were the religious interests of the town neglected. As early as 1782, Elder Ambrose, of Perrystown, had visited the little flock, and continued to divide his labors between these charges until the town was able to settle a minister for itself, the town in the meantime contributing annually towards the elder's support.

Down in the valley, south-west of Colby hill, a noisy stream bubbles and babbles over the rocks through the long summer days, as if joying in its escape from the placid bosom of the pond above. It is the outlet of what was then Harvey pond, and the visitor of to-day may wonder at the fancy which bestowed the quaint name of "Hominy Pot" on this picturesque spot, until his eye may chance to rest on the well worn mill-stones — long since fallen into disuse — that lie half hidden in the grass beside the bridge.

Here it was that Lieut. Levi Harvey set up the town's first industry, a grist-mill; and it was at his house that the annual meeting was held in 1783, when the town voted that the selectmen (of whom Harvey was one) give security to the said Harvey "for the purchase of land and defending of privileges for a mill, according to former bond," and also that "grinding days this year be Tuesdays and Fridays of each week."

A full century had been rounded out since the farmers first brought their grists to Harvey's mill, before my acquaintance with the locality began, and there was nothing left to tell the tale of what once had been save the round, smooth stones by the wayside; but the simple beauty of the surroundings ever after had an unfailing charm.

In the early springtime the grassy banks were dotted with modest violets and slender, wind-blown anemones, that faded away only to be replaced, a little later in the season, by the glossy scarlet and spicily fragrant wild strawberry. Close by the bridge were dense thickets of raspberries and blackberries, and scraggly alders that whispered and nodded to



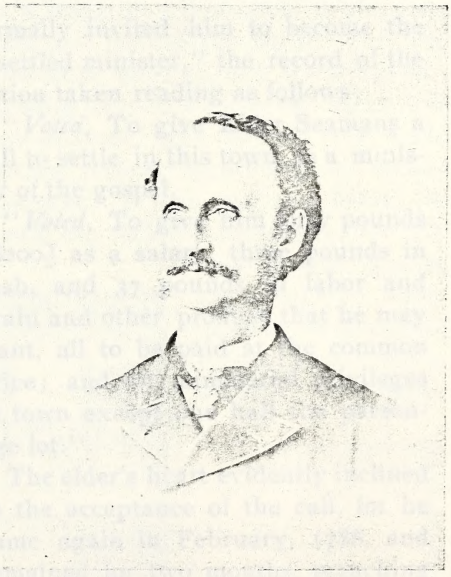
each other across the narrow stream, and gaily flaunted in the breeze that swept down from the hill the snowy trappings with which the wild clematis vainly sought to clothe their tangled branches.

Out in the open, where the fierce heat of the July sun had narrowed the streamlet to a tiny thread, a row of flaming sentinels marked where the cardinal flower lifted its regal head. All through the season the kaleidoscopic shifting of colors went on, and late in the fall, even after the trees had woven a covering of mottled yellow and brown and red for dear old Mother Earth, there were starry asters and plumy goldenrod on the banks, and the feathery seed-pods of the clematis still strove with the alders.

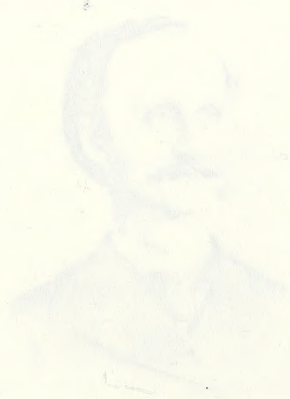
There in the grass is a ring where the fairies might have held their moonlight revels; and there surely is a witching charm about the spot, for sitting on the broad, flat stone in late afternoon, when the purple shadows crept softly down from the mountain and no sound broke the stillness save the cricket's plaintive chirp, the mother-bird calling to her young in the leafy tree-tops, or the babbling brook at my feet—yes, there is the sound of childish voices; and presently the rude door of the log schoolhouse is drawn back, the children one by one pause on the threshold to drop a curtsey to the mistress; there is the soft patter of their bare feet as they trip lightly down the dusty road and over the narrow footbridge that spans the stream. The windows of the low, red house on the ledge above me, that have been barred and shuttered for so many years, are open, and my listening ears catch the drowsy whirr-r-r of the good wife's spinning-wheel; the low, dull monotone of protest that issues from the nether millstone as the busy miller pours still another grist into the waiting hopper, is yet sounding in the air;—but it is only a dream, and the sober reality of to-day depicts a noisy shingle-mill, and the flower-strewn banks are heaped with sawdust.

At the time of Elder Ambrose's first visit to the town, in 1782, twenty families had settled in different parts of the town; and they must have been good, old-fashioned families, too, for the whole community numbered two hundred and nineteen souls.

At the annual March meeting in 1786, the town voted to build a meeting-house fifty feet long, and "to set the meeting-house not more than 40 rods distant from the mouth of the Hutchins' road, so called;" and also "to have a burying-yard near where said meeting-house is to stand."



Rev. W. A. Farren.

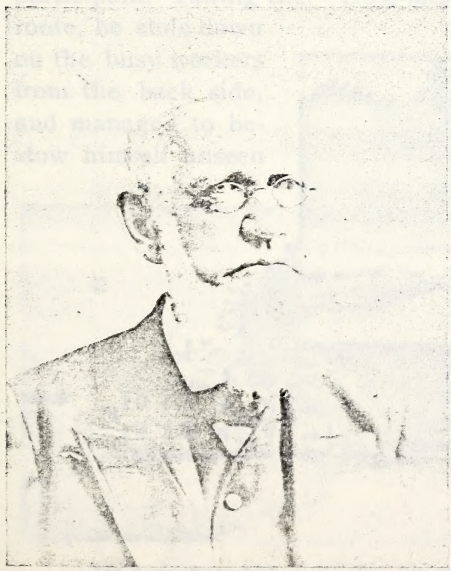


Such was the origin of the old meeting-house, which stood on what is now the southerly side of the cemetery, and of the "burying ground," which was enlarged and improved after the removal of the old church. The "Hutchins' road, so called," was the road which now runs from Cemetery street to the four corners.

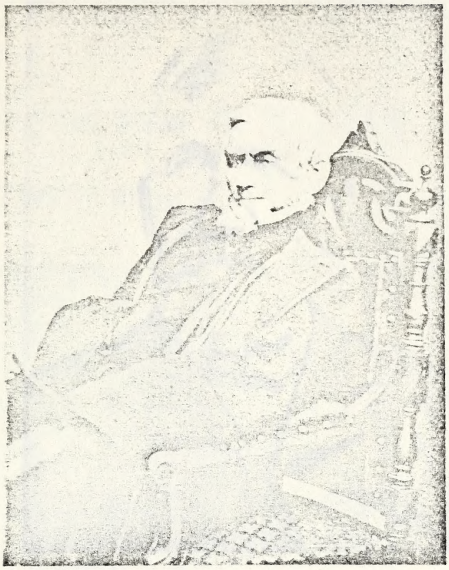
Many of the people who had located in the town had come hither from Attleboro, Mass., and were members of the Baptist church there, of which Elder Job Seamans was the pastor.

When, in 1787, it was decided that the inhabitants were able to settle a minister of their own, the former parishioners of Elder Seamans invited him to visit them in their new home. He came, and preached for them "Lord's day, June 24," 1787.

The leading men of the town were not insensible to the religious needs of the fast growing community, and shortly after the elder's visit, the town, acting in its corporate capacity,



Deacon J. C. Herrick.



Hon Anthony Colby.

formally invited him to become the "settled minister," the record of the action taken reading as follows:

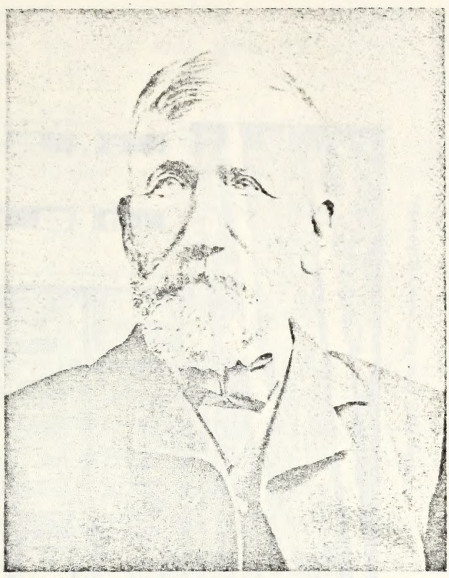
"*Voted*, To give Elder Seamans a call to settle in this town as a minister of the gospel.

"*Voted*, To give him forty pounds [$200] as a salary, three pounds in cash, and 37 pounds in labor and grain and other produce that he may want, all to be paid at the common price; and all ministerial privileges in town except one half the parsonage lot."

The elder's heart evidently inclined to the acceptance of the call, for he came again in February, 1788, and remained for two months, preaching from house to house; and finally, after careful consideration, decided to cast in his lot with his former people. He started from Attleboro, with his family, June 20, and arrived in New London July 1. His diary, covering a period of more than fifty years of active ministerial life, records

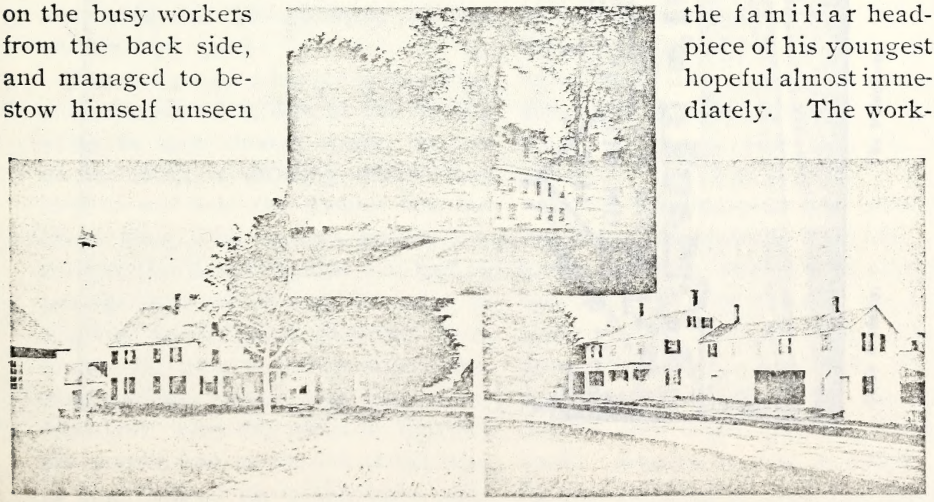
the fact that on the night of their arrival the youngest child, Manning, "was taken sick."

Little Manning soon recovered, however, in the bracing mountain air, and became his father's constant comrade, not only upon the farm, which was diligently and carefully tilled, but in his visits among the members of his scattered flock. But the elder, dearly as he loved the boy, was a firm believer in parental discipline, though Manning, presuming on his position as his father's favorite, sometimes ventured beyond the prescribed bounds. Once, however, he reckoned without his host:



Col. A. C. Burpee.

Down on the Pingree farm there was to be a barn-raising, and the elder was to lend a helping hand. Manning, boy-like, wanted to go, too; but his father, fearing lest some harm might happen to him, decided that he must remain at home. But the elder was no sooner out of sight than the boy made up his mind to be a looker-on at the proceedings, if not a participant. Taking the "'cross-lots" route, he stole down on the busy workers from the back side, and managed to bestow himself unseen in a maple tree that stood in the pasture just behind the barn. The fun and frolic went on, and Manning, forgetting caution in interest, thrust his tow-colored head beyond the sheltering leaves, regardless of consequences. It was not long before he rued his reckless procedure, for the elder caught sight of the familiar headpiece of his youngest hopeful almost immediately. The work-



The Burpee Homestead. The "Governor Colby" Mansion. The Herrick House.



Colby Academy. The Heidelberg. Gymnasium. Colby Hall (the first meeting-house).



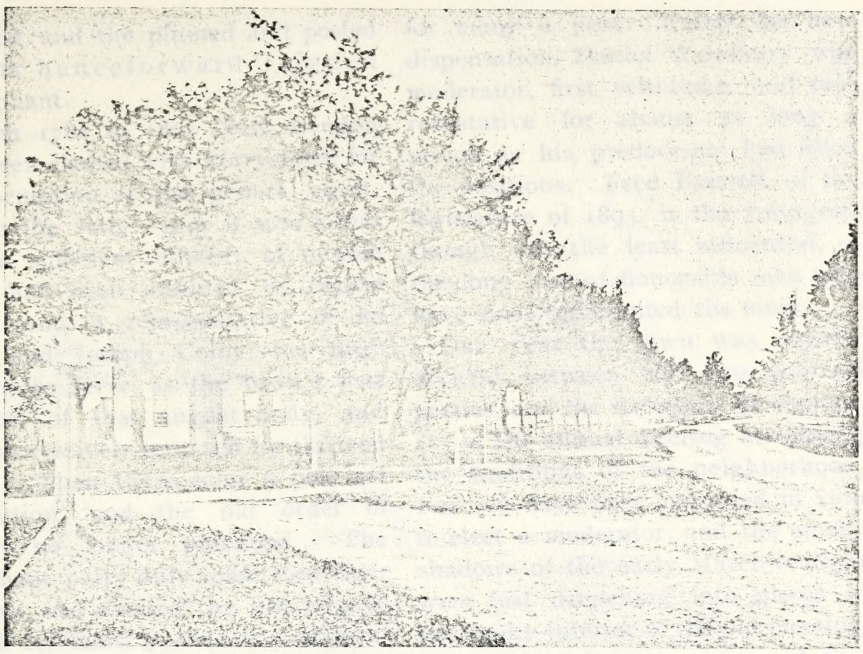
men had seen him, too, and awaited the result of the elder's discovery with considerable interest. There was a duty to be performed, and that was enough for the elder; he walked over to the tree, and the trembling culprit descended. The maple rods were both light and "lissome,"—the elder went back to his work, and the boy went home. The maple tree still stands in the pasture, though the elder and his son have been gathered to their fathers "these many years."

All this, however, happened long years after. The elder had commenced his labors immediately after his coming to the town, working on his farm through the week and preaching on the Lord's day the sermons which his active mind had evolved while his hands were busied with hoe or scythe. It is said of him that he never wrote out a sermon in his life, though he always preached twice on the Sabbath and occasionally held a week-day service; yet his long ministry with this people was no insignificant element in the spiritual and temporal advancement of the church and town.

The elder had a horror of dancing, and considered it one of the devil's wiles to lure unwary souls; so one winter when a dancing school was held down near the Sutton line his hired man, who was an ardent disciple of the Terpsichorean art, had to use all sorts of devices in order to explain his frequent absences from home. All went well for a time, however, and the young man grew overconfident. One day when he thought the parson was safely out of the way he shut himself up in the barn, and, gaily whistling a dancing tune, began to practise the latest figures. But alas for the unlucky Amos! The parson returned unexpectedly, and, scandalized at the ungodly sounds that issued from his premises, quietly investigated. He waited until the tune was finished, and then, horsewhip in hand, entered the barn. "Suppose you dance to this tune, Amos!" was all he said: but it was enough.

The church was duly organized, with eleven members, October 23, 1788. Even then the meeting-house, in which the exercises were held, was only partly finished, both the seats and the floor being improvised for the occasion, which was one of great rejoicing among the people. By 1795 the church had increased to 115 members, and the meeting-house was so far completed that the town voted to hold its meetings in it for the future. It now boasted a pulpit and the permanent floors had been laid, but it was only partially glazed; was guiltless of paint within and without, and the "singing-pew" was still unfinished. It was not until the year 1818 that the town voted $300 for the outside finishing of the meeting-house, and appointed Joseph Colby agent to see that the money was properly expended.

If the singing-pew was wanting, the singers themselves were not. At a town meeting held shortly after the institution of the church, the town elected Ebenezer Hunting, Lieut. Samuel Messer, Nathaniel Fales, Asa Burpee, Moses Hill, Jonathan Adams, and Capt. Samuel Brocklebank "singers to sing at public religious meetings," and the singing has ever since been a distinguishing



Two of the "Four Corners."

feature of the church service, the descendants of some of these first singers in the fourth generation being members of the present church choir.

The women were at first excluded from the singing-pew, but later on, when Asa Burpee and his five fair daughters and three stalwart sons were occupants of the high position, there were also representatives from the feminine side of the Everett, Sargent, Woodbury, Herrick, Greenwood, and Ayers families. The present church chorister, Col. Anthony C. Burpee, who has most acceptably performed the duties of his office for more than fifty years, is a descendant in the third generation of Asa Burpee.

In the earliest days the deacons led the singing—one reading two lines of the hymn, and the other singing the same with those of the congregation who knew the music. Then the bass-viol was introduced, and later on the flute, the violin, the clarionette, and the "big trombone." In 1837 Richard Messer presented the choir with a fine, large seraphine, and in 1865 shared with James B. Colgate, of New York, in the gift of a pipe-organ.

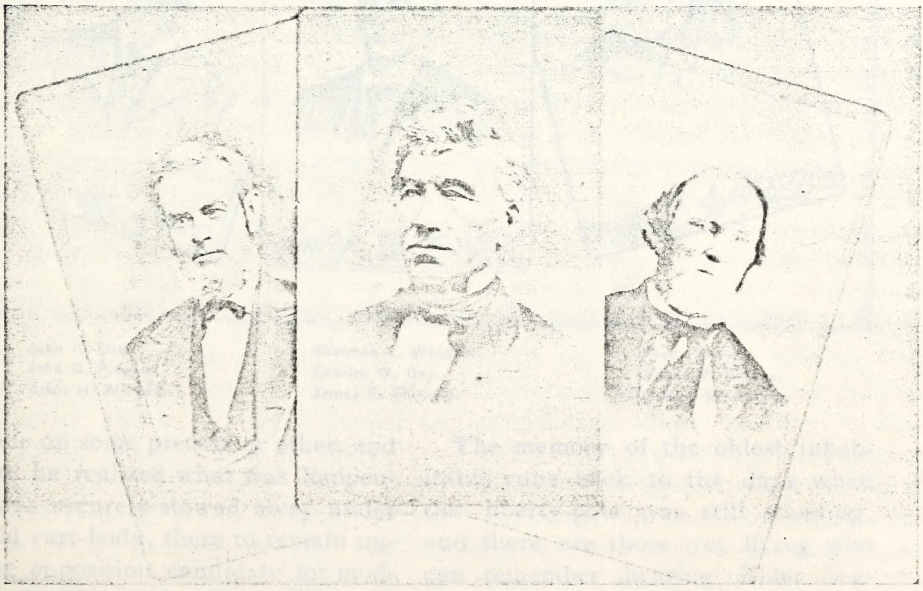
At one period in the history of the choir—it may have been during the "coal-scuttle" era—it was suggested by some one that the ladies would sing much better without their bonnets. To sit through the services with uncovered heads would outrage the proprieties, so a compromise, substituting small caps for the voluminous bonnets, was finally settled upon. The caps were of lace, covering the ears and tieing under the chin, in good, grandmotherly style; but after a year's trial of this hideous fashion the feminine portion of the choir



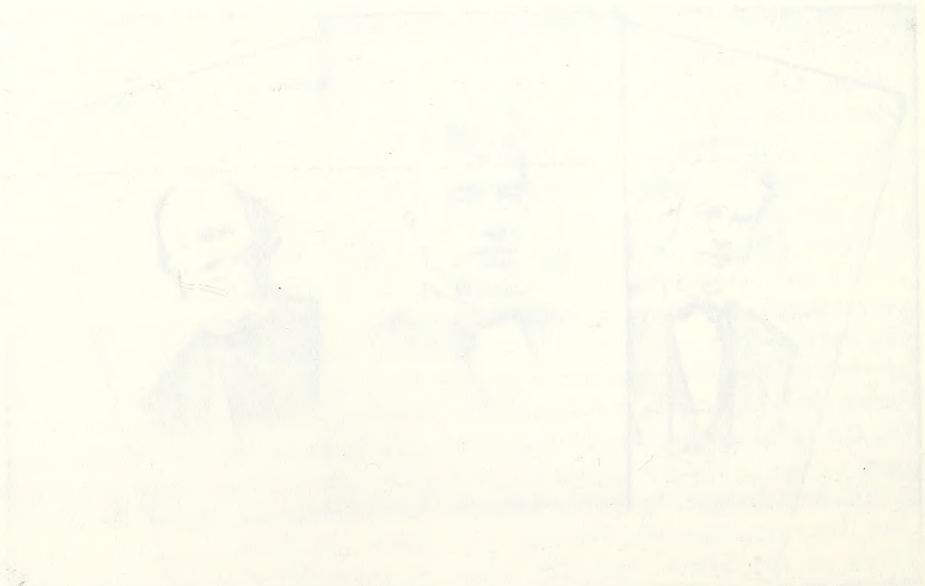
rebelled, and the plumed and posied bonnets henceforward reigned triumphant.

From 1784 to 1803 New London had been classed with Perrystown for representation at the general court, but in the latter year it was found that a sufficient number of ratable polls had been attained to entitle it to send a representative of its own, and Joseph Colby was duly elected to serve as the town's first member of that august body, and was successively returned for thirteen years. Then there came a political revolution, and the old order of things no longer prevailed. The dominant party duly celebrated their victory, and erected the liberty pole which for many years stood in front of the old meeting-house, whither the people resorted on the Sabbath to spend the intermission between the forenoon and afternoon services and to exchange the news of the week for many a year. Under the new dispensation, Daniel Woodbury was moderator, first selectman, and representative for almost as long a period as his predecessor had filled the positions. Fred Farwell, of the legislature of 1895, is the youngest, though not the least influential, of the long line of honorable men who have since represented the town.

One year the town was equally divided between the two political parties, and the struggles for supremacy at the annual meeting are among the traditions of the neighborhood. For two days they had tried in vain to elect a moderator, and the murky shadows of the early March twilight were fast deepening into gloom in the dusky interior of the old meeting-house when it was announced that the final test of strength for the day would be made. Just as the candles were lighted a member of the then dominant party was hurriedly called



John Dow. Hon. Luther McCutchins. Stephen Messer.





John K. Law.
John D. Pingree.
Amos H. Whipple.
Sherman L. Whipple.
Charles W. Gay.
James E. Shepard.
Fred Farwell.
Edwin P. Burpee.
George M. Knight.

outside on some pretext or other, and before he realized what was happening was securely stowed away under an old cart-body, there to remain until the opposition candidate for moderator had been triumphantly elected.

The memory of the oldest inhabitants runs back to the days when the liberty-pole was still standing, and there are those yet living who can remember hearing Elder Seamans preach and Elder Ambrose lead



in prayer; for it was the fashion in those days for the whole family to attend church as soon as the children were large enough to be carried, and the wagons that every Lord's day jolted over the rough roads that connected the outlying farms with the central interests of the town, each carried a full quota of the rising generation—the youngest hopeful in its mother's arms, the smaller members of the family carefully bestowed at the parental feet, and the rest clinging for dear life to the tailboard.

It has been noted that immediately after its incorporation the town voted to furnish a soldier for the Continental army, and that they furnished a man and paid him until the close of the war; but a peculiar feature in the early settlement was the large proportion of Revolutionary soldiers who took up their residence in the town between the close of the war and the opening year of the nineteenth century. The fresh breezes that were wafted from the mountains, the free, broad outlook from the grand old hill-top, seemed to possess a particular charm for those who had served through the war and were seeking the most desirable places for settling in the new country; and the boys and girls of to-day who can trace their ancestry back to these heroes of the days of '76 may well be proud of their honorable descent. The town records give the names of these soldiers as Thomas Currier (more familiarly known as Captain Kiah), Edmund Davis, Josiah Davis, John Dole, Jesse Dow, Levi Everett, Penuel Everett, Eliphalet Gay, Zebedee Hayes, Ezekiel Knowlton, Thomas Pike, David Smith, Moses Trussell, and Eliphalet Woodward, most of whom came from Massachusetts.

The first alarm of the War of 1812 found the spirit of the Revolution still extant, and Captain Kiah with numerous followers entered the regular army and served through the war. Very little of active service was demanded of the volunteers from the Granite state, but in two of the companies that were called out and ordered to Portsmouth were several New London men — Sergt. Robert Knowlton and Privates John Davis, David Marshall, Nathaniel Messer, and David Gile, in Capt. Jonathan Bean's company; Lieut. Stephen Sargent and Privates Samuel Messer, Zenas Herrick, and Nathan Smith, in Capt. Silas Call's company—Lieutenant Sargent also serving as commander after the death of Captain Call.

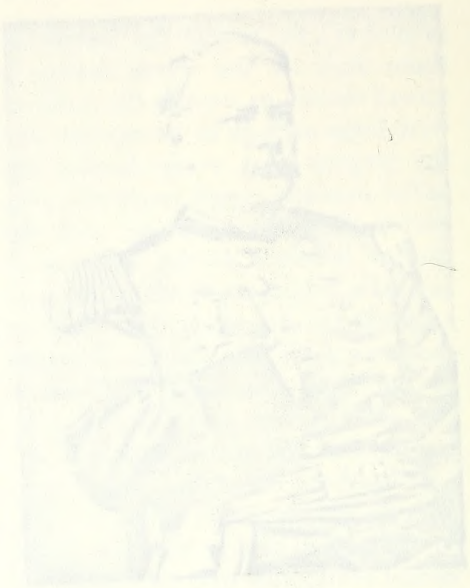
Again, in the bloody and cruel Civil War, that from 1861 to 1865 demanded the services of the bravest and best of New Hampshire's patriotic sons, the town of New London responded to the call by furnishing seventy-three men. Among them were such officers as Capt. A. J. Sargent of the First regiment, a veteran of the regular army; Capt. Charles Woodward of the Eleventh, who, enlisting as a private in 1862, won his straps by heroic conduct and was honorably discharged for disability in 1864; Maj. George W. Everett, of the Ninth, a most faithful and efficient officer, who died in Cincinnati in August, 1863, having been taken ill during the transportation of the troops up the Mississippi after the surrender of Vicksburg; and Lieut. Col. Joseph M. Clough, of the Eighteenth, who, since the close of



Brig. Gen. J. M. Clough.

the war, in his service as brigadier-general, has done much to advance the general efficiency of the state militia. For those who served in the ranks it is enough to say that they did their duty faithfully and to the end. Not a few filled nameless graves on the far distant battle-fields of the South; others, in the earlier days of the war, cut down in the vigor of their strong, young manhood, were brought home, and were borne by loving hands to their last, long rest in the quiet church-yard amid tears and sobs of grief-stricken womanhood and the frightened wailings of little children. Many of those who were spared to return to home and kindred have suffered for years from wounds and diseases contracted in the service of their country, and New London to-day contains no better citizens than the men whose names are enrolled on the records of Anthony Colby post, G. A. R., which was organized in 1885. The town was one of the stations of the famous underground railroad of slavery days, and many are the poor blacks that have been helped on to freedom through the kindly assistance of "Uncle Jonathan," the father of Major Everett and "'Bial."

"Uncle Jonathan" was likewise a strong anti-Masonic man. King Solomon's lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, No. 14, had been chartered and located in New London, January 27, 1802, and for the first quarter-century of its existence was both flourishing and popular. Then came the days of the anti-Masonic excitement, and so strong was the opposition aroused that the Masons were obliged to resort to stratagem in order to hold their meetings undisturbed. The Green French house—a picturesque ruin on the eastern slope of Colby hill, before whose latchless door and lightless windows the ancient poplars long kept watch and ward—had been the scene of the gatherings of the brethren of the square and compass for many a year, and after a time it was noticed that the Frenches had a great many callers on certain days, and it began to be suspected that meetings were still being held on the quiet. "Uncle Jonathan" was young and spry in those days, and having waylaid a neighbor whom he thought was headed in that direction, extorted from him an admission that such was the purpose of the gathering to which he was bound. After administering a thorough drubbing to the unlucky offender, he sent him on his way, with a warning that future transgressions would be dealt with in the same manner. There was not much more work done by the

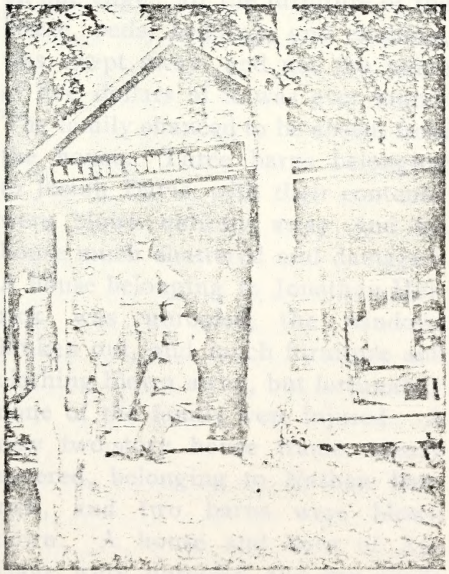


lodge in its old locality, and in 1851 it was removed to Wilmot. There it remained in peace and a fair degree of prosperity until 1878, when it was transferred to Scytheville — at that time the seat of a thriving manufacturing business — where it is still located, and in its large and active membership renews the memory of its old-time popularity.

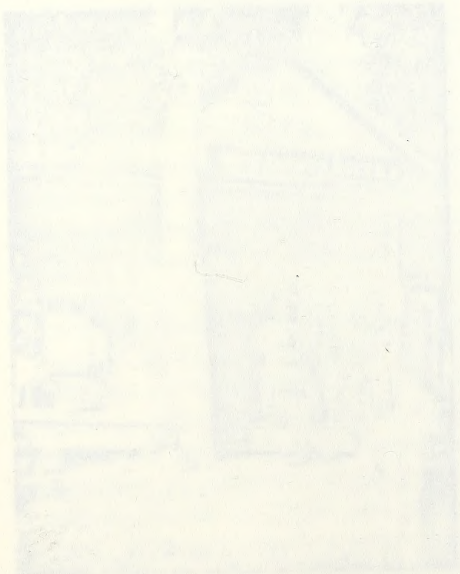
The year 1821 was a memorable one in the history of the town because of the great tornado that early in September swept everything before it in its swift flight across the hills of south-western New Hampshire. The late Chief-Justice J. E. Sargent, a member of one of the largest and oldest of the New London families, in an admirably collated historical address delivered by him at the centennial celebration of the town's incorporation, June 25, 1879, thus graphically depicts the incidents of an event that even at that late day lingered in the memory of the gray-haired men and women of the town's tenth decade:

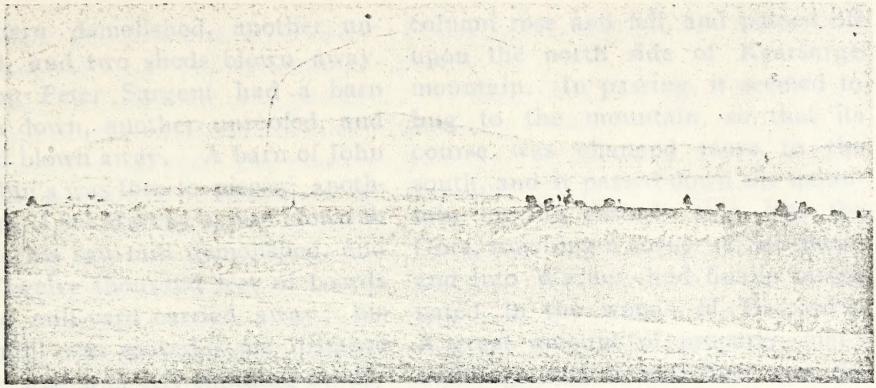
"The ninth day of September, 1821, is one of the earliest days that I can remember, and yet, though I was then only five years of age, I shall never forget it. The day was Sunday. The morning was bright and sunny. The air was soft and balmy. The day was hot, and especially in the afternoon was still and sultry. About five o'clock there were signs of a thunder-shower; dark clouds gathered in the west, and soon overcast the sky. The stillness that precedes the storm was soon interrupted by the mutterings of the distant thunder, the clouds grew darker and blacker, until presently a strange commotion was seen among them in the west; vivid lightnings light up the dark and angry masses, the roaring of the distant tornado is heard as it approaches, and anon the most terrible whirlwind ever known in the state burst upon the terror-stricken inhabitants of New London.

"I gather the following facts from a description of the great whirlwind of 1821, as found in the collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, vol. 1, page 241: The whirlwind entered the state in Cornish, and moving easterly through Croydon, demolished the house and barn of Deacon Cooper; thence through Wendell [now Sunapee] to near Sunapee lake, where it blew to pieces the house, barn, and outbuildings of Harvey Huntoon, destroying and blowing away all the furniture and other property in his house, and the contents of his barn and other buildings, and blowing an infant nearly a year old, that was lying on a bed in the house, away into the lake, where



Fish Commissioners' Cottage at Sunapee Lake.





Sunapee Lake and Mountain, from Burpee Hill.

the mangled body was found the next Wednesday, on the opposite side of the lake, and the feather-bed on which the child was sleeping was found in Andover by a Mr. Durgin and restored to Mr. Huntoon. A horse was blown up hill a distance of forty rods, and was so injured that it was necessary to kill him. No human lives were lost in that town, except the child's, though the other seven members of Mr. Huntoon's household were injured, and some of them very severely. From Wendell the hurricane passed across Lake Sunapee in a most terrific manner, assuming the form of an inverted pyramid in motion, and drawing up into its bosom vast quantities of water. Its appearance on the lake was in the highest degree sublime and terrible; apparently about twenty rods in diameter at the surface of the water, it expanded on each side towards the heavens, its vast body as dark as midnight, but occasionally illuminated by the most vivid flashes of lightning.

"From the lake it passed into New London and through the southerly part of the town, destroying property to the estimated value of nine or ten thousand dollars. But fortunately no person in the town was killed. The house and other buildings of John Davis, standing directly in the path of the tornado, were entirely demolished. Not a timber nor a board was left upon the ground where the house had stood, and not a brick in the chimney remained unmoved. A huge hearth-stone weighing some seven or eight hundred pounds was removed from its bed and turned up on one edge; all the furniture of the house, beds, bedding, and clothing, was swept away, and not the value of five dollars of it was ever found. The family chanced to be absent from the house. Three barns belonging to Josiah Davis, with their contents, were blown entirely away, and his house much shattered and damaged. A house belonging to Jonathan Herrick was unroofed, the windows broken out, and much furniture and clothing blown away, but fortunately none of the family were injured. A new two-story house frame, nearly covered, belonging to Nathan Herrick, and two barns were blown down. A house and barn of Asa Gage were unroofed and two sheds carried away. Anthony Sargent had

one barn demolished, another unroofed, and two sheds blown away. Deacon Peter Sargent had a barn blown down, another unroofed, and a shed blown away. A barn of John P. Sabin's was torn to pieces; another barn, Levi Harvey's, was blown to pieces, his saw-mill demolished, and some twelve thousand feet of boards in the mill-yard carried away; his grist-mill was moved some distance whole, and was left standing on dry land, and a hog-house, containing a hog weighing from three to four hundred pounds, was carried away whole several rods, and dropped on the top of a stone wall, where it fell into fragments, and the hog, released from his prison, walked away unhurt. A pair of cartwheels, strongly bound with iron and nearly new, with the spire and axle, were carried ten rods, the spire broken off in the middle, all the spokes but two broken out of one wheel and more than half out of the other. All the trees in an orchard of one hundred, without a single exception, were prostrated, and one half of them were wrenched up by the roots and carried entirely away, root and branch. The trunk of one of these trees, divested of its principal roots and branches, was found half a mile distant and at the top of a long hill; near the top of this hill was an excavation some forty feet long, and in places two to three feet deep, partly filled with mangled boards and broken timbers, apparently made by the perpendicular fall of the side of a barn, which must have been blown whole at least eighty rods.

"The track or path of the whirlwind in New London was some four miles long, and varied in width from one fourth to one half a mile as the column rose and fell, and passed off upon the north side of Kearsarge mountain. In passing, it seemed to hug to the mountain, so that its course was changed more to the south, and it passed down the mountain on the easterly side into the Gore, touching a corner of Salisbury, and into Warner, and finally terminated in the woods of Boscawen. A great amount of property, many buildings, and several lives were destroyed in the Gore and in Warner.

"The track of the whirlwind is thus described: 'It appeared as if a rushing torrent had been pouring down for many days; the dwellings, buildings, fences, and trees were all swept off in its course. The earth was torn up in places, the grass withered, and nothing fresh or living was to be seen in the path of the desolation.' It is difficult for us to conceive the horrors of that instant —for it was but an instant—when houses, barns, trees, fences, fowls, and other movable objects were all lifted from the earth into the bosom of the whirlwind, and anon dashed into a thousand pieces. Probably no event has occurred in the history of this town during the hundred years of its existence that was so well calculated to teach man his utter impotence, and to impress upon his mind the awful sublimity, the terrible grandeur of the scene, when the hand of Omnipotence, even for a moment, displays its resistless power, as the great whirlwind of September 9, 1821."

The town had prospered from its very inception, and the census of 1820 gave it a population of 924, with a corresponding increase in wealth and position. Religious and

educational interests had been carefully fostered, and the community as a whole was enjoying to a goodly degree the comforts and conveniences in vogue at that period. The church had increased from 11 members in 1788 to 115 members in 1794, and during the next quarter-century of its existence under Elder Seamans's ministrations there were two marked seasons of revival, in which 40 and 85 persons respectively were admitted to membership.

The venerable elder closed his direct work as pastor of the church with the year 1823, though the church records make no mention of any formal resignation, or any move to secure another pastor, until 1828. More than fifty years of active pastoral work in Attleboro and New London might well excuse the feeble frame from further service, but he was spared to be the guide and counsellor of his dearly beloved people until October 4, 1830, when the man of God whose simple piety had left its impress on church and town for ages to come, went home to his reward.

It was in the interval before the settlement of a second pastor that the meeting-house on Colby hill was erected. There was at this time a considerable rivalry for leadership between the residents of the old town centre on Cemetery street and those of the would-be centre on Colby hill, and the prime movers of this enterprise finally accomplished a masterstroke. The Baptist society, the avenue of church work from 1801 to 1846, has the following vote recorded under date of June 4, 1825:

"*Voted*, As the sense of the Society, that a new Meeting House should be erected for the use of the Society."

And again, two weeks later, the society

"*Voted*, That if a Meeting House should be built for the use of the Society, it ought to be erected at the four corners, near Jonathan Everett's."

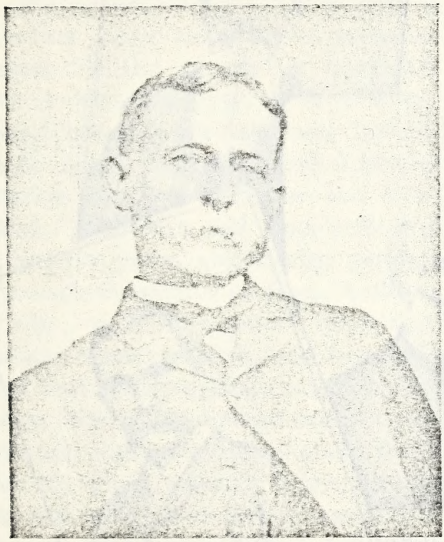
Evidently the settling of the vexed question of the exact location required both tact and time, for it was not until the next year that the cornerstone of the new church was laid on Colby hill with the concomitant ceremonies of a procession, music, and religious services. July 4, 1826, was the day set for the raising, and by sunrise the work was well under way. The sun poured down upon the busy toilers with the characteristic fervor of the glorious Fourth, but they heeded it not, and the coming of night saw the frame substantially in position and ready for the permanent force of workmen. The work so well begun was not permitted to languish, and when the early snows came drifting softly down the new church stood complete in its simple furnishings. From the modest steeple with its clear-toned bell, to the pulpit and modern slips, the edifice was ready for use, and on the third Monday of December, 1826, the society

"*Voted*, To accept of the New Meeting House, built by David Everett and Anthony Colby, and the Common around the same. Chose Joseph Colby and Jonathan Greeley to take a conveyance of said Meeting House and Common."

This latter action of the society is explained by the custom, common enough in those days, of having the ownership of the meeting-house vested in two ways; that is, the pew-holders owned it, in that each one was given

a "deed" of his pew, and then the society in its corporate capacity owned it as a whole. The expense of building was guaranteed by the sale of the pews beforehand, so as to secure those who did the work in the first instance; then the completed building was by them conveyed to the society.

To the pastorate of the new and inviting church the Rev. Oren Tracy, of Randolph, Mass., was called in 1827, and was duly installed in office



O. D. Crockett.

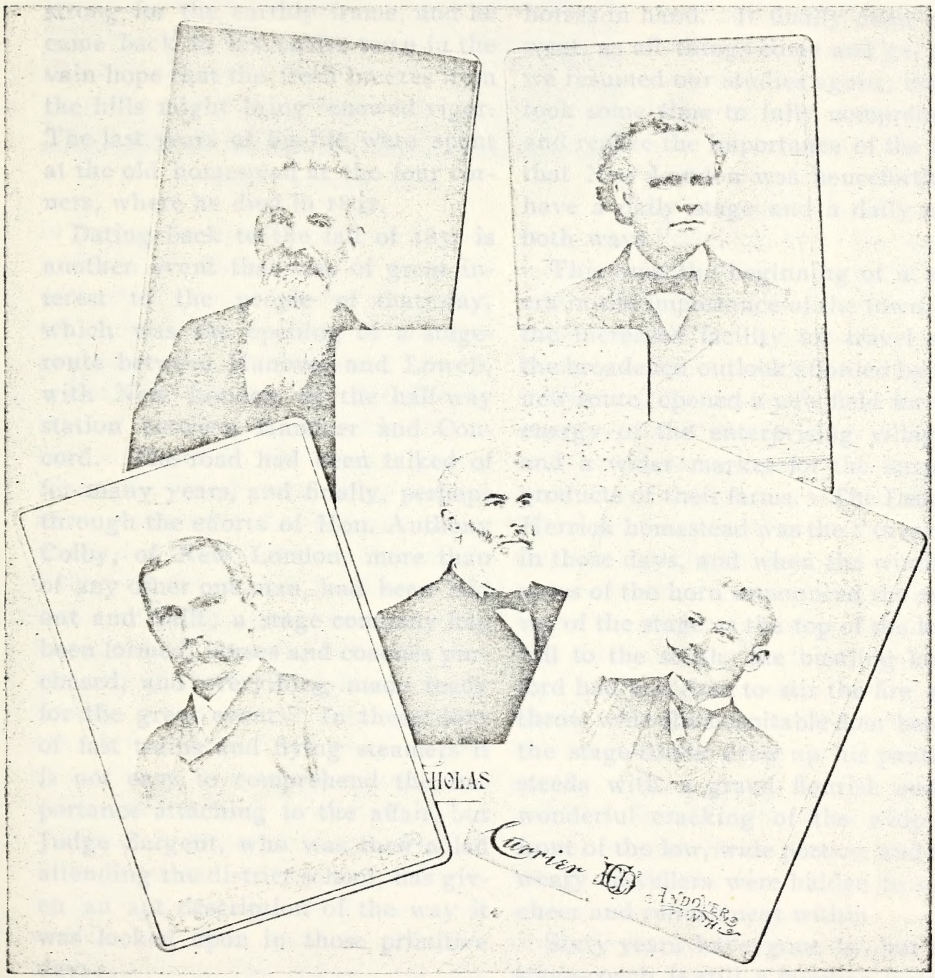
early in the following year. So closely were the interests of town and church interwoven, that with the awakening of new life in the church a corresponding interest in the temporal advancement of the town was aroused. Through the wisely exerted influence of Elder Tracy educational matters were given a decided impetus. Teachers were more thoroughly and systematically examined, a higher standard of common-school education was set up, and old and young alike seemed to gather inspiration from his spirit and efforts.

To him also belongs the credit for pioneer work in the temperance cause, for he not only delivered a course of lectures on temperance during the noon intermission on the Sabbath, but exerted the far more potent force of practising what he preached. He refused to drink wine or cider as a beverage, nor would he taste of distilled spirits in any form, though it was a common custom to bring out the decanter of liquor with sugar and water whenever the parson called, in order that he might drink a friendly glass with his parishioners.

So high was the spiritual plane of life to which the elder himself attained, yet so keen was the sympathy and so friendly the interest which he displayed in the temporal welfare of his people, that his labors among them were greatly blessed, and the year 1832 witnessed an ingathering of sheaves that will never be forgotten in the annals of the church. Fifty-six years afterwards, when the church had rounded out a full century of existence, the two senior deacons, Joseph C. Herrick and Micajah Morgan, then serving in the fortieth year of their diaconate, were men whose conversion dated back to the great soul-harvest of 1832. It is something to be remembered and to be grateful for, to have known these two thoroughly good men. Both were venerable with years, yet with a marked difference in their bearing. Many a time have I watched them as they passed up the broad church aisle, side by side—Deacon Herrick, alert, vigorous, every muscle of his sinewy frame responsive to the eager spirit within, with keen, dark eyes and

snow-white hair,—a man whose good deeds live after him; Deacon Morgan, somewhat spare in frame, the gray head a little bowed,—a man of sweet humility of presence, yet one whose hearty hand-grasp has strengthened

of their active duties by Deacon Edwin F. Messer and Deacon Charles W. Gay, but held the office of honorary deaconship to the time of their death, Deacon Herrick dying in 1890 and Deacon Morgan in 1891.



Belden Morgan. Rev. Dura P. Morgan.
Willie M. Knowlton. Professor La Roy F. Griffin. Dr. Charles A. Lamson.

many a halting soul, whom the children loved for the light in his kind, blue eyes and the smile on his wrinkled face, whom the stranger remembered for his words of welcome. At their request they were relieved

The late Rev. Dura P. Morgan, the last of the eleven ordained ministers of the gospel that New London has furnished during the present century, was a son of Deacon Morgan, and literally laid down his life



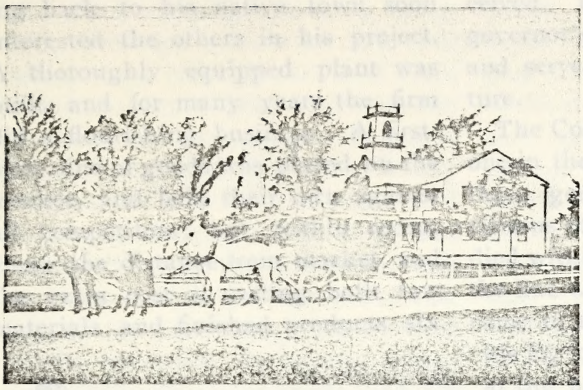
in the work to which he had consecrated himself in early manhood. He was ordained in 1872, and was pastor of the church at Beverly, Mass., for twelve years. His work as a pastor was characterized by a rare fervor and devotion, but the spirit was too strong for the earthly frame, and he came back to his native town in the vain hope that the fresh breezes from the hills might bring renewed vigor. The last years of his life were spent at the old homestead at the four corners, where he died in 1892.

Dating back to the fall of 1832 is another event that was of great interest to the people of that day, which was the opening of a stage-route between Hanover and Lowell, with New London as the half-way station between Hanover and Concord. The road had been talked of for many years, and finally, perhaps through the efforts of Hon. Anthony Colby, of New London, more than of any other one man, had been laid out and built; a stage company had been formed, horses and coaches purchased, and everything made ready for the great event. In these days of fast trains and flying steamers it is not easy to comprehend the importance attaching to the affair, but Judge Sargent, who was then a lad attending the district school, has given an apt description of the way it was looked upon in those primitive days:

"This fall of 1832, J. Everett Farnum was teaching a private school for a term in the red school-house at the four corners, and it was announced that on a certain day—in October, I think—the stage-coach would make its appearance. It was to go through here, in the afternoon to Hanover, and start the next morning early for Lowell. As the expected event drew nigh, study was out of the question, and our kind teacher gave us all permission to gaze for a time to the extent of our capacity, for the long-expected stage-coach with its four horses in hand. It finally came and went, as all things come and go, and we resumed our studies again; but it took some time to fully comprehend and realize the importance of the fact that New London was henceforth to have a daily stage and a daily mail both ways."

This was the beginning of a new era in the importance of the town, for the increased facility for travel and the broadened outlook afforded by the new route, opened a new field for the energy of the enterprising villagers and a wider market for the surplus products of their farms. The Deacon Herrick homestead was the "tavern" in those days, and when the winding notes of the horn announced the arrival of the stage at the top of the long hill to the south, the bustling landlord had just time to stir the fire and throw wide the hospitable door before the stage-driver drew up his panting steeds with a grand flourish and a wonderful cracking of the whip in front of the low, wide portico, and the weary travellers were bidden to seek cheer and refreshment within.

Sixty years have gone by, but the stage-coach is still a familiar feature of New London life, and will continue to be until some enterprising genius utilizes the dormant water-power at Scytheville for an electric railroad to run from Potter Place to the western border of the town, on the shore of Sunapee lake. To-day the traveller may still ride behind a five-in-hand,



Shepard's Heidelberg Tally-Ho.

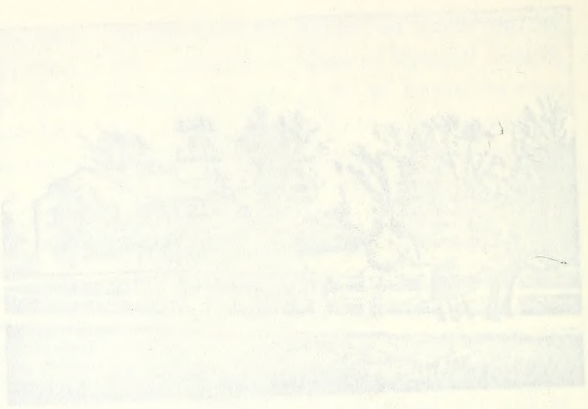
in the famous Heidelberg coach, over which C. E. Shepard holds the reins with skilful touch, or by the pleasant route from Bradford, under the guidance of C. G. Adams.

The late George W. Herrick, a brother of Deacon Herrick, drove the stage-coach for many years, when the road was first opened from Hanover to Lowell, and afterwards was connected with Hon. B. P. Cheney in the express business. He was a singularly generous man, and town, church, schools, and individuals were alike the recipients of his bounty. The chapel adjoining the church was his gift, but was only one of the many benefactions that were never ostentatiously bestowed.

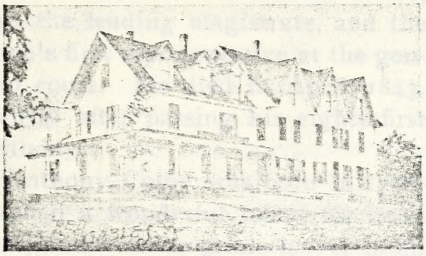
Daniel S. Seamans, a grandson of Elder Seamans, drove a four-horse freight team through to Boston, and carried the first load of potatoes sent out from the town. On his return trips he carried consignments of groceries, both dry and "wet," for the village stores, and it is said that among the items in one year's trips was one of twenty-four hogsheads of—well, it was n't exactly molasses, —all of which was delivered at a store in an adjoining town, however.

In those days when a man wanted any strong drink he went to the store and bought it just as he would buy molasses, only the storekeeper exercised his discretion perhaps a little more freely in this case. There was one old fellow who had run up quite a bill with the storekeeper, and further credit was out of the question. One day he presented himself at the store, and handing over his bottle asked to have it filled. Nothing was said until the customer, carefully bestowing his precious bottle in an inner pocket, turned to depart. "Where 's the money?" queried the storekeeper. "Ha'n't got a red," was the placid response. "Well, now, look here," said the irate tradesman, "you can just hand back that bottle then!" "All right; just as you say," was the answer; and handing over the bottle the customer hastily departed. The dealer, somewhat taken aback at the ready acquiescence to his demand, uncorked the bottle to return its contents to the keg—it was full of water.

At the foot of Lake Pleasant, the source of the Blackwater river, the village of Scytheville has grown up within the last half-century. Anthony Colby built the second grist-mill in town here, and later, in company with Joseph E. Phillips and Richard H. Messer, introduced the business of scythe manufacturing, from which the little hamlet took its name. Mr. Messer, who was the active agent in the business, was born in New London in 1807. He learned his trade in Massachusetts, and com-

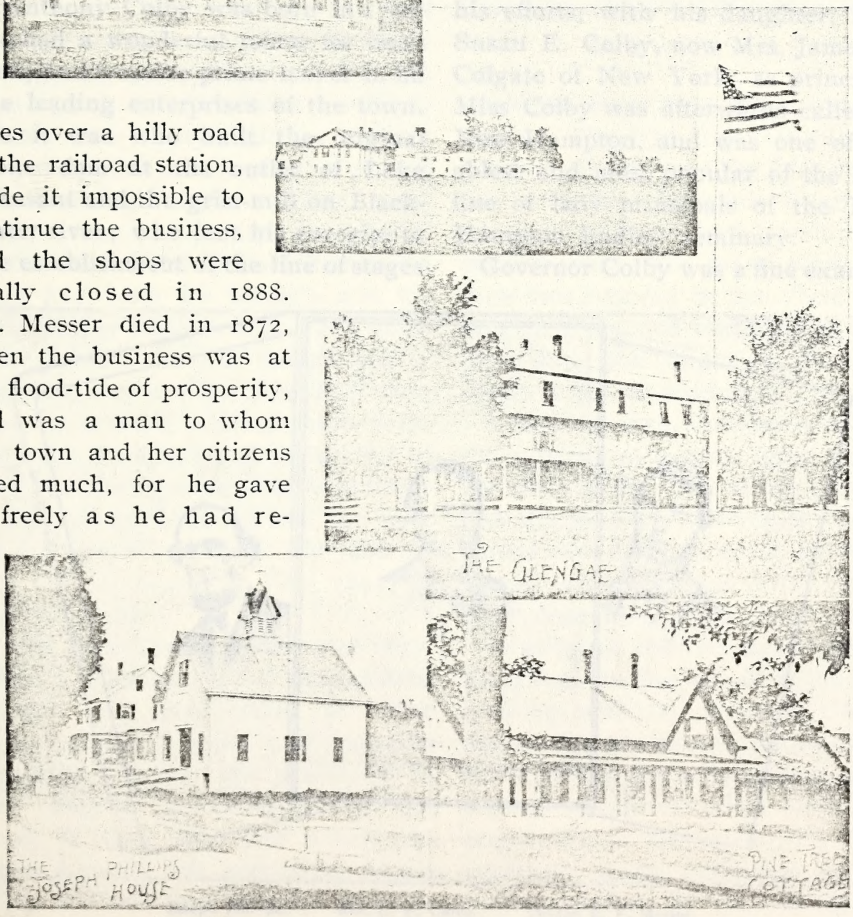


ing back to his native town soon interested the others in his project. A thoroughly equipped plant was built, and for many years the firm did a flourishing business. A first-class line of goods was placed on the market, and held their own against all competitors; but within recent years, the distance from market, and the extra cost of carting both raw materials and finished products six



miles over a hilly road to the railroad station, made it impossible to continue the business, and the shops were finally closed in 1888. Mr. Messer died in 1872, when the business was at the flood-tide of prosperity, and was a man to whom the town and her citizens owed much, for he gave as freely as he had received. He was a member of the governor's council in 1857 and 1858, and served one term in the legislature.

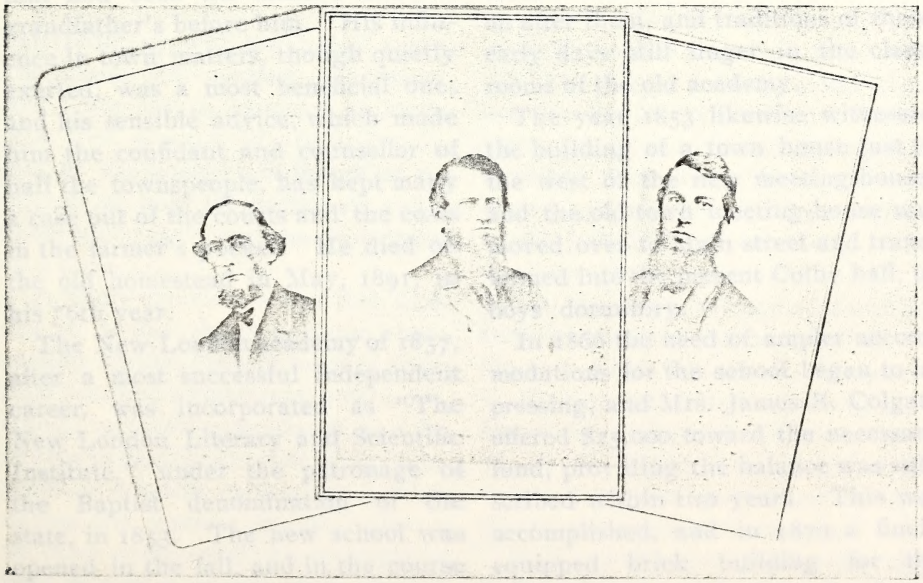
The Colby name is a justly honored one in the town of New London, for three generations of distinguished citizens of that family have lived and died within its borders. The first of the line was Joseph Colby, Esq., who came to the place in 1786, and had his log cabin on the Indian clearing at the upper end of Lake Pleasant. He was for many years the agent of one of the largest proprietors of the grant, and dealt largely in real estate in the town. He built the house on



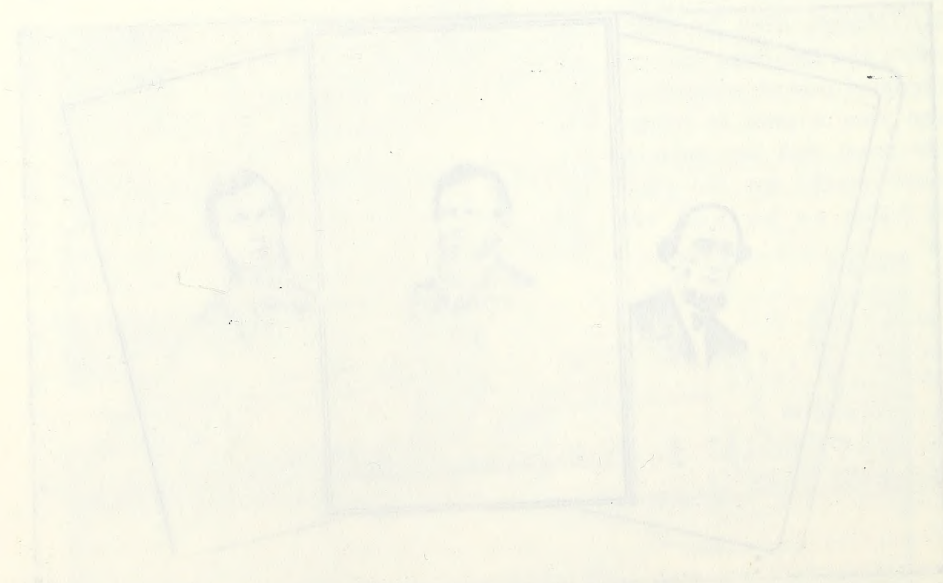
the Elder Seamans place on Colby hill, lived for a time on the road which runs through the Low Plain district to Scytheville, where his son Anthony and the youngest daughter, Susan—afterwards the wife of Perley Burpee, the father of Anthony C. and Edwin P. Burpee—were born, and finally settled on the homestead farm on Main street, which runs over Colby hill, in the year 1800. He was one of the selectmen for several terms, was the leading magistrate, and the town's first representative at the general court. He died in April, 1843, shortly after passing his eighty-first birthday.

Anthony Colby was born in 1792. He had a wonderful talent for business, and was the prime mover in all the leading enterprises of the town. He it was who built the original stone dam at the outlet of Lake Pleasant and the grist-mill on Blackwater river; who lent his energies to the establishment of the line of stages which daily covered the hundred miles which lay between Hanover and Lowell; shared in the building of the new meeting-house, was one of the school superintendents, and among the earlier advocates of temperance reform. He went through all the grades of military promotion from captain to major-general, served nine terms in the legislature, and in 1846 was the chief magistrate of the state. From 1861 to 1863 he was adjutant-general under Governor Berry, and was an invaluable assistant in "the time that tried men's souls." A young ladies' boarding-school was opened in the town in 1837, through his efforts, with his daughter, Miss Susan E. Colby, now Mrs. James B. Colgate of New York, as principal. Miss Colby was afterwards called to New Hampton, and was one of the ablest and most popular of the long line of lady principals of the New Hampton Ladies' seminary.

Governor Colby was a fine example



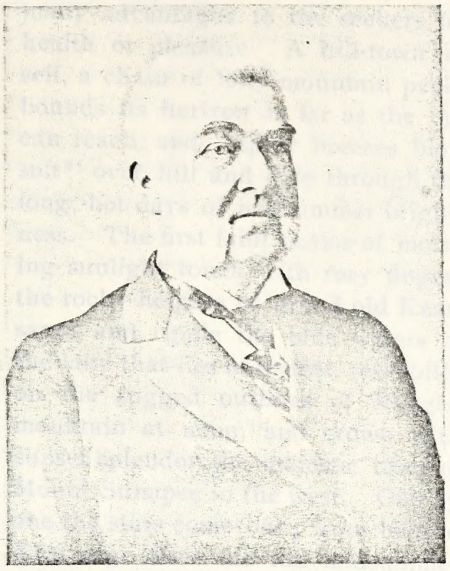
Joseph Phillips. Gen. D. E. Colby. Deacon E. F. Messer.



of the old-school gentleman. Bluff, hearty, energetic in voice and manner, he was withal a most devoted husband and father, an influential member of the church, and the poor and needy never left his door empty-handed. He died July 20, 1873, full of years and honors, in the town to the building up of what he believed to be its best interests he ever devoted himself, and in the homestead where his father had passed away before him.

When ex-Governor Colby resigned as adjutant-general in 1863, his son, Daniel E. Colby, was appointed in his stead. He had represented the town in the legislature of 1857, and was afterwards a member of the Constitutional convention of 1876. He was a graduate of Dartmouth college, of the class of 1836, but his retiring disposition led him to prefer a quieter life than that of his bustling, energetic father, and his time was devoted to the care of the fine old homestead that had been his father's and his grandfather's before him. His influence in town matters, though quietly exerted, was a most beneficial one, and his sensible advice, which made him the confidant and counsellor of half the townspeople, has kept many a case out of the courts and the costs in the farmer's pocket. He died on the old homestead in May, 1891, in his 76th year.

The New London academy of 1837, after a most successful independent career, was incorporated as "The New London Literary and Scientific Institute," under the patronage of the Baptist denomination of the state, in 1853. The new school was opened in the fall, and in the course of its first year had enrolled upon its



Rev. G. W. Gile, Ph. D.

catalogue more than three hundred pupils. The late Rev. George W. Gardner, D. D., was the first principal, with Mr. Ephraim Knight as associate principal and professor of mathematics. The grand work that these two men did in the school lives on after them, and traditions of those early days still linger in the class-rooms of the old academy.

The year 1853 likewise witnessed the building of a town house just to the west of the new meeting-house, and the old town meeting-house was moved over to Main street and transformed into the present Colby hall, or boys' dormitory.

In 1866 the need of ampler accommodations for the school began to be pressing, and Mrs. James B. Colgate offered $25,000 toward the necessary fund, providing the balance was subscribed within two years. This was accomplished, and in 1870 a finely equipped brick building for the accommodation of the school was

completed and dedicated. In 1878 the name of the institution was changed to Colby academy, in honor of the many benefactions of the Colby family. The building was destroyed by fire in 1892, and the school has since been accommodated in the first acad-



Professor J. P. Dixon.

emy building, with the ladies' boarding-house, the modern gymnasium, and Colby hall as necessary adjuncts. The Rev. George W. Gile, Ph. D., one of the earlier graduates of the school, is now its president, and a successful year's work has just drawn to a close.

A bird's-eye view of the New London of to-day shows a clean, enterprising, thrifty, country town of about nine hundred inhabitants, with a constantly increasing popularity as a desirable summer resort that brings hundreds of visitors within its borders during the summer season. Nor is its fame undeserved, for it would be hard to find a location that offers so many advantages to the seekers for health or pleasure. A hill-town itself, a chain of lofty mountain peaks bounds its horizon as far as the eye can reach, and "spicy breezes blow soft" over hill and dale through the long, hot days of midsummer brightness. The first faint beams of morning sunlight touch with rosy fingers the rocky heights of grand old Kearsarge and ripple the blue waters of the lake that lies at its feet, rest softly on the rugged outlines of Ragged mountain at noon, and crown with sunset splendor the majestic brow of Mount Sunapee in the west. One by one the stars come out; from behind Kearsarge rises the full midsummer moon in all her queenly glory, and mountains and lakes, hills and valleys, lie revealed in the shimmering light.

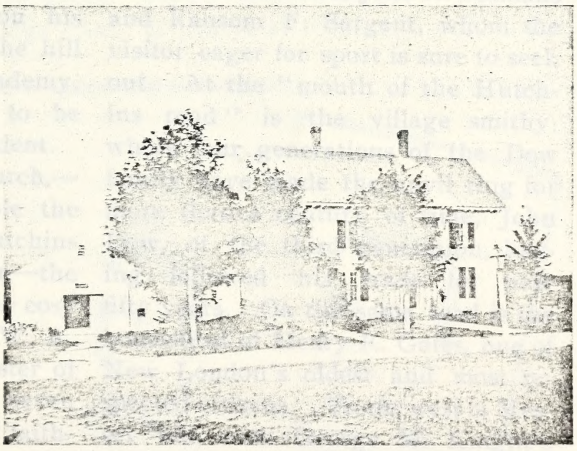
Let the traveller follow the well-kept roads that divide the town into districts, and note the changes that a hundred and twenty years have wrought. At Scytheville the low stone shops that once were filled with the hum of busy industry stand silent and deserted, but a glance around the pretty hamlet shows a still thriving settlement. Here are the handsome residences of Charles C. Phillips (known as the Joseph Phillips house), A. R. Coolidge, Dr. C. A. Lamson, and E. A. Jones; the ample accommodations for summer guests at the homes of R. O. Messer, Ruel Whitcomb, Benjamin G. Everett, and others; the well-kept farms of Charles S. Whitney and Mason W. Emery,—the needs of all supplied by the general store, and the various smaller industries.

Half way between Scytheville and Colby hill is the Low Plain district,

with its broad acres of carefully cultivated farming lands and the comfortable homes of J. E. Shepard, prominent in the state grange work and an up-to-date dealer in lumber and real estate, R. E. Farwell and O. D. Crockett, the male members of the board of education, Austin Morgan and his family of stalwart sons and housewifely daughters, Levi Sanborn, Frank Shepard, and Fred Fowler, J. D. Prescott and his hustling son, Fred O., the Todds of Todd corner—honest Jacob H., bluff Nelson, and energetic Frank,—and a square-built farmhouse that dates back to the early settlers, the home of Deacon Charles W. Gay, chairman of the board of selectmen for many years, and a man whose absolute probity and upright life have won for him even in youth all the honors within the power of his fellow-townsmen to bestow.

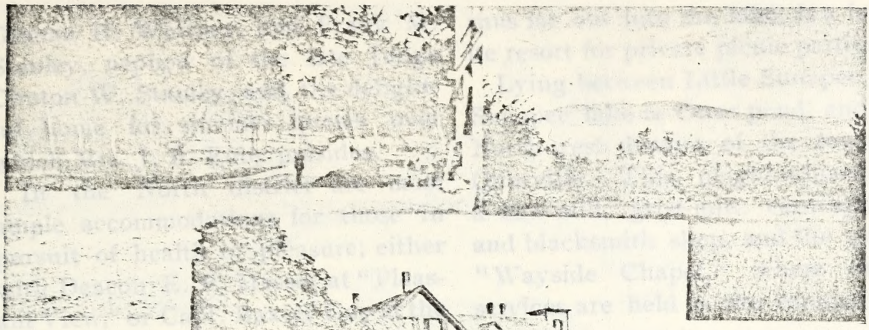
Skirting the western shore of Lake Pleasant is a rightly named Pleasant street, with a branch road running to the upper end of the lake. Highly favored are the summer guests that are lodged at Major Messer's "Red Gables" or Hiram Sargent's "Pine Tree Cottage," for the nearness of lake and mountain but enhances the charm. Protected from rough winds by the sheltering hillside are thrifty orchards and a cluster of tidy farmhouses, the homes of Joseph H. Messer, David Baldwin, Willis J. Sargent, Solon Cooper, Stephen J. Dean, Joseph C. Adams, and James F. Hayes, one of the selectmen; the Pingree farm, on which is the oldest house now standing in town, the home of John D. and Ransom C. Pingree; George R. McFarland's cosy dwelling, the pride of a veteran who shoes horses and raises big strawberries with equal facility, and the well tilled farm of Deacon Seth Littlefield, whose only daughter, Miss Anna M., is a recent graduate of the Philadelphia Medical college.

Main street, which runs over Colby hill, is the business centre of the town, and the handsome residences on either side bespeak the comfortable prosperity of her citizens. At the easterly end of the street is the pleasant home of one of the town's most honored residents, Professor James P. Dixon, for eleven years president of Colby academy, and one of the finest classical and mathematical teachers in the state, but now enjoying a well earned vacation and gathering strength and vigor for coming duties. Directly opposite is the homestead of the late Stephen Messer, a sterling man, generous, wholesouled, who amassed a competence literally by the sweat of his brow, his farm being one of the finest in town,



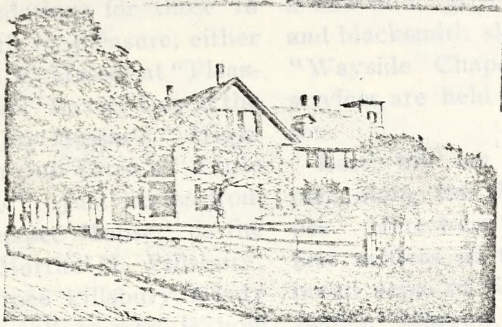
Residence of Professor Dixon.





At the Head of Blackwater River.

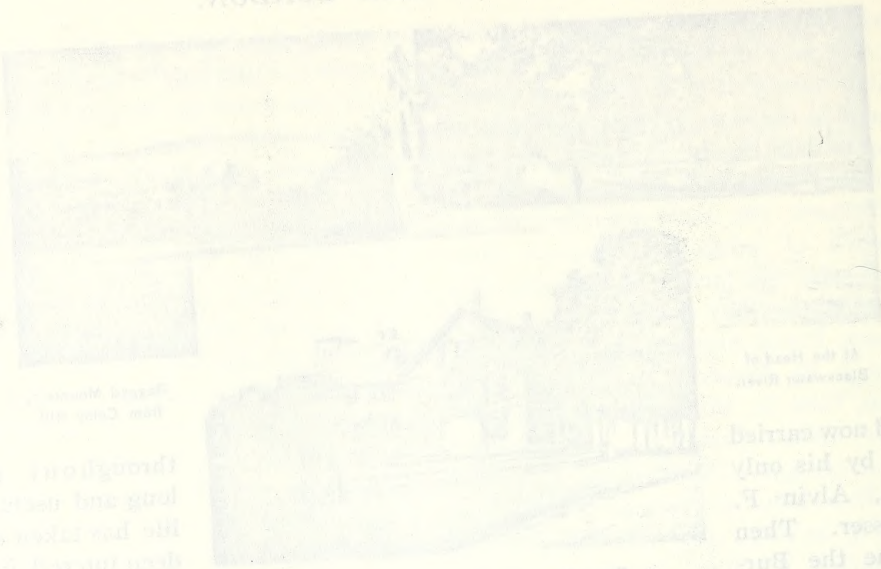
Ragged Mountain, from Colby Hill.



The "President's House," Colby Academy.

and now carried on by his only son, Alvin F. Messer. Then come the Burpee, Herrick, and Colby homesteads, and the "President's house," so-called. This last was the home of Hon. N. T. Greenwood, during the earlier part of his connection with the New London Scythe company, but on his removal from the village on the hill he presented it to Colby academy, of which he was treasurer, to be used as a home for the president.

Not far beyond are the church,—the clock in its modest steeple the gift of Hon. Luther McCutchins and the late Marcus Nelson—the chapel and town-house, and the cosy parsonage, the home of Rev. W. A. Farren, the tenth settled minister of the church in its hundred and seven years of existence, and a most faithful shepherd, the academy buildings, Hotel Sargent, the Dr. Whipple mansion, whence have gone three gifted sons, Ashley C., Amos H., and Sherman L., and the homestead of one of New Hampshire's most stalwart sons, Hon. Luther McCutchins, a practical farmer and one who throughout a long and useful life has taken a deep interest in whatever is calculated to advance the agricultural and all other interests of the state. Leading off from Main street is the "back road," where dwell the Nimrod and Izaak Walton of the town, John A. Seamans and Ransom F. Sargent, whom the visitor eager for sport is sure to seek out. At the "mouth of the Hutchins road" is the village smithy, where four generations of the Dow family have made the anvil ring for more than a century of time, John Dow, of the third generation, having followed his trade for over fifty years. On the same road is the homestead of Henry R. Gates, one of New London's oldest and most respected citizens. To the west is Messer hill, with George M. Knight's roomy farm-house, always full to overflowing with visitors throughout the summer season; and "Soncy," the charming summer home of Judge E. B. Knight, of Charlestown, West Virginia. Still farther west is Burpee hill, with its thrifty farmers,—H. B. Williams, Fred Farwell, Ai Worthen,

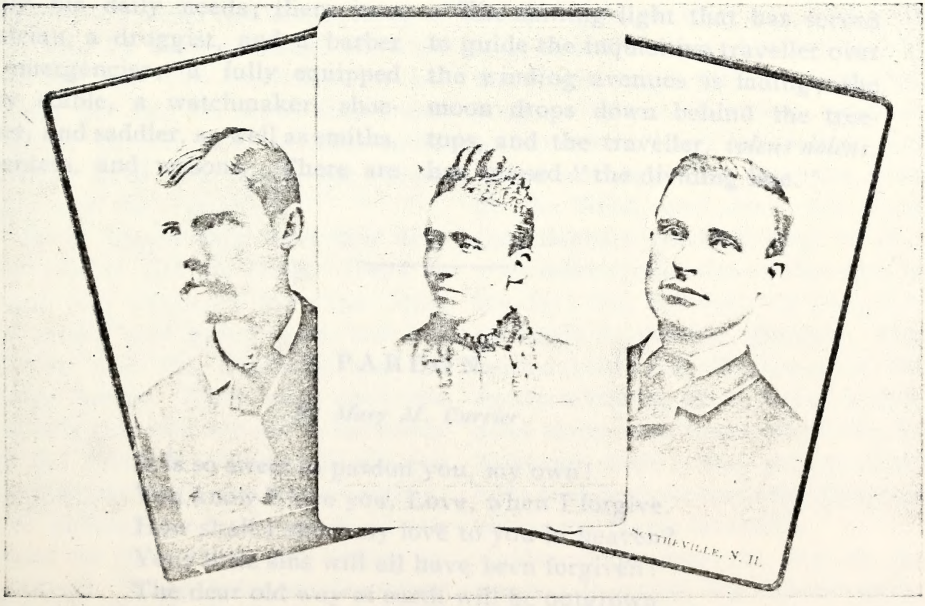


Gilman H. Whitney, and Frank M. Stanley, nephew of the late Judge Clinton W. Stanley, and the delightful home for summer guests over which Mrs. J. B. Roby presides.

In the North district are most ample accommodations for those in pursuit of health or pleasure, either with Deacon E. F. Messer at "Pleasant View," or Capt. Baxter Gay at the "Glengae," at Jay Messer's "Highland Home," or Job Cross's "Little Sunapee House." Just across from the "Little Sunapee House," is the home of Miss Martha H. Pillsbury, daughter of Burpee Pillsbury, a lady of fine literary culture who is now serving her second term as a member of the school board. The elegant summer residence of Charles W. Bucklin overlooks Little Sunapee, and the cosy cottage of George W. Hodges is almost hidden in the sheltering pines on the easterly shore. Pine point, the narrow ridge that runs far out into the lake, is a favorite resort for private picnic parties.

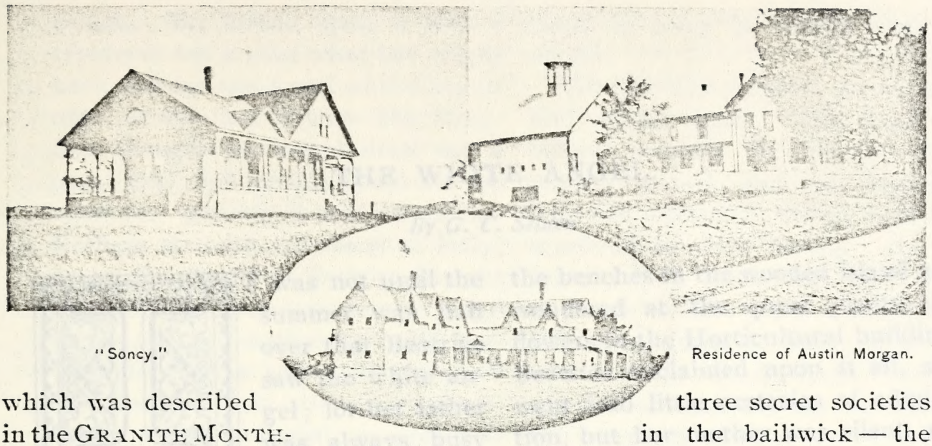
Lying between Little Sunapee and Sunapee lake is Otter pond, and the North-west district of the town, or Otterville. This neighborhood has a saw-mill, grist-mill, carding-mill, and blacksmith shop, and the quaint "Wayside Chapel," where divine services are held in the summer season.

Last, but not least, is the West part, along the shore of Lake Sunapee. Here were the clearings of the first settlers of the town, now the broad acres of Nathaniel Knowlton, Belden Morgan, and Edward A. Todd; the summer residences of Mrs. Tracy of Cleveland, O., Dr. E. Morrill of Concord, Dr. J. D. Quackenbos and Professor Campbell of New York city; while the omnipresent summer guest is cared for by Benjamin C. Davis at "The Willows," or by Frank H. Davis at "Soo-nipi-side Lodge,"



R. E. Farwell. Martha H. Pillsbury. J. F. Hayes.





"Soncy." Residence of Austin Morgan.

Dr. Morrill's Summer Residence.

which was described in the GRANITE MONTHLY for August, 1894. In Soo-nipi-side Park are also located the state fish hatchery and the fish commissioners' cottage or "station." In this part of New London, at the school-house, Episcopal services are conducted in the summer season by the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Sill, of New York.

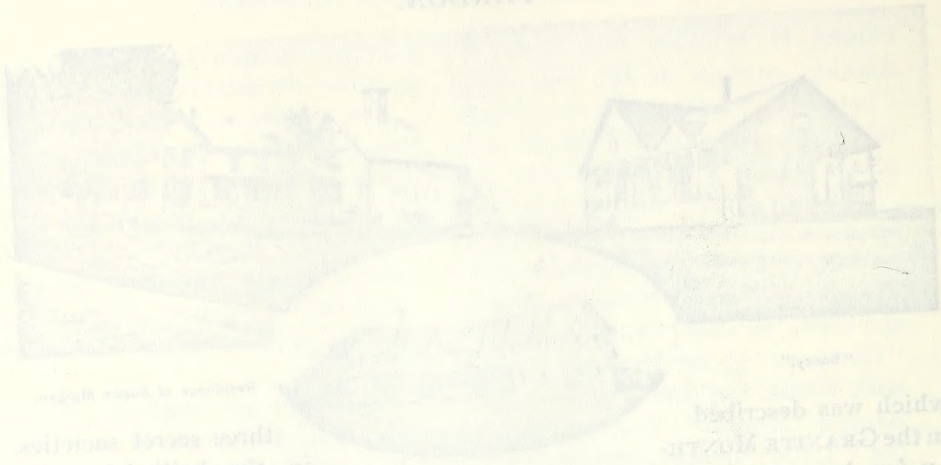
From all parts of the town the farmer comes back to Colby hill as the centre. The well stocked stores supply his daily needs; there is a physician, a druggist, and a barber for emergencies; a fully equipped livery stable, a watchmaker, shoemaker, and saddler, as well as smiths, carpenters, and masons. There are three secret societies in the bailiwick — the Grange, Odd Fellows, and Masons—with Willie M. Knowlton, Professor La Roy F. Griffin, and Dr. C. A. Lamson as presiding officers. The daily stages carry the mail, and furnish conveyance to and from the nearest railroad stations, for the hosts of students and summer guests that are yearly welcomed to this pleasant country town.

The shifting light that has served to guide the inquisitive traveller over the winding avenues is fading; the moon drops down behind the tree-tops, and the traveller, *volens nolens*, has crossed "the dividing line."

PARDON.

By Mary M. Currier.

It is so sweet to pardon you, my own!
You know I love you, Love, when I forgive.
How shall I show my love to you in heaven?
Your little sins will all have been forgiven!
The dear old way of earth will be outgrown
When we that higher life begin to live.



THE WHITE ANGEL.

By G. C. Selden.

IT was not until the summer was half over that Beatrice saw the white angel; for her father was always busy waiting upon the ever hungry World's Fair crowd at the little restaurant on Stony Island avenue, and her mother was not often well enough to take her to the fairy-land inside the gates. Then, too, they could ill afford even the small expense of the entrance fee. Her father's wages were not large, and what with the doctor's bills and the World's Fair rent to pay, they had but little spending money. But the dark-eyed mother had lost nothing of her love for beauty, though the wide sea and half two continents lay between her and her sunny Italy; and neither poverty nor sickness could always keep her from the white glories of the crystal city.

So at length they went one day, the mother and the child. Hand in hand they wandered down the Court of Honor and gazed upon the big bisons and the fountains and the noble horses. They rode upon the moving sidewalk and sat in the shade of the Peristyle. The child did not understand it all, nor did the mother; but perhaps they enjoyed it all the more for that, for beauty suffers by analysis. They followed the broad pathway up the lake and rested upon the benches in the wooded island and wondered at the queer plants and flowers in the Horticultural building. Beatrice exclaimed upon it all, and went into little ecstasies of admiration, but her mother was silent, and only looked, and sometimes sighed. Then they crossed the bridge to the east, and as they passed Beatrice looked up and saw the angel on the corner of the Manufactures building.

"Oh, Mamma, look!" she cried. "See the white angel on the top!"

"Yes, dear, I see it," said her mother. "It is very pretty." She would have passed on, but Beatrice, suddenly silent, stood gazing up at the angel; and as they crossed the bridge again on their way home, she stopped once more and looked long at the white angel with its outspread wings. "Come, Beatrice, we must go home now," said her mother; but it was not until she took the child by the hand and drew her away that Beatrice would consent to go.

Beatrice spoke often of the angel in the days that followed and begged to go again to the fair grounds. Her mother could not take her again, the exertion was too great, but at length, after many misgivings, she bade the child go alone; and several times after that Beatrice spent the afternoon within the magic turnstiles.

Always she went to look at the angel. It caught her childish fancy, up there so high, almost among the

clouds. She looked upon it with a reverence not unlike what she might have felt for the angel at the sepulchre, if she had known the story. She thought the angel must see a great deal that people could not see upon the ground, it was up so far. Perhaps it could see away to Italy, across the sea. But Beatrice thought not, because Italy was so very, very far away, her mother had told her. The angel must know the birds, all of them, they flew about it so much. Perhaps they brought messages to it when they came. Once she saw one of them alight upon its wing; it was so high she could hardly see, but she almost thought the angel turned a little and smiled upon it.

How small the people must look down upon the ground! The angel must pity them for having to crawl about upon the dirty roads, it was so high above all the noise and dust. Once Beatrice saw it when the sun was setting, so that the angel shone white in the light while all the rest below was in the shadow; and she wished she were an angel too, and could see the sun and the stars and the ships upon the lake, like the angel on the Manufactures building. But why did not the angel fly away to heaven? For Beatrice had a vague idea that angels belonged in heaven. Perhaps it liked to stay there high among the clouds, and look down upon the people. Perhaps it could not get away. She wondered if the other angels came to visit it. It was very selfish of them if they did not. It must be so lonely up there at night, and cold, too. And when it rained the poor angel must get very wet. After all, Beatrice thought she would not care to be an angel unless she could fly away to heaven when she chose.

The glorious autumn passed away and winter came. The great fair closed beneath the shadow of a mighty sorrow, and the thousands who had walked its stately colonades scattered to their homes. Day by day the long trains bore them away to brown western prairies and eastern hillsides, and to the soothing breezes of the south. Some crossed the sea again and told the far off peoples the wonderful story of the city by the lake. Stony Island avenue was lonely and deserted, as if swept by a pestilence. The once crowded restaurants closed their doors, and gambling halls were for rent,—the fakir was heard no more.

For a time Beatrice's father managed to pick up work of one kind or another around the park; but as the chill snows of winter sank upon the city, the outlook grew dark in the meagre little household. Those were the days when the father sat silent and sullen in the corner with his chin upon his hand, and the mother, who was too ill to sit up now, sighed as she looked at her child; and Beatrice's heart was nearly broken to hear her mother cough and cough, for the cold was killing her.

It was a bitter day for poor little Beatrice when she stood by the grave and listened to the thud of earth upon her mother's coffin. She did not half understand it then, no one does; but when she came back to the empty home and tried to live on as before, the awful desolation seemed too great to bear. For her father was not the same to her as her mother had been. He had never seemed like a father, more like a somewhat morose and

quick-tempered uncle. Beatrice and her mother had been all in all to one another. She could hardly convince herself that her mother was really gone. Every few moments she would say to herself, "I must tell mamma this," or "I will ask mamma," only to think in the next breath that she never could ask mamma any more.

She thought often of the angel in the dreary days that followed. She wondered if it was still on the top of the tall building. It must suffer so, up there in the wind and snow; and its sister angels could not come to see it now, it would be so cold coming down through the sky. She wondered if it missed the other angels as she missed her mother, and she wished, oh, so earnestly, that the angel and she could fly away together up to Heaven where her mother was. She used to look out the window to the east and long for it to come; but the angel never came.

Her father worked when he could get work, and sat silent and moody by the stove when he could not. Failure and misfortune had embittered him against the world. He owed it nothing; he had received only rebuff and injury; he had asked bread and it had given him a stone. Too ignorant to perceive that his ill luck was mostly due to his own indolence and bad judgment, he rose in fierce revolt against he knew not what. God, the universe, society,—what had they done for him? The very laws of nature were conceived in cruelty; the earth turned to rock and the sky to ice at the moment of his greatest necessity. Desperate, hopeless, often half intoxicated, it sometimes seemed to his depraved imagination that, had he the power, it would be but a sweet solace of revenge to sweep away at a single blow the labored fabric of society.

While his wife was alive she had restrained him, for he had loved her very dearly. But now she was dead; and on Sundays his wretched little house was the rendezvous for a group of malcontents. Around his rusty kitchen stove circled the theories of anarchy. Government was brought before this tribunal and summarily condemned—by men too weak to govern themselves. The acknowledged flaws of society—those hardships and horrors which are analogous to the unexplained cruelties of nature—were magnified until they completely obscured the multitude of advantages which accompany them, and with them was mingled in inseparable confusion a specious tissue of error. And there was reason for this; for circumstances bring the flaws of society to the attention of the very poor much more frequently and forcibly than its advantages.

To this group of economic rebels all was darkness. No single ray of light pierced the deep night of plutocratic oppression. Wealth ruled the world; and government, even so called republican government, was but the servant of wealth. Capital was every day more and more controlled by the few, and the people were being reduced to a slavery which was all the more galling for its shallow pretense of independence. Even the expression of opinion was controlled by the "money power." Editors of newspapers must write as their owners directed. Even teachers of political science, and authors of economic books were directly dependent upon the wealthy classes for their

support. The working man must vote, speak, and think as his employer desired, if he would keep his position.

And there was no relief. Impatient man, hurrying through his little span of years, cannot learn the lesson of the strata. He wishes to do in a day what can only be done in a century. To the ignorant the iceberg seems stationary. It seemed to the group about the kitchen stove that the only solution was in complete re-construction. The building must be torn down and begun anew upon a better plan.

Such was the argument of the abler and better educated of these Sunday reasoners. Beatrice's father could not appreciate it all, but he gathered that everything was wrong and the only remedy was to destroy, a remedy which appealed very strongly to him. Nothing is more dangerous than a radical theory in the hands of a man who but half understands it.

Beatrice, of course, saw but little of all this. She only knew that her father drank more and more and worked less and less, even when work was to be had. She sometimes listened to the talk of the strange men who came to see him, but not often. She did not like them. She felt instinctively that they were not good men; and again and again she wished in vain that her mother could come back to her.

At length the dreary winter was gone; but the spring and summer brought no improvement in the prospects of the little family. Times were hard, and Beatrice's father showed little energy in looking for work. Labor disturbances were common, and he took a passionate interest in them all. When the great strike came, he joined the crowd at the stock yards as a matter of course. Beatrice saw with dismay that he was drinking more than ever. He was gloomy and silent and would hardly speak to her.

On the day after our great national holiday she spent the afternoon wandering through Jackson Park. She had often been there during the lonely spring days. It grieved her to see the buildings all broken and torn away; but the white angel still remained. Beatrice thought it must certainly fly away soon or the buildings would all be gone.

The broad pathway was deserted as she came back past the terminal station. She was a little afraid, but she had learned not to mind it. All at once she saw a man stealing around the corner as if to keep from being seen. For a moment her heart beat quick with fright; but at the next glance she saw it was her father and ran toward him. But he clutched her arm with a grip like a vise and hoarsely bade her run home and never say that she had seen him there. Beatrice had not seen him like that before. His step was unsteady, and his eyes were almost wild as he walked rapidly away.

Beatrice watched him, uncertain what to do; but when at length he disappeared she turned to go home as he had told her. As she was setting out she looked around half fearfully, and saw flames creeping out at the corner of the building next her, and smoke oozing through the cracks. An instant she stood stupefied; then, half in fear and half in a vague desire to find some one, she ran northward alongside the Transportation building, until at length, tearful and

breathless, she sank down upon a pile of boards.

She heard some one shouting and saw two guards running; then for a few minutes all was silent, and Beatrice began to wonder if she had been dreaming. Over across the lagoon she could see the angel against the sky, its wings still stretched out as if to fly away; but she was too frightened to think much about it. She looked again toward the south and saw black clouds of smoke pouring up alongside the white dome of the Administration building. Then she heard the warning clang of the fire department, and down the broad pathway from the north swept the Hyde Park engines on their way to answer the alarm. She crept farther back upon the pile of rubbish, as the laboring horses thundered by with their ponderous load.

She was not long alone. The dense volumes of smoke, rising slowly up above the park, and then reluctantly crossing the Court of Honor and drifting out over the lake, told all too plainly the story of destruction. People on foot, people on horseback, people in carriages, passed her in constantly increasing numbers.

Meanwhile the flames were spreading with surprising speed. The Administration building caught almost immediately; the roof burned quickly through and the high dome formed a vast chimney from which the smoke and fire poured forth as from a mighty kiln. In less than half an hour the building was a total wreck. Torches from its lofty arch were borne blazing through the air to the Mining, Electricity, and Manufactures buildings, and across the Court of Honor, far out into the lake.

Beatrice sat silent and awe-struck, watching the rapid spread of the fire; but when the corner of the Manufactures building began to burn she thought again of the white angel, and looked to see if it was still there. Yes, there it stood, poised above the western doorway, seemingly all unconcerned in the face of fast approaching danger. Oh, surely, surely now it would break away from its ruined city, and soar aloft to its home among the clouds! Beatrice watched it with beating heart, anxious lest it should slip away when she was not looking.

She was now in the midst of a crowd of sightseers. The paths and bridges and the piles of timber were thickly covered everywhere with an indiscriminate mass of men, women, and children, silently watching the mounting flames. All seemed to realize that they were looking upon a scene of grandeur unparalleled in the story of the past, and one probably never to be repeated: for nothing was ever better calculated to make a magnificent bonfire than the White City. Only the children talked, and some of the younger girls. At intervals fire engines would part the crowd, as they arrived from the more distant portions of the city, or passed around to the north to protect the Government building.

Night had come on, but no one noticed it; the light of the fire was like that of day. It shone high into the heavens with a glaring brilliancy, and died away in exquisite shades of blue and yellow and orange and red. The roar of the flames was like a distant cataract. For ninety degrees the horizon was a sea of fire. The majestic world-city, treasured in the hearts of thousands, seemed to rise

in fierce rebellion against the piecemeal destruction of the wreckers, and chose rather to perish, sublime to the last, in one magnificent whirlpool of flame.

The southern end of the Manufactures building had already fallen, and it was the expectation of the spectators that the remainder would give way, section by section, toward the north; but a far grander sight awaited them. First came a sound like the rushing of a distant avalanche; then with one simultaneous and tremendous crash the whole vast structure fell thundering to the earth. Nothing remained standing save the two towers, at the corner and at the side. The involuntary exclamations of the people blended in one long-drawn "Ah!" of astonishment, horror, and admiration. The flames shot up from the pile of ruins with a fierce glare far into the heavens, and the heat redoubled in intensity.

Instantly Beatrice looked for the angel. The western arch upon which it stood, had survived the fall of the main building, and as the wind swept aside the smoke and flame, she could still see plainly the white angel, erect and motionless at the top. Why, oh, why did it not fly away? Could it be that it was going to be burned up with the rest? Beatrice refused to believe it. When the tower fell below it, she would see the white-winged angel, soaring above the smoke and fire, away to its home in the sky.

Beatrice clasped her hands closely together and waited. Suddenly the tall structure, now all the higher because no building stood behind it, began to crumble and fall. For an instant the angel seemed to poise itself with outspread wings upon its trembling and swaying pedestal; then, with one last look at the sky and the stars, it plunged headlong into the seething flames.

For a moment Beatrice was dumb with horror; then she began to cry as if her heart would break. Two kind hearted women who sat near her came and tried to comfort her and asked her why she was crying so; but she would not tell them.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

By Edward A. Jenks.

And this is June:—these overhanging boughs
  Invite us—nay, entice us—to a rest
  Upon this soft, green, fragrant mother-breast,
Where we may watch the sweet home-coming cows
Wind down the hill, and listen to the vows
  We have no right to hear from that small nest
  That swings above us, while the waning west
Breathes benedictions on our throbbing brows.
Here we will dream the twilight hours away
  Beneath this ample firmament of leaves,
    And listen to the whirr of unseen wings
Within the shadows, while the soft airs play
  The songs our mother sung, that time nor thieves
    Can filch from mem'ry's storehouse—Hark! she sings!

WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VICTORY was won, but at a terrible cost, and the king could care little for his triumph when he thought of the thousands whose blood and lives had bought it for him.

"We fought with the strength of despair," he himself wrote in his "Lecture de Catt," "merely to win our way back to our miserable condition of preceding years. That is the reason so much blood was shed; had we not fought this battle we should probably have been driven to the antipodes."

So the battle was fought, and Saxony, as far as Dresden, was in the king's hands, the Russians retreating to Poland, Laudon falling back to Glatz, and the Swedes withdrawing to Stralsund. Friedrich's name was more terrible to his enemies than ever before.

The Prussian army went peacefully into winter quarters, the Baireuth dragoons being divided between two little villages in the vicinity of Freiberg, having been once more publicly commended by the great commander for its "heroic deeds" in battle. Von Bulow, the regimental commander, was made a major-general before his time, and Major von Seelhorst was promoted to the colonelcy, while upon Reutlingen's breast glistened the cross of honor, the highest ambition of all noble minds. The captain's wild leap over the ditch had been made known to the king, and his majesty was proud of his officer. Unspeakable pride and thankfulness filled Reutlingen's breast; what could bring him pain or anxiety now; what personal trouble could disturb him as long as he was a Prussian soldier, an officer of Friedrich the Great, as long as he had pleased his monarch?

Before the Prussian troops could settle permanently into winter quarters, however, came trying marches in pursuit of the enemy and expeditions against the imperial army, duties full of pleasure to Reutlingen, whose heart was filled with a joy and excitement of victory which overshadowed every other feeling. At last, when the much needed rest had come, when the first transports of triumph were past, cooler recollections returned, and there awoke with redoubled force in Reutlingen's soul the bitter realization of the truth. His urgent desire to see Ulrike was ever before him; to seek an explanation and vindicate his honor were his sole aims. He asked his colonel for

leave, which, in that officer's zeal in his newly gained office, was unwillingly granted.

"I am very reluctant to let you go, Reutlingen, for you know his majesty disapproves of these leaves of absence. We are now very near headquarters, and the king could easily inspect the regiment at a moment's notice. Still, if so much depends on it, you may go for three days; that is the longest time that I can possibly give you."

Three days. That was short enough, but it was better than nothing and Reutlingen was satisfied.

* * * * * *

In the centre of Saxony lay the estate of Leitnitz, belonging to Herr von Trebenow. The mansion was a stately white house with a mansard roof pierced by round windows, and on the garden side were beautiful terraces decorated in the fashion of the day. The large garden itself was surrounded by a trellis arched walk and by neatly trimmed hedges, while at the foot of the terraces a fountain threw its misty spray high into the air to fall again in light drops upon the shells which lined the stone basin. Now the ground was bare, in the clear cool days of autumn, waiting only the coming of its pure white mantle of winter snow.

Ulrike von Reutlingen stood in a window overlooking the terraces and gazed silently out over the bare fields, while her aunt, Frau von Trebenow, sat at the other side of the room with her daughter beside her, both busily engaged upon a piece of silk embroidery. They had by this time become accustomed to the silent sadness that had at first seemed so unlike the gentle Ulrike, and so they paid no attention to her.

She, on her part, watched the wind playing with the dry red leaves that lay scattered over the green turf, and thought of Langenrode. A year had now passed since the strains of the Hohenfriedburg march first rang in her ears; a single year, and yet it seemed to her as though a century had gone between, a whole lifetime lived as in a dream.

The Prussian dragoons quartered in the vicinity had spread the news of the battle of Torgau until it at last reached the ears of the family at Leitnitz, and Ulrike heard that the Baireuth dragoons had taken part, that Reutlingen had acted gallantly, and that he had been decorated by the king. It was certainly good news, and her relations could not understand why she sighed so bitterly nor why she was so restless.

"There's no passion that burns with so fierce a flame
As the love that locked in the heart must remain."

She whispered the words of the old love song softly to herself, and pressed her forehead against the cool window pane.

Suddenly the door was flung hastily open and Annette hurried in.

"Oh, my lady! My dear master, the captain, is just riding into the garden; he will be here in a moment. Oh, how glad I am!"

Ulrike turned, her face pale as death. So he had come to seek her and had found her here. She must meet him, must see him, for she knew he would brook no refusal. Oh, how would he speak to her? Her heart sank within her.

"Go and meet him and bring him

leave, which, in that officer's zeal in his newly gained office, was unwillingly granted.

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to my room, I will wait for him there," she said hurriedly. "You will excuse me, my dear aunt?" Without waiting for an answer she ran up the stairs into her own bright little room and, glancing in the mirror, tried to straighten her hair, but her hands trembled like aspen leaves, and her knees threatened to give way beneath her. She had feared him when he had gently sought her hand; how could she meet him now when she had so troubled and angered him? She heard his heavy step in the corridor, and the door flew open.

"This way, please, my dear sir," cried Annette, retreating as she opened the door.

It closed with a heavy slam, and Ulrike realized that she was alone with him. The whole room seemed to swim around her and she grasped the back of a chair with both hands. Reutlingen stood in the middle of the room breathing fast and loud, an agitation that he had never before known filling his heart with pain and anger.

"Ulrike," he cried at last. "So you came here against my wishes and and my express command. Tell me why you did this?

His eyes flashed and his voice was full of anger. Ulrike stood as though stunned; she could not speak, and he advanced heavily towards her.

"Ulrike, you have made a fool of me with your obstinate silence long enough; now you shall speak to me! You have broken your marriage vow, forgotten your duty, and I can at least demand an explanation."

Ulrike had become quieter; an instinct of self defense awoke within her such as teaches the bird of the forest to defend itself against the hawk. She raised her head and looked at him; that soft beseeching gaze from the tear dimmed eyes touched his heart, the harsh words died away upon his tongue, and his eyes softened. As she stood there helpless before him, so maidenly and so charming, he longed to fold her in his strong arms; his feeling of anger changed to one of burning passion as the storm wind shifts suddenly from the east to the south and blows through the meadows and forests, still passionate, but with a more soothing breath.

"Ulrike, why have you done this? Did you run away from me?"

Ah, yes; she had tried to escape him, but how could she confess it.

"Did you not receive my letter?" she asked.

A hasty and unwilling acknowledgment was his reply.

"Did you write that letter yourself, Ulrike?"

"Yes; certainly."

"Then did some one dictate it to you?"

"No, I wrote it alone."

Her hand trembled in his grasp.

"Now please tell me your reasons for doing it; why did you leave Steinhovel?"

Silently, as before, her head sank, and with it his patience ended.

"Make up your mind to answer me," he continued with rising anger. "Why did you leave my house after I had strictly forbidden you to do so?"

"You had forbidden it, Herr von Reutlingen, and by what right?"

"What?" He laughed aloud as he turned and threw himself into a chair, his clenched fist falling heavily upon his knee.

"My dear lady, that is a question

that I can readily answer. By the right of an honorable and true husband. I have never given up the rights as such that you gave me when you met me at the altar, and you have forgotten the first duty that I laid upon you. I want to know why you have done this. Tell me, Ulrike, why did you leave my house?"

"I considered it better for you and for myself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I——we must part, Herr von Reutlingen; that was our agreement. I wanted to hasten the step, to lighten it."

Her voice became indistinct. She sank down in a chair before him and covered her face with her hands. Reutlingen made a move as though to rise but changed his mind and leaned back silently again. A terrible pause ensued.

"Ulrike, how have I deserved this?" he asked at last, as though it were forced from his unwilling lips. She did not look up, and a frightened sigh was her only answer.

"Child, the idea did not originate in your own mind, who put it into your head?"

"No one, Herr von Reutlingen. Listen to me for a moment," cried Ulrike, now determined to speak out unreservedly. "You know I married you in my loneliness when you so nobly offered me your aid and protection. I accepted your offer, although I knew that it was only a whim of your kind heart, and was prompted by no real feeling for me. I will speak plainly. You made a great sacrifice for me and I had already felt deeply humiliated by it, when"—she raised herself to her full height — "my cousin, Benno von Trautwitz, came and opened my eyes. He saw more clearly than I, and showed me the whole unworthiness of my position; he left me no doubt of what I must expect from you should I carry my chains any longer in silence——"

"What must you expect from me?" interrupted Reutlingen in a voice of forced calmness.

A glance of agony met his own.

"Must I then tell you? Is it not enough that I must know that I bear your name while——"

"While what? Go on."

"While an unworthy life dares to be more to you than——"

She got no farther, for a harsh laugh interrupted her speech; pale and with flashing eyes Reutlingen stood before her, his nostrils quivering like the hand that rested upon his sabre.

"And he dared to make you believe this tale—lying hound? He sneaked under my roof in my absence merely to be near my wife, to win her heart from me with his damnable lies? Your teacher found a willing pupil no doubt. Perhaps he offered you his love in place of mine? Are you not afraid for your teacher's life when you throw such a lie in my face?"

"Herr von Reutlingen! What are you saying? Every one of your words is an insult to me."

He turned quickly away.

"Insult! And what have you said to me?"

"Is n't it true, then?" she asked trembling.

"You should have asked me that long ago, but you were so glad to listen to my accuser that you did not consider my honor worth an inquiry."

"I thought——" whispered Ulrike.

"Yes, you thought——" He gazed darkly into her eyes.

"Still it is not with you that my reckoning must be; where will I find your teacher? Tell me that."

She met his glance with terror, for she saw written in it the death warrant of her friend.

"Where shall I find Trautwitz? You must tell me," he continued with growing anger.

"I don't know. I can't—I will not tell you," she cried breathlessly.

"But I will have it from you, Ulrike. Or has your lover made his life so precious to you that you had rather defy me than tell me his hiding place?"

Ulrike would not answer.

"Will you tell me; yes or no?"

"No!"

Reutlingen clinched his fist with a hot laugh.

"Good! that 'no' of yours shall lead me to his heart, for I shall surely find the way; you may keep that constantly in mind." Without another word he left the room and the door closed noisily behind him.

He remained leaning against the wall of the corridor and pressed his hand to his forehead, for the blood surged in his brain and through his veins until it seemed that his head must burst; thirst for revenge overpowered him and made him long to be on his way. With an effort he straightened himself up and hurried down stairs and out of the house where his life's happiness had been wrecked.

In the courtyard he met a servant.

"Can you tell me if Lieutenant von Trautwitz is staying here?" he inquired in a stern, commanding tone.

"No, sir; the lieutenant has been gone for a long time," was the reply.

"Do you know where he went?

"No, sir. Perhaps to Dresden, or perhaps back to his regiment."

"Will you bring me my horse, my friend; I must hurry away?"

In her room above stood Ulrike. The noise of the door quivered in her brain, and still more sharply she could hear his terrible words and the fearful tone in which he uttered them. Now he was gone to demand an explanation and seek revenge, and he would not hesitate, he would find his enemy and blood would be shed. Blood! For her error; spilt on her account. Whose murderess would she become, Reutlingen's or Benno's? A shudder ran through her frame; no, that could not, must not happen. A thought flashed through her mind like lightning; he could not yet be gone; his horse must be saddled; which way would he go? He must pass the gate that opened into the highway from the wide drive through the garden. The cold November wind blew around her, but she felt it not, as she flew like a hunted fawn over the turf and along the straight road from the leafless hedge to the spot where he must pass. The gate was closed and locked, and she shook it with both hands and then stood still and listened. The gallop of a horse reached her ears, and the beating of her heart told her that he was coming nearer and nearer. He was passing the gate when he heard her cry and stopped his horse.

"Ulrike?" Was it a ghost or was it really she? There she stood, her delicate cheeks red from exertion, her hair flying in the cold wind, and a feverish glow in her eyes. The

wooden gate separated them, and her weak hands shook it in vain. Scarcely realizing what he was doing Reutlingen leaped from his saddle; everything that stood between them was forgotten in the wave of passion that surged over him. He threw the reins over a small bush and struck the latch with his clinched fist. With a crash the woodwork splintered and the gate flew open.

"Ulrike, what do you want of me?"

He held both her hands in his own; those small, soft, ice-cold hands that trembled like aspen leaves in his feverish grasp.

"Herr von Reutlingen," she stammered with a dry throat, "for God's sake don't look for him; give up your revenge. O God! it was my fault. Kill me, but don't—" Her voice failed her.

The blood turned to ice in his veins and his face became ashy pale. So she feared for his enemy's life and begged for mercy for him.

"No, child! Cry to God for your lover's life, not to me. I am going to carry him my thanks for the lesson he taught you; he will need your prayers."

In deathly terror she tried to free her fingers from his clenched hand.

"Let me go! Listen to me! My God, you wrong me!"

"Women always say that," he cried, with a short laugh. "You broke our marriage bond yourself. What binds me to my word now?"

"Don't go away so," cried the terrified girl. "I will make restitution. You must listen to me!"

He drew her closer to him.

"No, no; I must go. I love you madly, child. My own, and still not mine—you will kill me! How long must I see you beyond my reach?"

In an outburst of passion he threw his arms around her and kissed her again and again, and then tore himself away so roughly that she staggered back.

The gate closed; he sprang into the saddle and galloped away into the fast fading twilight, the gravel rattling under his horse's hoofs as he went.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the living room of his mansion of Neuserbnitz sat the young count of Langenrode and his guest, Lieutenant von Trautwitz, the latter, an expression of mingled fatigue and sadness on his dark face, with his head thrown back in his chair, gazing gloomily into the fire that crackled in the fireplace, while his host watched him attentively.

The count of Langenrode was still a young man and was unusually large and strong, the friendly, pleasant expression of his weather-beaten face bespeaking an easy going disposition, which inclined him to think much of the good things of life, thereby giving him a tendency to corpulency. With a sigh of deep content he lifted his tankard to his mouth and blew clouds of smoke from his pipe towards the ceiling; he could not understand why the other preferred to sit there gazing moodily into the coals, thinking neither of smoking nor drinking.

"Stop your brooding, Trautwitz," he said at last. "Your wound is

healed and a good drink will not hurt you now; look at the agreeable side of life again, as becomes a jolly hussar."

"Ah, if I only could," answered Benno with a sigh. "Life has no agreeable side for me; that villainous king of Prussia stripped me of all my property by the siege of Dresden; the girl that I love better than my life is estranged from me, and the last fleeting hope that I might some day call her mine has just died away. Don't ask me about it. Those brigands that the king of Prussia calls his officers have robbed me of her. My honor as an officer and as a man was forever lost on that unlucky hour when that miserable king released me on parole; everything in my life worth having has been laid in ashes by this margrave of Brandenburg."

"As you were the king's prisoner you can't take it amiss that he paroled you," responded Langenrode quietly. "Your only trouble was that you did not keep your word, my good friend. No; don't get into a rage over it. We shall never agree on that point, but that is no reason why our friendship should suffer. I believe you honorable as long as I see that you only break your word to the enemies of our Fatherland, but you can't be surprised if others criticise you more severely."

It really did not surprise Benno at all, but for that very reason he suffered more sharply under criticism.

"Never mind that," he said hurriedly. "But you must see that I have no reason to feel happy. I hoped for so long to see this king of Prussia defeated by our combined forces, to see this margrave of Brandenburg brought low, and now, that he has won this battle when he was all but overpowered, the last and only hope of my life has flown."

"Poor king," laughed Langenrode. "In my opinion he has done nothing to merit such hatred, he who has so heroically beaten off an overwhelming force. I hate him also, of course, but at the same time I admire him with all my heart."

Benno shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"You don't understand me any better than before, Langenrode, but you are a good fellow nevertheless, and about the only man on earth who means well by me. You will be a good friend to me after my death, I know, so I will not quarrel with you now."

"You are not going to commit suicide, are you?" asked Langenrode, half in jest, half in earnest.

"No; but I have no friends but yourself, only enemies."

"That seek your life, poor fellow?"

"Perhaps. You told me yesterday of a Prussian officer of dragoons who asked for me here and then went on to Dresden to seek me. That must have been Reutlingen, the brigand who robbed me of Ulrike; your description fits him well, and he has only too much cause to seek a reckoning with me, I freely admit."

"Do you think that he will demand satisfaction; those Prussian officers think a great deal of their honor?"

Trautwitz laughed grimly.

"This street robber is not seeking his own death. But I am caught on every side and for that reason I have prepared for death. Will you do me a friendly service, Langenrode?"

"Certainly, old friend."

Benno drew a sealed packet from his breast.

"See here, my friend; should you once be sure that I am dead I want you to give this to Ulrike. Take it to her yourself; she shall then hear of my death through you and through no one else. Promise me that you will do it."

"I promise you."

Benno leaned back contentedly in his chair, Langenrode took a deep draught from his tankard, and they both relapsed into silence once more. At last Benno spoke again as though some disquieting thought had suddenly occurred to him.

"I must start to-day in order to reach my regiment as early as possible to-morrow; I know a secluded little inn in the mountains where I can pass the night. That is the most convenient way for me to do."

Langenrode looked at him, a little startled, for the thought occurred to him that Benno expected to meet Reutlingen on the way.

"As you will, my friend, but I will bear you company until you reach your mountain inn."

"Do you want to protect me from any followers I may have?" asked Benno laughing.

"Perhaps; at any rate I want to be present at any accidents that may happen. One can't always tell about such things, you know."

He spoke in an indifferent way, but still in a true, manly tone. He was sorry for this poor fellow who, by his own confession, had no friend on earth but himself.

Soon after this conversation they started off together and, with Benno's servant following them, they rode through the dark mountain forests into Bohemia. Just as darkness set in they reached the inn of which Benno had spoken, a small, uncared for cabin with a wide, overhanging roof which stood in the shadow of the neighboring trees with its back against a cliff.

The two men demanded shelter, and the host, a black bearded brigand, greeted Benno with a grin as an old acquaintance, and said that he could guide him to his regiment. They entered the low public room which was filled with smoke and steam, and found there two rough looking peasants who were drinking brandy and throwing dice.

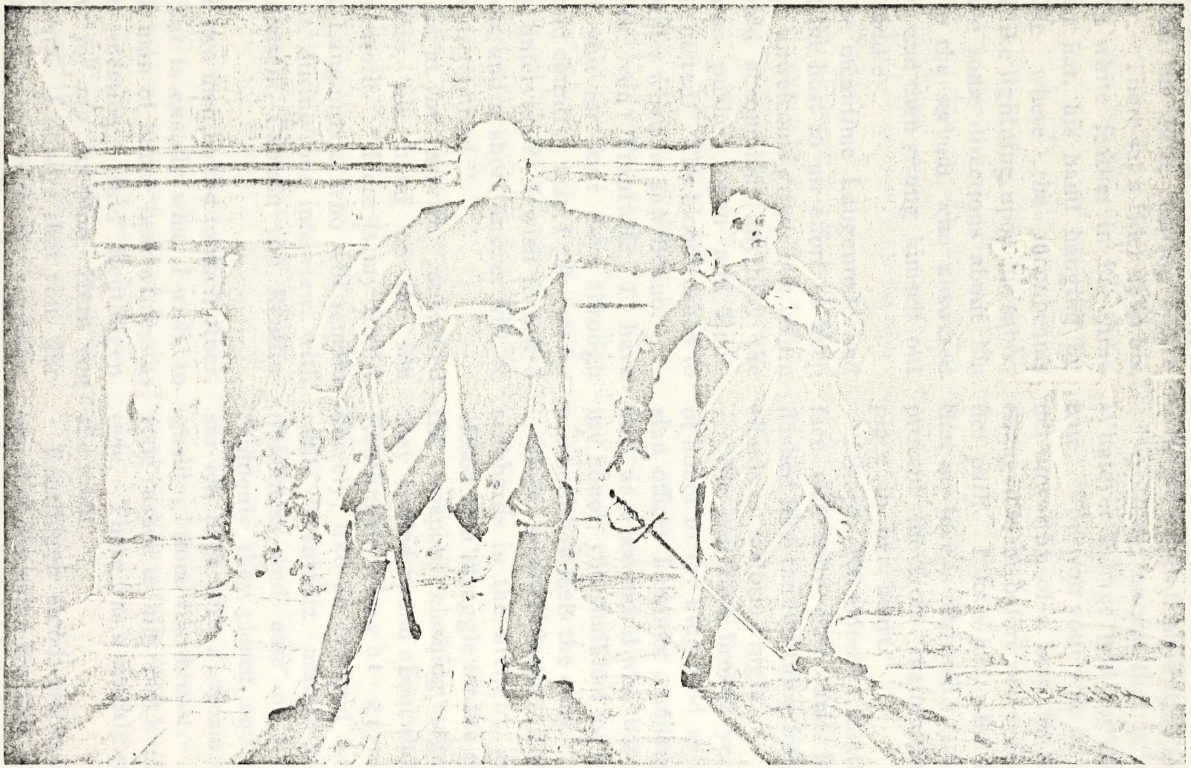
"This is an abominable lodging," grumbled Langenrode. "We certainly would have done better had we remained where we were over night."

Benno sat down beside the dirty pine table and rested his head upon his hands.

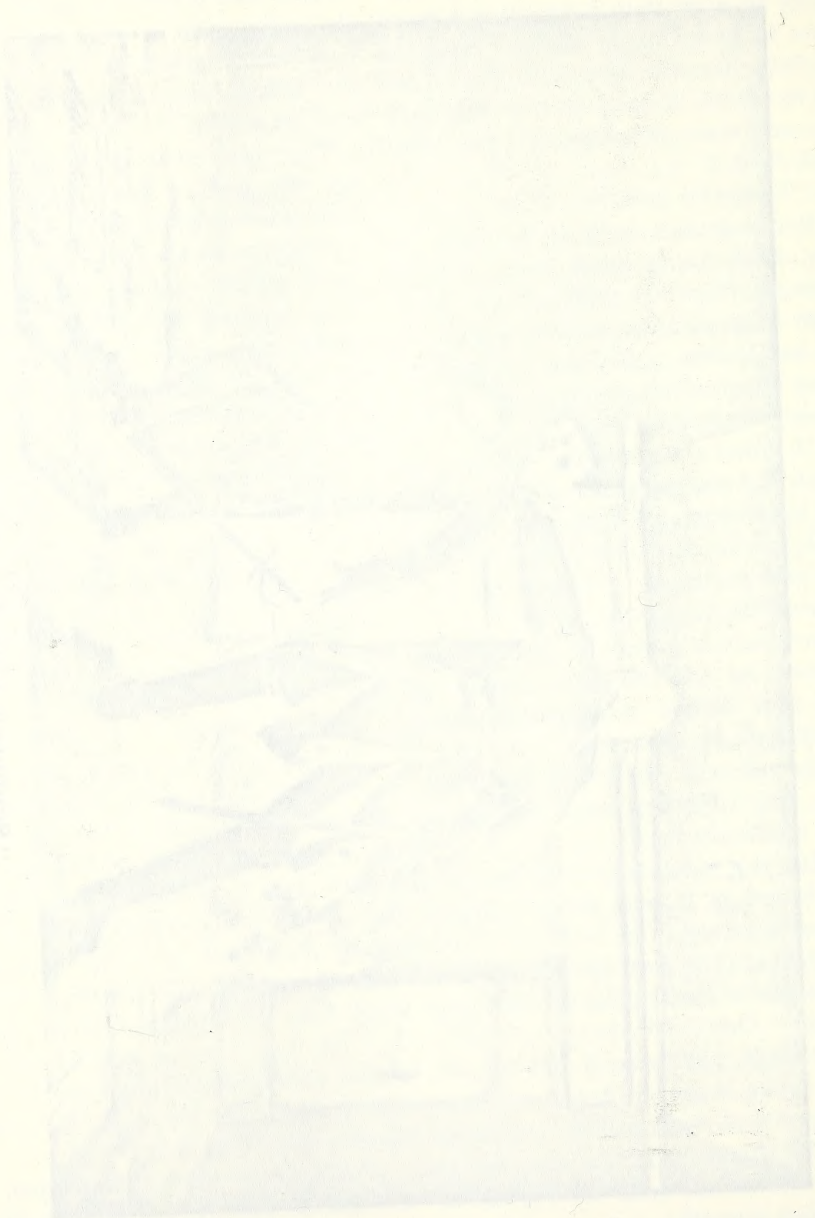
"Never mind," he said sadly. "Do you know the feeling that a man sometimes has that he is fleeing from his fate to the end of the world? I have done all I could to win my happiness and I thought I had done it, but to-day it seems to me as if everything were lost, as if my part were played to a finish on the stage of life. Fate has dealt unkindly with me; I feel her hand closing around me and I will no longer try to escape it. As the storm sighs through the trees—listen—what was that?"

The hoofs of a horse beat upon the wooden bridge that crossed the brook in front of the house, and a man's voice called out a loud "hello" through the stillness of the night.

Benno sprang up and stepped to the window, every trace of color fad-



"SUDDENLY THEY CLOSED." p. 137.



ing from his face. "He is there," came through his clenched teeth.

The full moon had risen over the forest and its pale light shone bright as day on the little clearing before the door. There sat a rider upon his horse, a white feather in his three cornered hat, his hand hanging by his side where the moonbeams flashed like lightning upon his sabre. He gave some directions about his horse to the servant who answered his call, and then swung himself out of the saddle.

In the meantime Langenrode had sought the host in an effort to keep out the unwelcome guest, but before he could accomplish anything the door was pushed open and Reutlingen entered. The blood rushed to his temples when he saw Benno.

"Herr von Trautwitz, I have sought you for four days through town and country; may I ask you for a short interview? I wish to ask a question, and a short answer will be all that is required."

"I am at your service," answered Trautwitz, his hand on the hilt of his sword. "Here is my friend, Count Langenrode, who will remain with us during our interview, with your consent, Captain von Reutlingen."

The two men bowed to each other.

"That is exactly what I wish, to have a man of honor bear witness as to our meeting," said Reutlingen. "Now for my question, Herr von Trautwitz. I charge that you, during my absence with my regiment, sneaked into my house, won my wife's ear, and through lies derogatory to my character so influenced her that she left my house in spite of my express commands, and now wishes for a divorce." His voice became loud and threatening. "What have you to say to this accusation?"

Benno's eyes flashed with rage.

"Nothing, except that it is false. Whatever I have told my cousin is true. You won your wife in a manner unworthy of a man, for she was engaged to me before you ever crossed her path. I love her, and I know that my love is returned; you cannot prevent me from maintaining my place in her heart."

"Stop! No more!" Reutlingen's face was ashy pale, and his eyes flashed like the lightning from black clouds on a stormy night.

"Sir, you have broken your word of honor to my king, and as a Prussian officer I cannot challenge you, still, as a scoundrel who has assailed my honor, you shall feel my sword as a school boy feels the cane."

Their swords flashed from their scabbards in the firelight, and they closed in a struggle for life or death, the weapons clashing together as they circled round about each other. Reutlingen fought grimly and fiercely, like an enraged wild boar, while Trautwitz moved with the quickness and ease of a wildcat. Suddenly they closed, and the hussar fell back with a stream of blood gushing from his breast. Langenrode rushed to him and knelt by his side. There was a deathly silence in the room.

Reutlingen stood motionless, the point of his sabre lowered, while the warm drops trickled down over his right hand from a wound in his arm. His bloodshot eyes were fixed silently upon his enemy, who lay upon the floor before him.

Trautwitz threw his arms about his head and tried to murmur a few broken words.

"Benno, I am here; what do you want to say to me?" cried Langenrode.

A deep sigh was the only answer; the wounded man's head sank heavily back, and the calm of death smoothed his distorted features. Langenrode closed the lifeless eyes and made the sign of the cross over the ashy forehead.

"Dead," said he softly as he rose from his knees.

Dead. Reutlingen saw it too truly. His honor was avenged; his enemy had wiped out the stain with his life's blood. He had killed this man in the prime of his youth, not on the field of battle in his king's service, but for personal revenge and to maintain his own honor. He did not regret the deed, for honor is a sacred thing and demands the sacrifice of human life and all else besides to preserve it untarnished.

At last he turned away, slipped his sword back into the scabbard, and left the room after a hasty word to Langenrode, who was covering the corpse with his cloak.

Reutlingen paused outside the door. A ragged cloud flew over the face of the moon and sudden darkness fell around him, while the black firs bent rustling around him and the hoot of an owl came wild and full of foreboding through the night. He drew his hand across his forehead without noticing that he thus streaked it with blood. At last the door opened, and turning, he saw Langenrode advancing towards him.

"I take it that my company here is no longer agreeable to you, Count Langenrode; if so I am at your service and will take my departure. For—for the dead you will provide best. I will also ask you to give notice of the death to whomsoever you think necessary or best."

"Herr von Reutlingen, you will readily believe that this hour has been very painful to me," answered Langenrode earnestly; "still I have no fault to find with the manner of my friend's death; I warned him that he could not stand before you and tried to keep you apart. Life had no charms for him, and he died in honorable combat with a gentleman, so perhaps he is not so unhappy after all."

Reutlingen shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," the count continued, "your conduct could not have been other than it has: his course towards you demanded atonement, he knew it himself, and you followed the dictates of honor."

"I thank you!" was Reutlingen's answer, and then they parted, but as the captain was mounting his horse, Langenrode stepped up to him again.

"Pardon me, Herr von Reutlingen. Yesterday my friend Trautwitz seemed to foresee his approaching fate and gave me a letter for your wife, making me promise to put it into her hands myself upon his death; I hope I may do this with your consent?"

An indefinable expression passed over Reutlingen's face as he raised his hand in salute.

"I have nothing to say against it."

Then he rode away into the stormy night.

CHAPTER XXIV

Reutlingen rode without dismounting until the following morning, when he reached the little village near Freiberg where his troop was quartered. As he approached his dwelling he saw that some one was leaning from the window of his own room and looking anxiously up and down the street. As the captain approached this person drew back and emerged hastily from the front door. He was a sub-lieutenant of Reutlingen's own troop, a tall, slender youth, blonde and handsome, from the eastern shore of Pomerania, and he now advanced to his captain's side, took his reins, and gave the horse to a groom.

"O Captain!" Curiosity, impatience, and a tinge of reproach were mingled together in his voice.

"What's the matter with you, Bandemer; what do you want with me?"

Reutlingen dismounted heavily and stood rubbing his forehead with his hat in his hand. The sub-lieutenant opened the house door for him.

"Will you go in, Captain?" he said in a persuasive tone.

Reutlingen followed him to his room, threw himself wearily into a chair, and rested his head on his hand. It seemed as though a horrible nightmare clouded his brain and only the sharp pain in his soul kept his body awake. His hat slipped from his grasp and rolled on the floor, and the sub-lieutenant, as he sprang to get it, noticed fresh traces of blood on the other's arm.

"You are wounded, Captain," he said quickly, "may I send for the regimental surgeon?"

The captain looked up and seemed to recover himself.

"What are you doing here in my quarters, Bandemer; have you no better duty to do in my absence than this?"

"I have done very little duty for the last two days, Captain, for Lieutenant von Hertel and I were ordered to alternate in staying here to await your return."

"What has been the matter for two days then?" asked Reutlingen.

"Captain, his majesty was here and inspected the regiment."

The captain sprang up; the words "his majesty" had a great effect upon his brain, for he brightened, trembled, and winced under them.

"Bandemer, did I not have three days' leave?"

"Certainly, Captain."

"And how long have I been away; it seems like weeks?"

"Five days, Captain."

"Five? Two days over leave? My God!" He pressed his hand upon his brow, realizing that his overwhelming passion had brought him into trouble.

Carl Ludwig von Bandemer watched Reutlingen's face as it seemed in a moment to grow years older. He knew the strictness and attention to duty of his troop commander, by which he ruled himself no less than he did his men, and realized that it must be no trifling matter that had caused the captain to forget himself so culpably.

"And his majesty discovered that I was absent?" asked Reutlingen, looking up suddenly.

"Certainly, Captain. His majesty's visit was entirely unexpected, his adjutant, Major von Bonin, notifying

us barely an hour before his arrival. The inspection was very satisfactory to him, but I heard that he asked for you at the end of it, Captain, and that the talk was of you for a long time. Afterwards the colonel commanded that Hertel and myself should take turns in awaiting you here to tell you what had happened as soon as you arrived."

"Thank you, Bandemer." Reutlingen's glance met a pair of clear, honest eyes so full of earnest sympathy that he involuntarily extended his hand.

"I am going to report to the colonel now; please ask Lieutenant von Eickstadt to wait for me here."

The colonel welcomed him with every sign of astonishment and anxiety.

"But Reutlingen, for God's sake, tell me what has happened to you. Your appearance strengthens my fears. I pray you tell me everything. Lay aside the fact that I am your colonel and look upon me only as your old comrade."

Herr von Seelhorst was a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, and Reutlingen did not hesitate to tell him of the fatal affair. The colonel was full of sympathy and consternation.

"Thank God it isn't one of our own officers you have killed, dear Captain. As it is, I don't believe we will call one of our own men to account for killing an enemy who has violated his parole so infamously, and I hope his majesty will let the matter rest. The breaking of your leave is another matter, however, and what the king will say about that I can't even hazard a guess. You know what I think of the matter."

Reutlingen's broad breast heaved with an inaudible sigh.

"From whom did his majesty learn of my absence?"

"My dear Captain, his majesty inspected the regiment just after your leave had expired, and although you had not reported your return—even though I was a little worried over it—I could not believe that an officer of your rank would forget himself as you have done. I tried to get his majesty to allow me to deal with your case myself, but without avail; he learned exactly how the matter stood and then ordered that you report to him in person immediately upon your return, an order which I hereby transmit to you. His majesty is inspecting the troops at Freiberg today, so you need lose no time."

Reutlingen bowed.

"Give me your good wishes in the matter, Colonel. I am very grateful to you for your kindness."

"I only hope that the king will deal leniently with you, my dear Captain; you have a claim upon his gratitude and I know he will be glad to see you safely back again."

Reutlingen rode to Freiberg in full uniform, stabled his horse, and walked along the street towards the king's headquarters. A company of soldiers passed him, singing as they went:

"'You are gallant men,' the king exclaimed,
'And onward win in battle fierce!'
The ranks must be by devils filled
That Fritz and his soldiers cannot pierce."

It rang loud and joyous in his ears. Ah, yes; he himself was a soldier of the king, but now he had forgotten his duty and feared to face

the monarch whom he so deeply loved. Again the voices rang out:

"Farewell, Louise. Nay, do not weep.
Think, that if bullets harmless sing,
If honest wounds we may not win,
What honor, then, to serve the king?"

The song died away and Reutlingen walked hurriedly along to headquarters, where he was met by Major von Bonin, the king's adjutant.

"His majesty will see you in about ten minutes. I will notify you; be kind enough to take a seat there and wait, Herr von Reutlingen."

At last the adjutant reappeared and bade him step in. It was a terrible effort for Reutlingen; he would gladly have led a charge through a hail of shot, or have thrown himself upon his enemy's bayonets rather than face the anger in the king's eyes; yes, it would have been child's play to that.

The adjutant ushered him into the royal presence, left the room and closed the door, leaving Reutlingen standing stiff and motionless, although his heart was beating fiercely within him. Reading a letter and seated at a large square table in the middle of the room sat the king in his blue uniform. He had grown thin and old since Reutlingen last saw him, and his carriage was less upright, his left hand resting upon a cane, while his right held the letter. Two greyhounds came out from under the table to greet the newcomer, walked around him, sniffed at his clothes, and retired to their place again.

"Ah, it is you, Reutlingen. I visited your regiment a few days ago and was much pleased with your troop, but unfortunately you were not there yourself."

"I had been on leave, your majesty, and had not yet returned."

"Yes, but your leave had expired; Seelhorst told me that he expected you every moment. When did you return?"

"Two hours ago, your majesty."

"Then you overstayed your leave two days?"

"Yes, your majesty."

The king looked at him sharply.

"Do you usually behave in this way? I have always regarded you as an officer who knew his duty; have I been mistaken?"

"May it please your majesty, this is the first time that I have ever neglected my duty, and I did not do it knowingly this time."

The king's searching glance met his eyes and Reutlingen returned it without a tremor of his lashes. If he was struggling with emotion he did not show it, but stood as motionless as though cast in bronze. King Friedrich, "a man who knew other men," gazed into the faithful, straightforward eyes and felt his old affection for his dashing young officer still strong within him.

"What has happened that you so forgot yourself this time?"

Reutlingen pressed his hand upon his heart. It was very hard for him to speak of his wife even to the king, but he concealed nothing. The king's brow clouded as he heard the captain's tale, and at its conclusion he spoke.

"So, then, this marriage has been the cause of all your trouble? Did I not tell you that it would ruin your life? You have done too much harm; you have killed a man in a

personal quarrel; you have forgotten your honor and duty to trifle with women and may do it again. I have no use for such officers in my army; I have no further need of your services."

Although no muscle of his face moved, the king saw the captain's whole body tremble under the blow, and his face became ashy pale.

"Do you understand me? asked the king.

"Yes, your majesty."

"Then go!"

Reutlingen turned quickly and left the king's presence.

When he reached his quarters a short time later he found Norman, Eickstadt, and Bandemer waiting for him, apparently having been there for some time. He scarcely noticed them, however, but sank into a chair, his elbows upon his knees and his face in his hands.

"Reutlingen, for God's sake, what has happened to you?"

"Dismissed."

He said but a single word, but what a word was that to fall from the lips of an officer of King Friedrich's army!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER.

A SUGGESTION AND A PLEA.

By Rev. Daniel C. Roberts, D. D.

From where the unsalted seas of Northland pour
Their gleaming waters with tumultuous roar
Into Niagara's rainbow-spanned abyss
With sparkling foam, with whirl and curl and hiss,

To where the Southern gulf, with tossing waves,
O'er coral reefs with tropic fury raves;
From where Atlantic's billows shake the earth,
Along the shores where Freedom had its birth,

To where Pacific's rolling surges play,
And grim sea lions toss the silvery spray;
From pine-clad Maine to deep magnolia shades,
From Puget Sound to Florida's everglades,

There blooms the modest flower which I name
As having, in the court of taste, a claim
To be the symbol, chosen from the field
To grace the blazon of Columbia's shield.

It's silver rays in jewelled grace are set
Around the circle of its coronet,
Which maidens use to cast their horoscope,
"He loves me—loves me not—he loves"—sweet hope!

The golden-rod, I grant, has beauty rare,
But all its glory bourgeons on the air,
As the last suns of summer cast their shadows
Northward across the shorn and silent meadows.

The golden-rod demands an artist's hand
To rightly paint or carve its flaming brand:
Ill-wrought, one might too easily assume
It were a sumach, or a pampas-plume.

But any child, with patriotic pencil,
Or "Decorator" with conventional stencil,
Or sculptor's chisel, or the carver's knife
Could shew this simple floweret to the life!

It brings no chill of autumn's frosty breath,
Nor whisper's portent of the flowers' death.
Already has it found, in song and story,
A place, a name, a never dying glory.

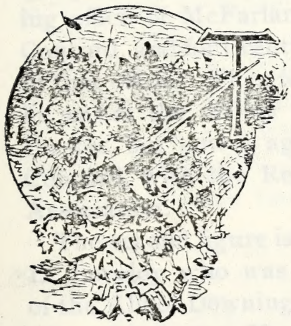
This maiden's flower, this "Pearl," this heart's-delight,
This artist's study, challenges the flight
Of poet's song! Simplicity its dower!
I choose the "daisy" for the nation's flower.

WAR PICTURES.

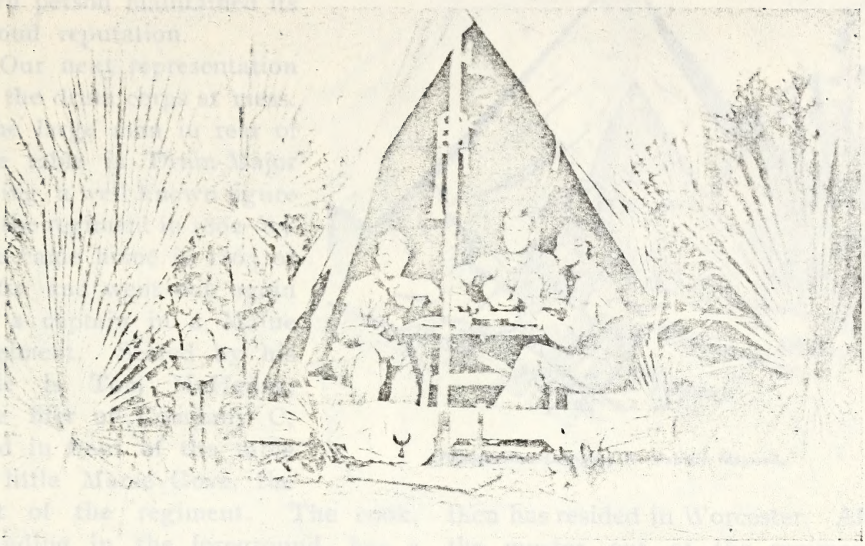
[CONTINUED.]

[Illustrated from photographs by Henry P. Moore, Concord, N. H.]

By John C. Linehan.



THE first picture this month shows three of the band boys breakfasting. The one on the left is Henry S. Hamilton, one of the oldest active printers of the Granite state. He is as well known in Manchester, which now claims him for a resident, his family being located there, as in Concord, where he still handles the stick and rule, and gives the youngest printers a hustle. "Ham," as he is designated by all his "print" friends, has a history, varied and full of interesting incidents. He has the happy faculty of making friends, and can adapt himself to society of different ages and conditions. He is of too buoyant spirits to appear and talk old, yet he is well informed, and a good talker on matters of serious import. An autobiography of his experiences, from the days of his apprenticeship until the time of the late war, was published some years since in the Manchester *Mirror*, and is an entertaining and instructive bit of reading, in which the author neither boasts of his own achievements, nor spares himself in matters of his peccadilloes. He served a seven years' apprenticeship in England, of which country he was a native, entered the British army during the Crimean war, and later came to America, and enlisted in the United States army in 1854; served through the Kansas troubles, and in the expedition to Utah against the Mormons, under



Three of the Band Boys Breakfasting.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston; was discharged in 1859, and enlisted in 1861 in the Third N. H. volunteers. After the war he entered the printing office of McFarland & Jenks, of Concord, and for twenty years worked in that office. Then for several years he was at the *Mirror* office, of Manchester, but now is again working in Concord, with the Republican Press Association.

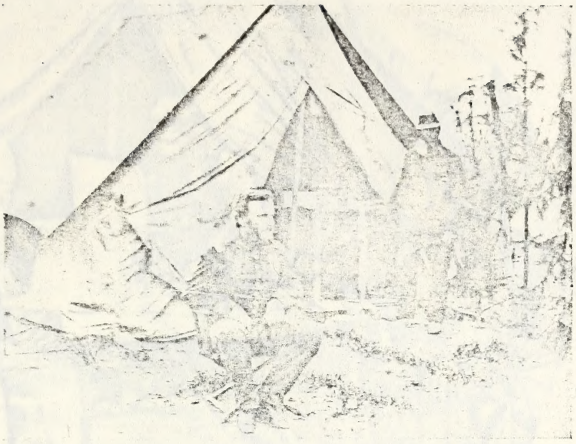
The second figure is that of George L. Lovejoy who was in the employ of the Abbot-Downing Co. before and after the war. He was for many years connected with the Concord fire department, and for a time was its chief. He died a few years ago. He was a man respected and esteemed by all who knew him. The one on the right, preparing to demolish a formidable looking piece of bread, is J. A. Dadmun, a well known tinsmith of Concord,—a man with a kind heart and a tender disposition was Joe, but unfortunately a year's sojourn in the malarious Sea islands was not conducive to good health as he found to his cost. He lives in Concord and is engaged in business there.

The next group is Company H. The three original officers are Capt. Robert H. Dow, Lieut. J. F. Langley, and William H. Maxwell. Captain Dow resigned in June, 1862, and since the war had resided in Manchester. He died a few years ago. Lieutenant Langley resigned in July, 1862, came back, recruited a company for the Twelfth, and later was commissioned major. Lieutenant Maxwell was promoted to a captaincy and served with the regiment until December, 1864, three years and four months. He was a good officer and a brave man, and was equal to any occasion he was called npon to meet. He has made his home in Manchester since the war, where he has been repeatedly honored by his fellow citizens with places of honor and trust. He bears a historic name; a name with a record in the British and American armies, and he has in his



own person maintained its proud reputation.

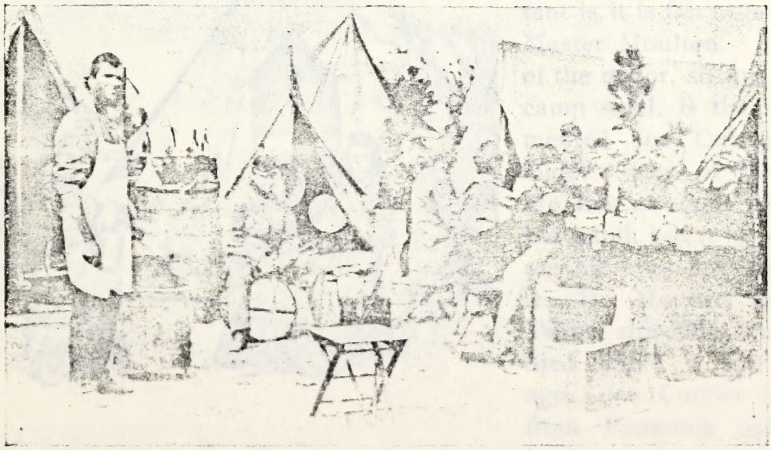
Our next representation is the drum corps at mess. The large man in rear of the table is Drum-Major Wing, a well known figure in the regiment in 1862–'63. He came home in 1863 or 1864, and went out again as a captain in a Maine regiment. Seated by his side is Tom McHenry, the fifer of Company C, and in front of the table is little Marse Gove, the pet of the regiment. The cook, standing in the foreground, has a troubled, doubtful expression on his face. He has just been ladling out the soup and it may be possible this was the day he found the fine tooth comb in the kettle, one of the boys putting it in to thicken the soup.



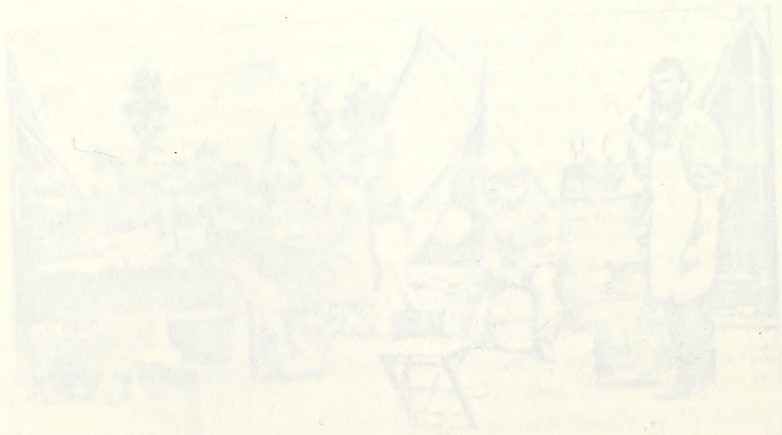
Headquarters Company H—Captain Maxwell.

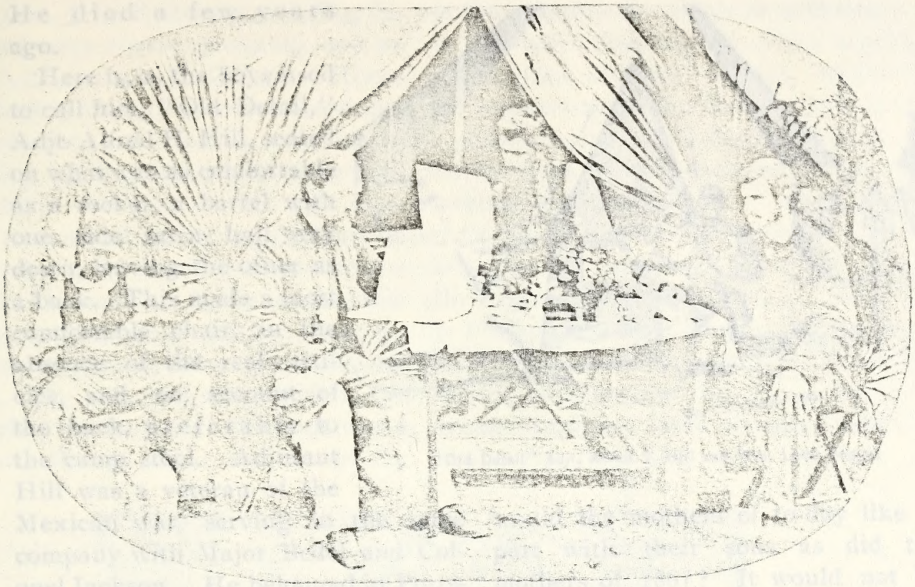
The bandmaster and his tentmates, Lieut. G. W. Ingalls in the foreground, looking over a collection of music, is an excellent portrait. Bandmaster Ingalls was well known in Concord before the war, and since then has resided in Worcester. After the muster out of the regimental band he organized the brigade band, which was stationed at Port Royal during the war. The man on his left is Samuel F. Brown of Penacook, who also served in both bands; he was one of the best known men in Penacook, being for a number of years postmaster, and treasurer of the Penacook bank.

[As an illustration of the uncertainty of life, Mr. Brown died since this sketch was written.]



The Drum Corps at Mess.

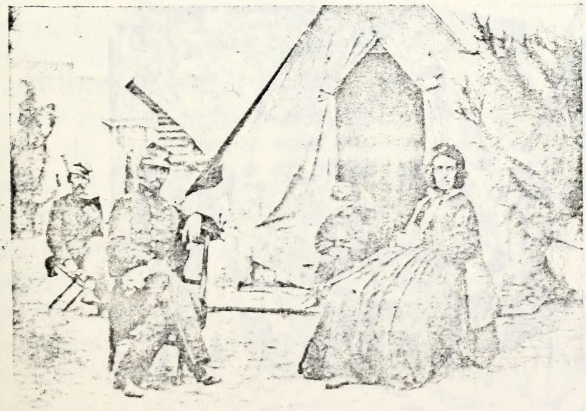




Bandmaster G. W. Ingalls and Tent-mates D. Arthur Brown and S. F. Brown.

On his left sits another Penacook man, D. Arthur Brown, the well known axle manufacturer. He was the assistant bandmaster, and, after the war, the leader of Brown's band of Penacook, which was in its day the foremost military band in the state. From their appearance it is fair to presume that they were not aware of the artist's presence, so unconcerned and religious they look. Were it not for the musical characters seen in the open book, it would be fair to infer that it was Sunday, and Ingalls was reading a chapter from Scripture, which is not, judging from the look on Brown's face, very agreeable to him.

Next in order is Major Moulton, regimental surgeon, Mrs. Moulton, and, in the rear front of the tent is, it is fair to presume, Master Moulton. In rear of the major, sitting on the camp stool, is the late lamented Joe Currier, the major's man of all work. He has an open book in his hand, but it is plain to see his eyes are not upon it. Dr. Moulton lived in Tilton since the war, and died there a few years ago. Joe Currier enlisted from Penacook but lived in Concord after the war.

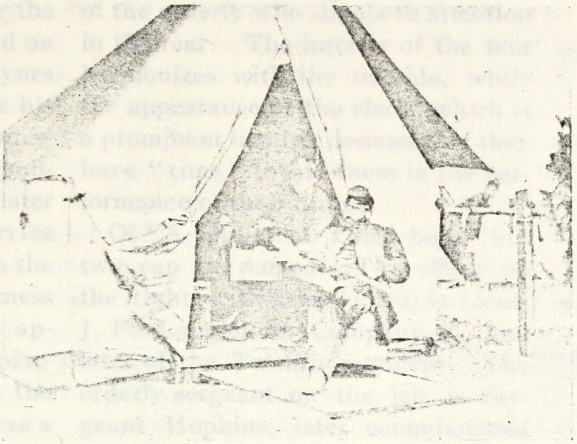


Major Moulton, Regimental Surgeon, and Wife.



He died a few years ago.

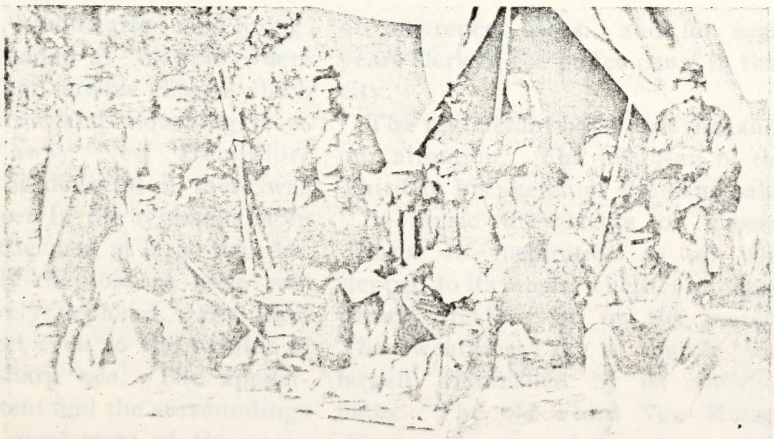
Here is, as the boys used to call him, "Old Detail," Adjt. Alfred H. Hill, seated on what was as comfortable as a rocker, a barrel with one side sawn half way down, leaving the other as a back. This made a most comfortable chair, in the absence of the real articles, and, on account of the back, preferable to the camp stool. Adjutant Hill was a veteran of the Mexican war, serving in the same company with Major Bedel and Colonel Jackson. He belonged in Portsmouth and died a few years ago. He left the regiment in 1862. Seated inside is Lieut. William Ladd Dodge, at that time the adjutant's clerk. He was in the custom house, Boston, for many years since the war, and is still a resident of the Hub.



"Old Detail" Adjt. Alfred S. Hill and Wm. Ladd Dodge.

From appearances here is another group of the detail for guard, not a familiar face among them, but the majority in years mere boys. How would the mothers of to-day like to part with their sons as did the mothers of 1861? It would not be surprising, however, if among the forms depicted, are not a few of those who later on earned their captain's straps; the real heroes of the war, who went in at the beginning and stayed till the end. It was the men of this class that conquered the rebellion. All honor to them!

Headquarters, Company A, Third New Hampshire comes next, and seated in the foreground, on the right,



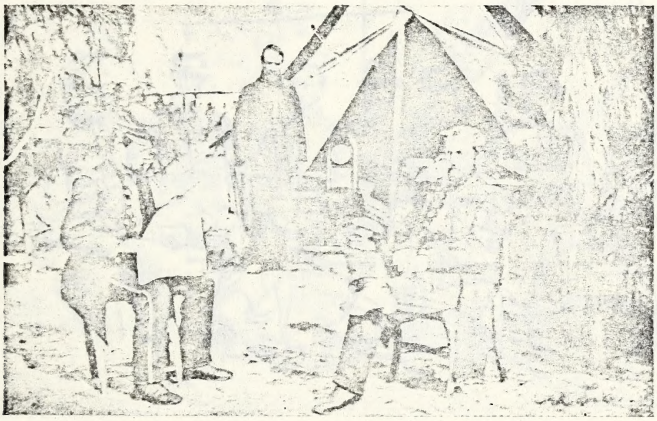
The Detail for Guard.





is Lieut. John R. Hynes, reading the Manchester *Mirror*, probably, and on the left Lieut. A. H. Libbey. Hynes worked in the *Mirror* office before his enlistment, and used to write entertaining letters home which were published in that paper. He was, later on, transferred to the regular service as commissary of subsistence with the rank of captain, dying in harness some years ago. Libbey was appointed adjutant after Hill's departure. He was with Maxwell in the regular service before the war, was a brave, efficient officer and one of the most genial, kind hearted men living. His career ended at Wagner where he fell in that terrible charge which brought sorrow and mourning to so many far-away New Hampshire homes. It is doubtful if there was another officer in the regiment more beloved by the men at large than he. Consequently the loss of none was more sincerely deplored. His likeness is perfect even to the twinkle of the clear, sharp eye. The appearance of the tent and the surroundings evinces the good taste of the occupants, and perhaps the faithful labors of the orderly who stands to attention in the rear. The interior of the tent harmonizes with the outside, while the appearance of the clock, which is a prominent feature, denotes that they have "time" to aid them in the performance of their duties.

Of "A Squad of Third boys" but two can be named. The officer on the right, with arms folded, is Lieut. J. F. Langley of Company H, and later of the Twelfth regiment. The orderly sergeant on the left is Sergeant Hopkins, later commissioned lieutenant, since the war a resident of Lawrence, Mass., and for some years clerk of the police court in that city.



Company A—Lieutenants Libbey and Hynes.

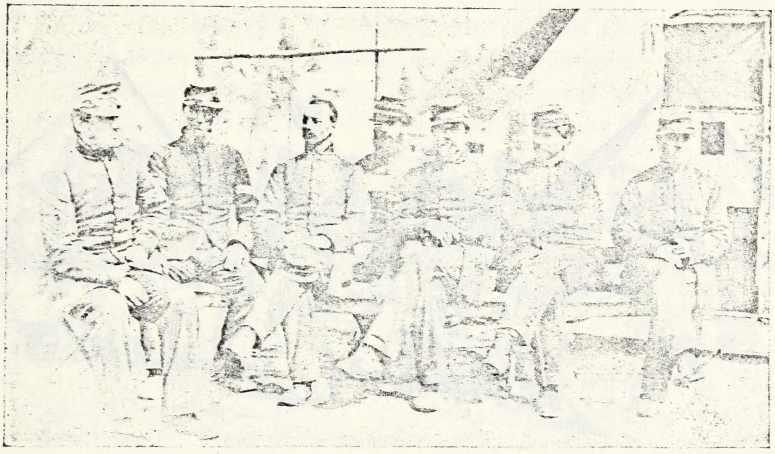
The regimental band now demands our attention. The historian of the Third in his sketch of the band said, "Its music drew tears or cheers. 'Twas an inspiration to all who stepped to its music, whether at dress-parade, review, or on the march. The weariness of a march was largely diminished by its cheering notes. The old Third New Hampshire never camped anywhere while the band existed that it (the band)



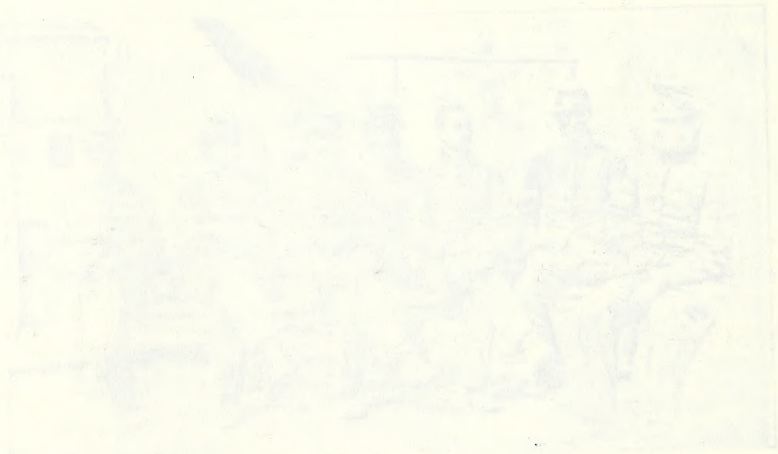
did not attract unusual attention by the superiority of its music, and I have no doubt that the pride thus created in the hearts of the boys had not a little to do with making them the good soldiers they were on the field."

As has been mentioned the Third band was made up of amateur musicians, mainly from Concord and Fisherville, now Penacook. But one professional, Carl Krebs, was in its ranks. In the days before the war it was not uncommon to find some of the most prominent of the business men of musical localities marching behind a bugle, cornet, tuba, or drum. Two governors, Natt Head and C. A. Busiel, were members respectively of the old Manchester Cornet and of the Belknap bands, in their palmiest days, when Walter Dignam led one and Perley Putnam the other, and the band of the Third was a fair illustration of the composition of the New England bands of the days before the war. Now let us look the boys over and size them up. On the right of the front rank (the right in all cases being the reader's left) cornet in hand, sits John W. Odlin, of Concord, one of the brightest young men the capital city has ever produced, a fine musician, and as an all round man hard to beat. After the war he was connected with Gilmore's celebrated band, and during the great peace jubilees was the great bandmaster's right hand man. He died in Concord a few years ago.

Next to him is Drummer John W. Caswell, as good a man as ever drew breath. He is now, and has been for years, in the employ of the Abbot-Downing Co. Beside him, clarinet in hand, and a thoughtful look on his face, is "Doc." Parkhurst, well known in Concord, and as well liked in his day. No man had more friends. He was born in Massachusetts, but lived in New Hampshire the greater part of his life. He died a few years ago, mourned by all who knew and loved him. Next to him is Henry Stark, of the same stock as the old hero of Bennington, a good boy then, and a successful business man now in Goffstown.

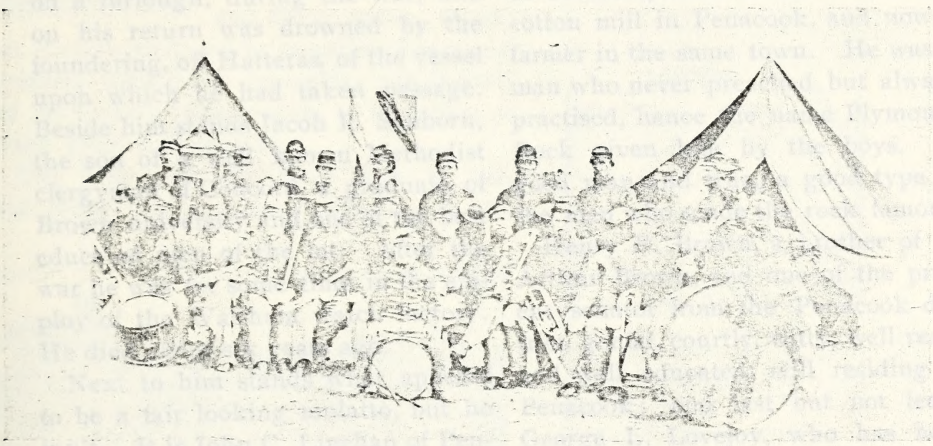


Lieutenant Langley and Non-commissioned Officers.



D. Arthur Brown and Bandmaster Ingalls come next, of whom mention has been made, and alongside of the bandmaster sits the immortal Carl Krebs, the best musician in the band, and a fine performer on the clarinet. He was a native of Berlin, Prussia, with the typical blue eyes and light hair of the German. But here the resemblance ceased, for he was as nervous as a Frenchman, as quick-tempered as an Irishman, as overbearing and arrogant as an Englishman, as close fisted as a Scotchman, and in full possession of all the cheek and cool assurance of the genuine Yankee. In one respect he was strictly impartial, for all kinds of liquids prepared for human consumption, but water, were cordially welcome. Regardless of all this, however, his fine qualities as a musician made him hosts of friends. His rendition of the "Mocking Bird" with proper accompaniments, once heard was never forgotten. The last few years of his life were spent at the water cure establishment in Danville, New York, where he was fortunate enough to find a friend in the person of Miss Clara Barton, who looked after him tenderly during his last hours, and who notified the writer of his death some six years ago. Peace to his ashes.

Henry S. Hamilton, of whom mention has been already made, sits beside Krebs, and next to him, with his hands on his knees, is Samuel F. Brown of Penacook, for years one of the most prominent citizens of Penacook, and at the moment of writing dangerously ill at his home in that place, with no hopes of recovery. Anison Baker is the last of the front line seated. He enlisted from Ashland; was a fine musician, and since the war has been a successful teacher of music in Lowell and Wakefield, Mass. In rear of the drum, is Phil Welcome, who enlisted from Concord and now lives in Bristol; in wielding the drum stick or in trading watches Phil was an expert. He was by birth a French Canadian, a brother of the well known shoe dealer of Concord of the same name. Billy Seabrook, proud as a drum major,



The Regimental Band.



one of ex-Governor Seabrook's runaway slaves, is leaning on the bass drum. He would not exchange his position of drum carrier for the stars of a brigadier.

On the right of the rear rank, head erect, stands F. M. Hughes, of Ashland, a good musician, and at the present time the treasurer of the Ashland savings-bank. Next to him, instrument in hand, is George B. Lang, a son of Maj. J. E. Lang, one of Concord's well known citizens. Thirty years ago, George came home on a furlough, during the war, and on his return was drowned by the foundering, off Hatteras, of the vessel upon which he had taken passage. Beside him stands Jacob R. Sanborn, the son of a well known Methodist clergyman of Concord, a graduate of Brown university and one of the best educated men of the lot. After the war he was for some time in the employ of the Waltham watch factory. He died about six years ago.

Next to him stands what appears to be a fair looking mulatto, but he is n't. It is John C. Linehan of Penacook, who must have been under a cloud at the time, and Charles A. White of Byfield, Mass., flanks his left, and on White's left is John C. Mitchell, the oldest brother of the well known Eagle Hotel artist, Col. Frank P. Mitchell. He was from Penacook, the soul of good nature, of an even disposition, perfectly willing to let the rest of the world do all the work if he only got his part of the remuneration, and he always did. He died in Penacook a few years after the war, but his memory will live as long as his old friends and associates do.

George E. Flanders, "Old Plymouth Rock," stands next to Mitchell, an overseer, when he enlisted, in the cotton mill in Penacook, and now a farmer in the same town. He was a man who never preached but always practised, hence the name Plymouth Rock given him by the boys. A good man and true, a good type of the men who made the rock famous.

Henry F. Brown, a brother of D. Arthur Brown, and one of the present senator from the Penacook district, genial, courtly, witty, well read, and well educated, still residing in Penacook; and last but not least, George L. Lovejoy, who has been spoken of, between Hughes and Lang. On the right of the rear rank, trying to hide, evidently, is J. A. Dadmun, of whom mention has been made.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EVERY-DAY HERO.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

Be a hero just where you are;
The humblest breast may wear a star
For duty freely done, whose light
To angel eyes glows doubly bright.

one of ex-Governor Seabrook's trans-
way slaves, is leaning on the base
drum. He would not exchange his
position of drum carrier for the stars
of a brigadier.

On the right of the rear rank, head
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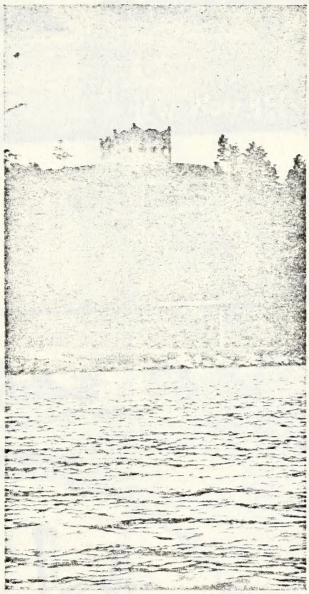
[To be continued.]

AMONG THE ISLANDS: A SKETCH OF LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

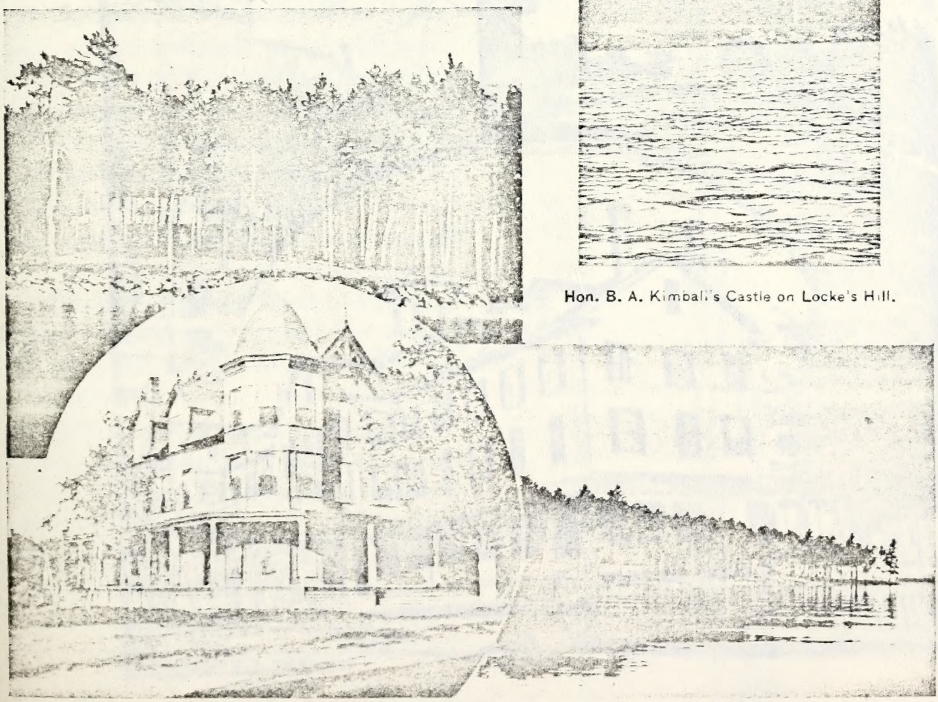
By Henry B. Colby.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE is the Mecca of an annually increasing number of summer pilgrims. Situated as it is at the feet of the beautiful mountains, and but a few hours' ride from the sea; its shores traversed upon three sides by steel rails and flying trains; its silver surface furrowed by countless boats and gemmed with many emeralds, our beautiful lake offers inducements to travellers of every clime and station.

The lake with its shore line of 180 odd miles has an area (according to the

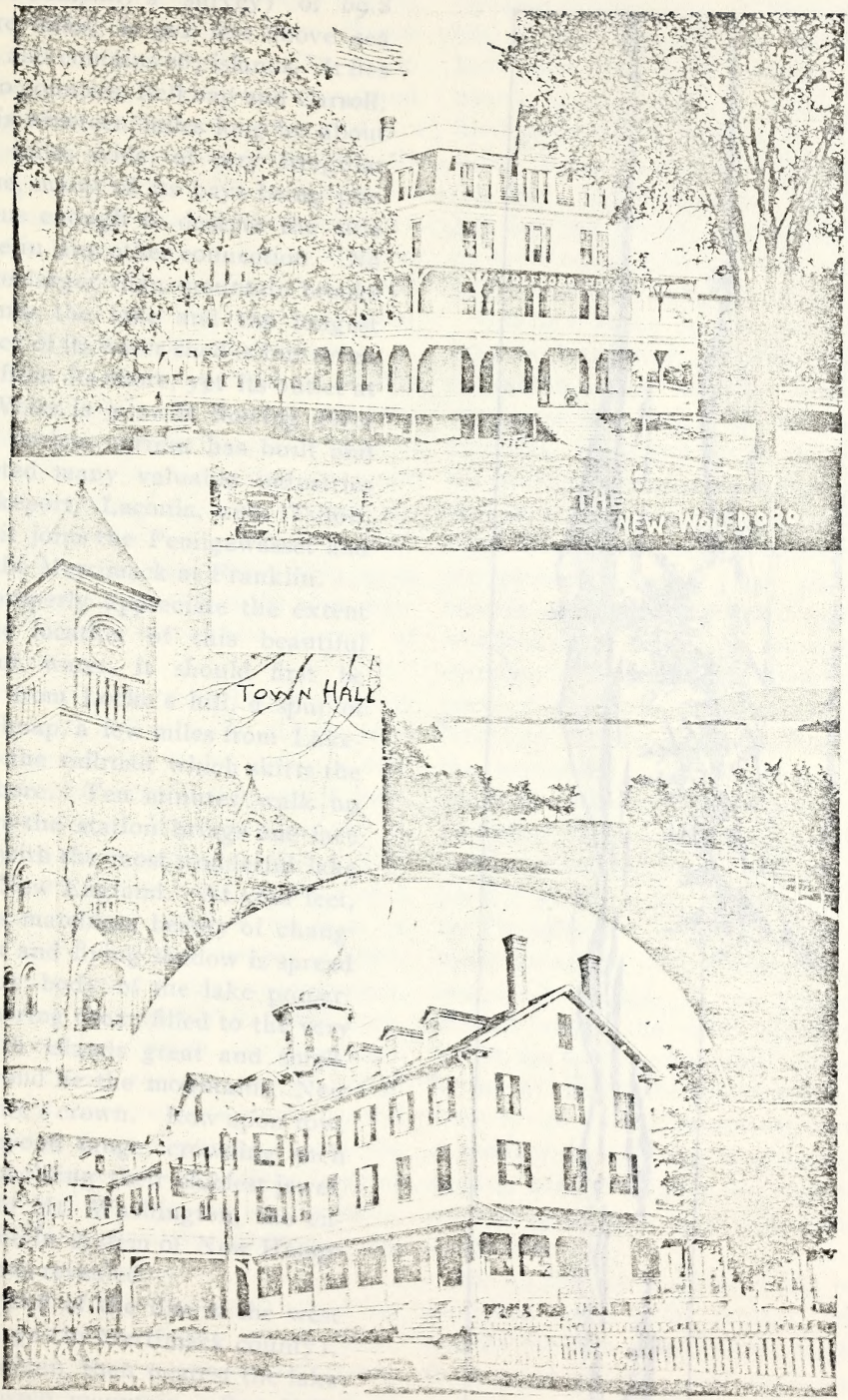


Hon. B. A. Kimball's Castle on Locke's Hill.



At Lake Shore Park.



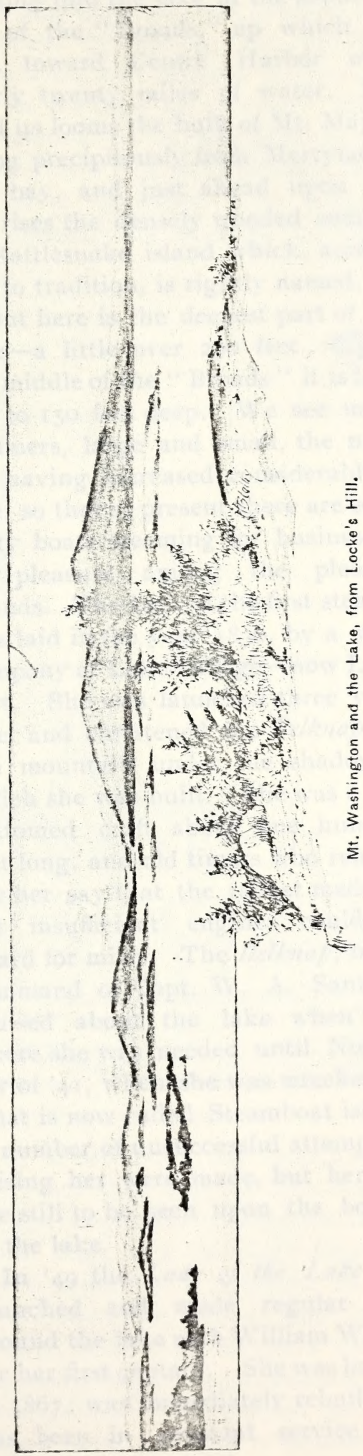

THE NEW WALEBORO
TOWN HALL



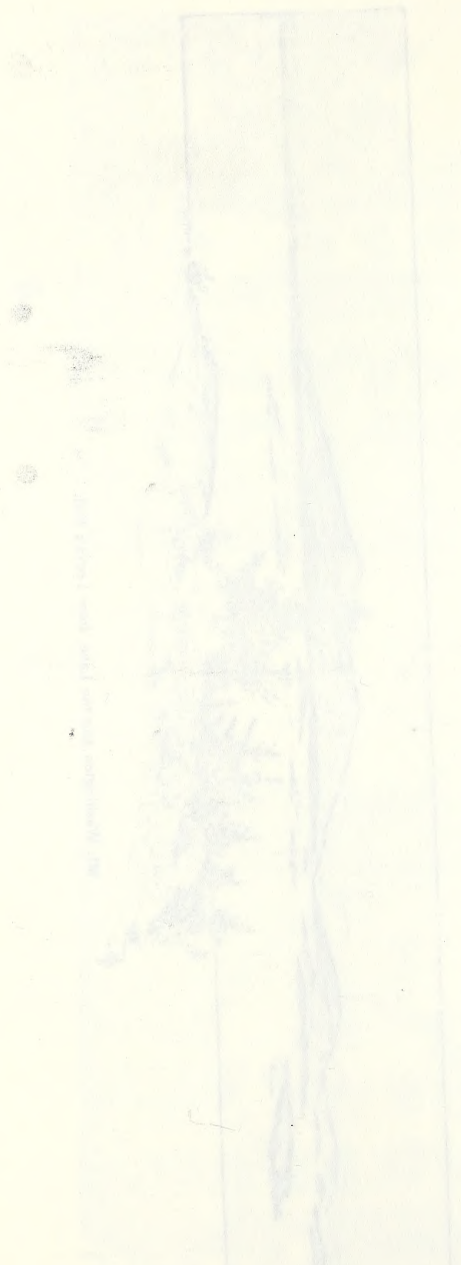
Lake Company's survey) of 69.8 square miles, is 502 feet above sea level, and contains 267 islands. It lies in two counties, Belknap and Carroll, and is nineteen miles long by about eight miles wide, of very irregular outline, many of its bays being pretentious enough to deserve the title of lake in any other connection. No streams larger than mountain brooks flow into the lake and the longest distance of its water shed is but seven miles from its shore, yet its outlet at The Weirs is a swift flowing river whose tireless current has built and supported many valuable industries at Lakeport, Laconia, and Tilton, before it joins the Pemigewasset and forms the Merrimack at Franklin.

To properly appreciate the extent and the location of this beautiful sheet of water, it should first be viewed from Locke's hill, a spur of Mt. Belknap, a few miles from Lakeport on the railroad which skirts the south shore. Ten minutes' walk up hill from the station brings one face to face with the most wonderful lake view in New England. At your feet, in all its matchless beauty of changing color and flying shadow is spread the entire body of the lake proper, a shimmering ocean filled to the very edge with islands great and small. And beyond lie the mountains, New Hampshire's crown. Row upon row, range beyond range, crowding each other, upholding their chiefest jewel, grand old Mt. Washington, the entire mountain system of New Hampshire stands revealed.

At the end of the line in the west is Kearsarge (in Merrimack county), then Cardigan, then nearest the lake the Sandwich mountains, Red Hill, Sandwich Dome, Tripyramid,



Mt. Washington and the Lake, from Locke's Hill.



Whiteface, Passaconaway, Paugus, and Ossipee—behind them Moosilauke and Washington. The precipitous crag from which this commanding view is obtained is occupied by a stone castle, nearing completion, the property of Hon. B. A. Kimball of Concord. A short distance beyond is Lake Shore Park, a beautiful grove with the usual complement of amusements and a well managed hotel, owned by the railroad company.

The wonderful panorama of lake and mountain is spread for your delectation during the greater part of the railroad journey along the south shore—pictures with an ever-changing foreground of glittering water backed by the immutable hills, upon whose broad shoulders the slow-moving clouds cast their mantle of shadow.

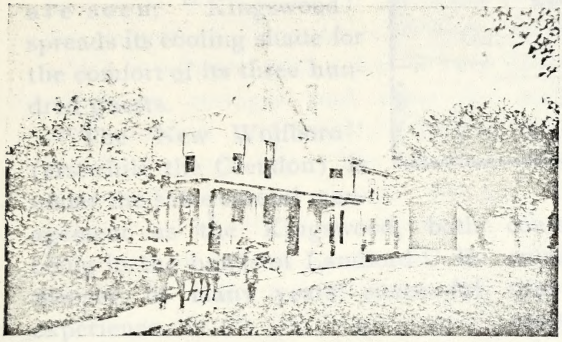
Presently the road bends sharp to the south and clinging tightly to a bold spur of Mt. Major takes the only course that permits its passage down the shores of Merrymeeting bay to the steamboat landing at Alton Bay. Here we find a hotel, and cottages almost without number, for it is on this shore that the Second Adventists have located their campground, and here they gather in large numbers every August in attendance upon their annual campmeeting. Many of their cottages are of tasteful design and are occupied during the entire season, making things lively at this end of the lake during the interval between the arrival and departure of boats and trains.

Leaving Alton Bay upon one of the many steamers plying in all directions over these waters we sail nearly due north for the entire length of Merrymeeting bay, some four miles, opening into the lake at the southern end of the "Broads," up which we look toward Centre Harbor over nearly twenty miles of water. Behind us looms the bulk of Mt. Major, rising precipitously from Merrymeeting bay, and just ahead upon the left rises the densely wooded summit of Rattlesnake island which, according to tradition, is rightly named.

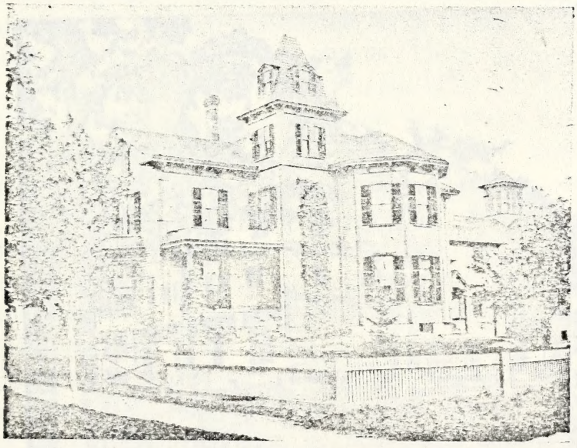
Out here is the deepest part of the lake—a little over 200 feet. Up in the middle of the "Broads" it is from 100 to 150 feet deep. We see many steamers, large and small, the number having increased considerably of late, so that at present there are some sixty boats steaming for business or for pleasure among the pleasant islands. The keel of the first steamer was laid in the year 1830, by a stock company at Lake Village—now Lakeport. She was launched three years later and christened the *Belknap*, for the mountain under the shadow of which she was built. She was a flat-bottomed craft about one hundred feet long, and old timers who remember her say that the racket made by her insufficient engines could be heard for miles. The *Belknap*, under command of Capt. W. A. Sanborn, cruised about the lake when and where she was needed until November of '41, when she was wrecked on what is now called Steamboat island. A number of unsuccessful attempts at raising her were made, but her ribs are still to be seen upon the bottom of the lake.

In '49 the *Lady of the Lake* was launched and made regular trips around the lake with William Walker for her first captain. She was burned in 1867; was immediately rebuilt and has been in constant service ever

since under various commanders,—Eleazer Bickford, Stephen Cole, and Winborn Sanborn. For many years past she has been under command of genial Capt. John S. Wadleigh of Laconia. Last year she was taken out of commission and broken up, and her successor has not yet been built.



Residence of Charles F. Parker, Esq., Wolfeborough.

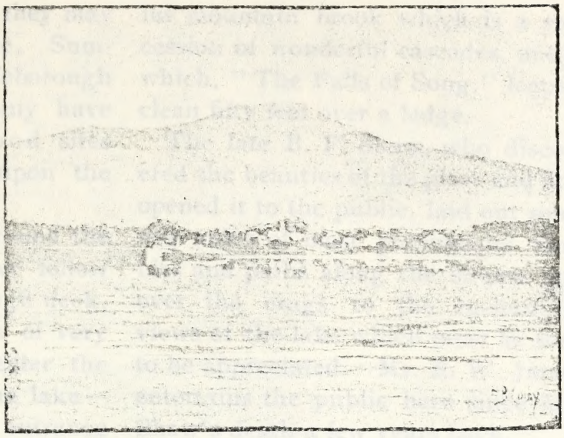


Residence of Mrs. W. H. Jones, Wolfeborough.

In the early '70's the present large and commodious *Mt. Washington* was built, and sailed for many years under the efficient command of Capt. Augustus Wiggin. Capt. H. L. Wentworth commands the *Mount* at present. Our own boat has meanwhile steamed by Barndoor island and up another bay to the landing at Wolfeborough.

This township was first granted as Kingswood October 20, 1737, and its present name was adopted in 1759 in honor of the hero of Quebec. The first recorded use of the town as a summer resort was in 1770 when the then Royal Governor John Wentworth opened his mansion on the shore of Wentworth (now Smith's) pond. Since that time its fame has spread and its popularity increased so that now there is a thriving village with five churches, a splendid free academy, two fine hotels, and innumerable boarding-houses and smaller hotels for the accommodation of the vacationist. "Kingswood Inn," the largest hotel, is a type of hostelry

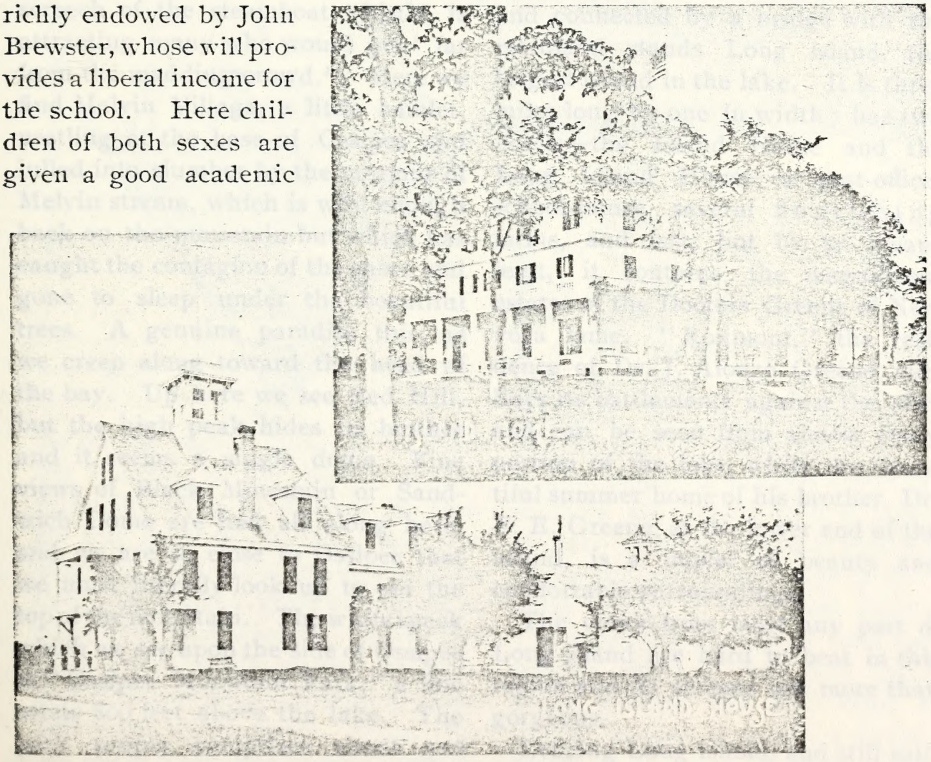
which has made New Hampshire famous these many years. Charmingly situated under graceful, swinging elms, in the midst of a broad domain through whose vistas of trees and shrubs beautiful glimpses of water are seen, "Kingswood" spreads its cooling shade for the comfort of its three hundred guests.



Melvin Village.

"The New Wolfboro" (erstwhile the Glendon) is under the same careful management as the Kingswood, both being in the hands of Landlord C. E. Sleeper, of many years' successful experience.

The Brewster Free Academy, a few steps up the hill, was richly endowed by John Brewster, whose will provides a liberal income for the school. Here children of both sexes are given a good academic course free of charge. The same generous spirit also gave the town a beautiful Memorial hall. There are many manufacturing and commercial enterprises here, but as they have no connec-



Long Island Hotels.



tion with a summer outing they may be reserved for a later article. Summer visitors come to Wolfeborough in large numbers, and many have erected cottages upon good sites along the lake front and upon the surrounding hills.

Continuing our course around the lake from Wolfeborough we follow the contours of Tuftonborough neck, which is adorned with a row of very handsome cottages, and enter the most romantic portion of the lake—Moultonborough bay. The entrance is through a tortuous channel into a land-locked bay which ever opens out before us as we sail along. It constitutes by itself a large lake with numerous islands and its quiet retirement in the shadow of grand old Ossipee, and away from the regular screech of the steamboat whistle, is attracting many who would get "far from the madding crowd." Here we find Melvin Village, a little hamlet, nestling at the base of Ossipee and lulled into slumber by the murmur of Melvin stream, which is wild enough back on the mountain but which has caught the contagion of the shore and gone to sleep under the beautiful trees. A genuine paradise this, as we creep along toward the head of the bay. Up here we see Red Hill, but the high peak hides its brother and it seems a single dome. Fine views of Black Mountain or Sandwich Dome are had all along here, and we are so close to Ossipee that we must literally look up to see the top of the mountain. The white speck which we see upon the side of Ossipee is "Ossipee Mountain Park," a fine estate 800 feet above the lake. The park proper comprises about 500 acres, through which flows a beautiful mountain brook which is a succession of wonderful cascades, one of which, "The Falls of Song," leaps a clean fifty feet over a ledge.

The late B. F. Shaw, who discovered the beauties of the place and first opened it to the public, laid out some five miles of most picturesque rambles and paths along the stream and over the crags to the enchanting views of the lake which must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. S. W. James entertains the public here since Mr. Shaw's death a few years back.

The largest tributary to the lake flows in at the head of this bay,—Red Hill river, rising in the pond of the same name and turning the wheels of several mills before it loses itself in the quiet waters of the bay.

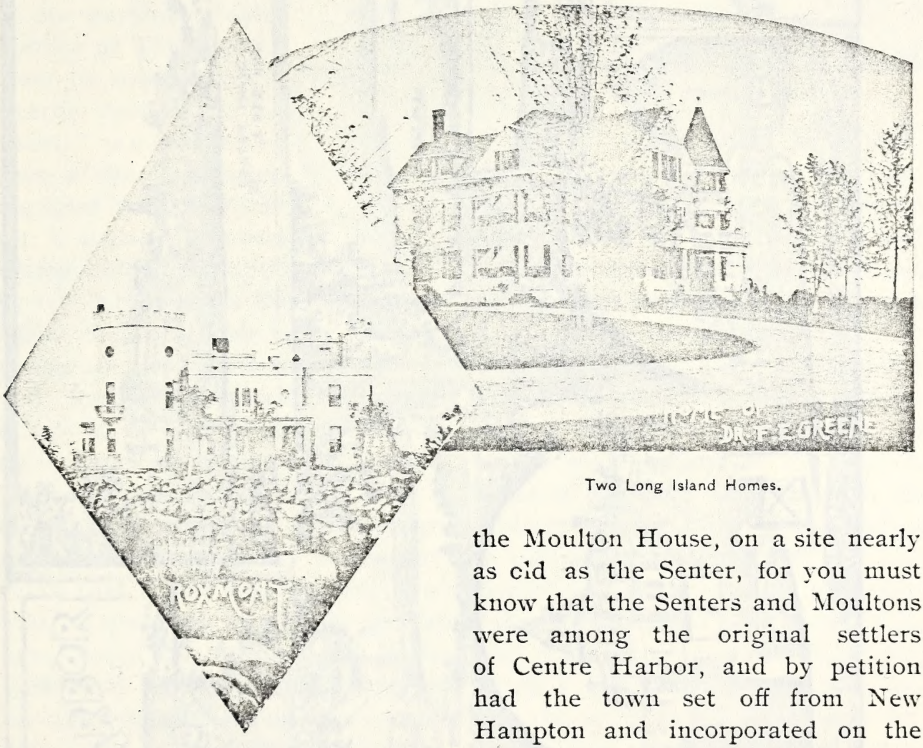
Guarding the entrance to the bay and connected by a bridge with the mainland stands Long island, the largest island in the lake. It is three miles long by one in width; has two hotels—the Island Home and the Long Island House—a post-office, school-house, several flourishing farms, and last, but by no means least, it contains the magnificent estates of the Doctors Greene of Nervura fame. "Roxmont," the residence of Dr. J. Alonzo Greene, outlines its battlements against the sky, and can be seen from almost every portion of the lake, while the beautiful summer home of his brother, Dr. F. E. Greene, at the lower end of the island, is a model of beauty and comfortable surroundings.

The views from most any part of Long island are hard to beat in this region and its sunsets are more than gorgeous.

Leaving Long island, and still sailing up "The Broads," we pass Six

Mile and Five Mile islands on our way to Centre Harbor, which presently appears ahead of us—an amphitheater of hills dotted with beautiful summer homes—and on the plain at the water's edge the little village, following somewhat the curve of the shore, and with a road winding off among the trees in the direction of Red hill, whose twin domes are visible on the right. Straight up from the landing is the Senter House, originally built by Samuel M. Senter way back in the '30's, and who sold it in 1835 to his son-in-law, John Coe, who made a great reputation as a boniface in this house. It was this same John Coe who planted the beautiful elms and maples bordering either side of the village street. About 1852 the house was purchased by James L. Huntress, who added to the laurels won by his predecessor, the house growing larger and more famous each year, until in July, 1887, it was burned to the ground. The present elegant structure was immediately erected across the street from the old site, and, still in possession of the Huntress family, is regarded as the model hotel in this part of the state.

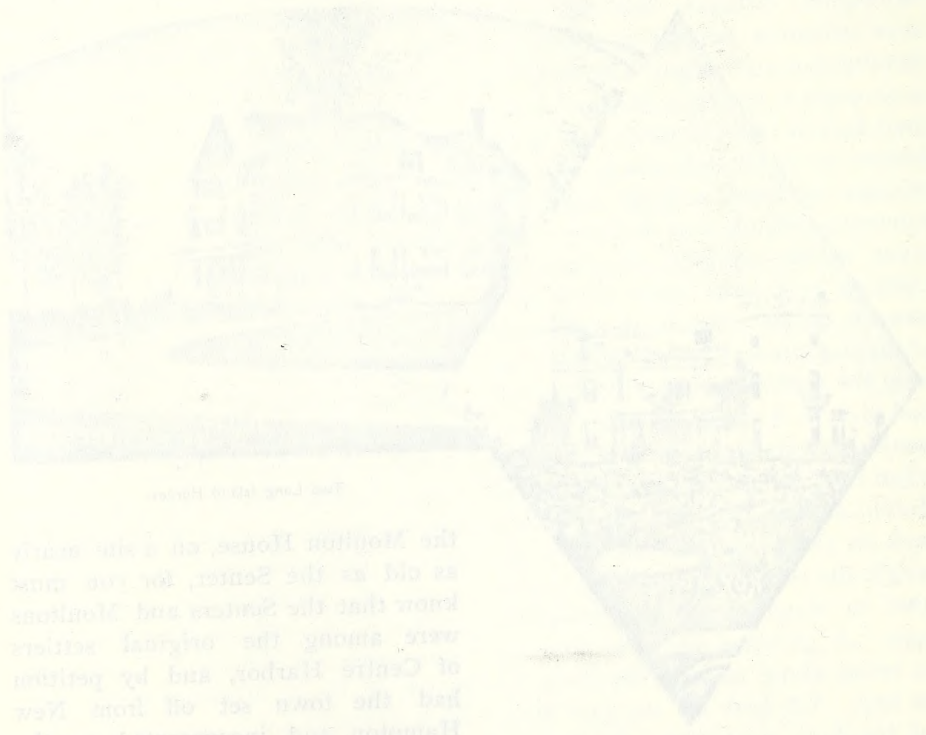
Just beyond is another good hotel,

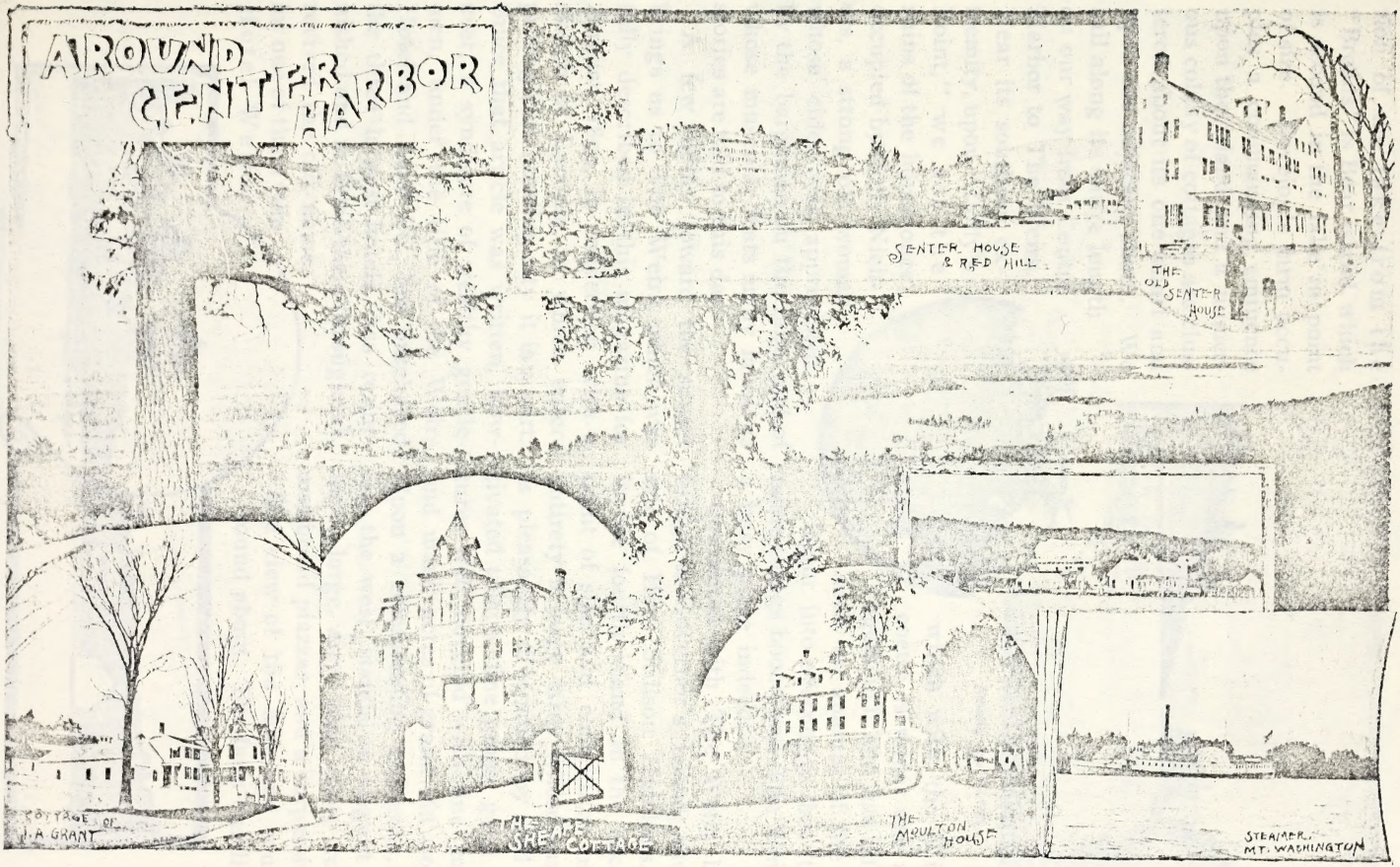


Two Long Island Homes.

the Moulton House, on a site nearly as old as the Senter, for you must know that the Senters and Moultons were among the original settlers of Centre Harbor, and by petition had the town set off from New Hampton and incorporated on the seventeenth of December, 1797. It is now chiefly a summer resort and its hills are dotted with a number of very elegant summer residences whose occupants fully appreciate the quiet beauty of this ideal location. The shores of the harbor have many smaller cottages, but they are all smart looking and well kept, and Centre Harbor is almost a world to itself.

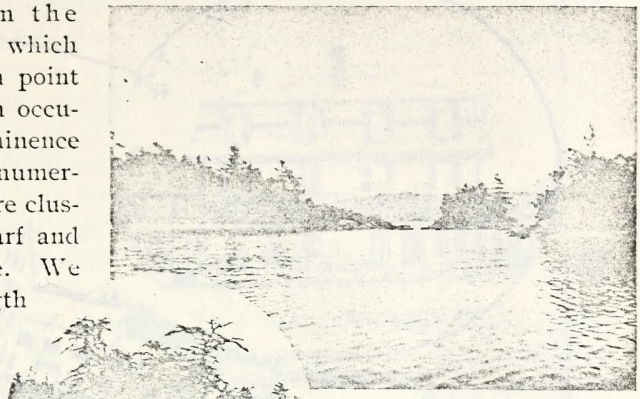
Guarding the entrance to this por-




AROUND CENTER HARBOR
CENTER HOUSE & RED HILL
THE OLD CENTER HOUSE
COTTAGE OF J. A GRANT
THE SHEAFE COTTAGE
THE MOULTON HOUSE
STEAMER MT. WASHINGTON

ČESKOSLOVENSKÝ SBOR

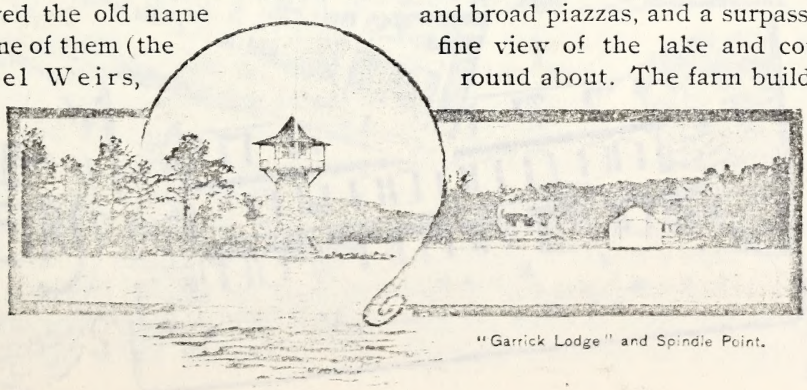
tion of the lake from the "Broads" is Bear island, which is second in the lake in point of size. Lovejoy's farm occupies a commanding eminence upon the island and a numerous colony of cottages are clustered about its one wharf and upon the adjacent shore. We sail along its entire length on our way from Centre Harbor to The Weirs. Near its southern extremity, upon "Dolly's Point," we see the ruins of the house once occupied by Dolly Nichols, a strong old woman, whose cider was appreciated by the bargemen on the lake, and of whose muscular feats many fabulous stories are told to this day.



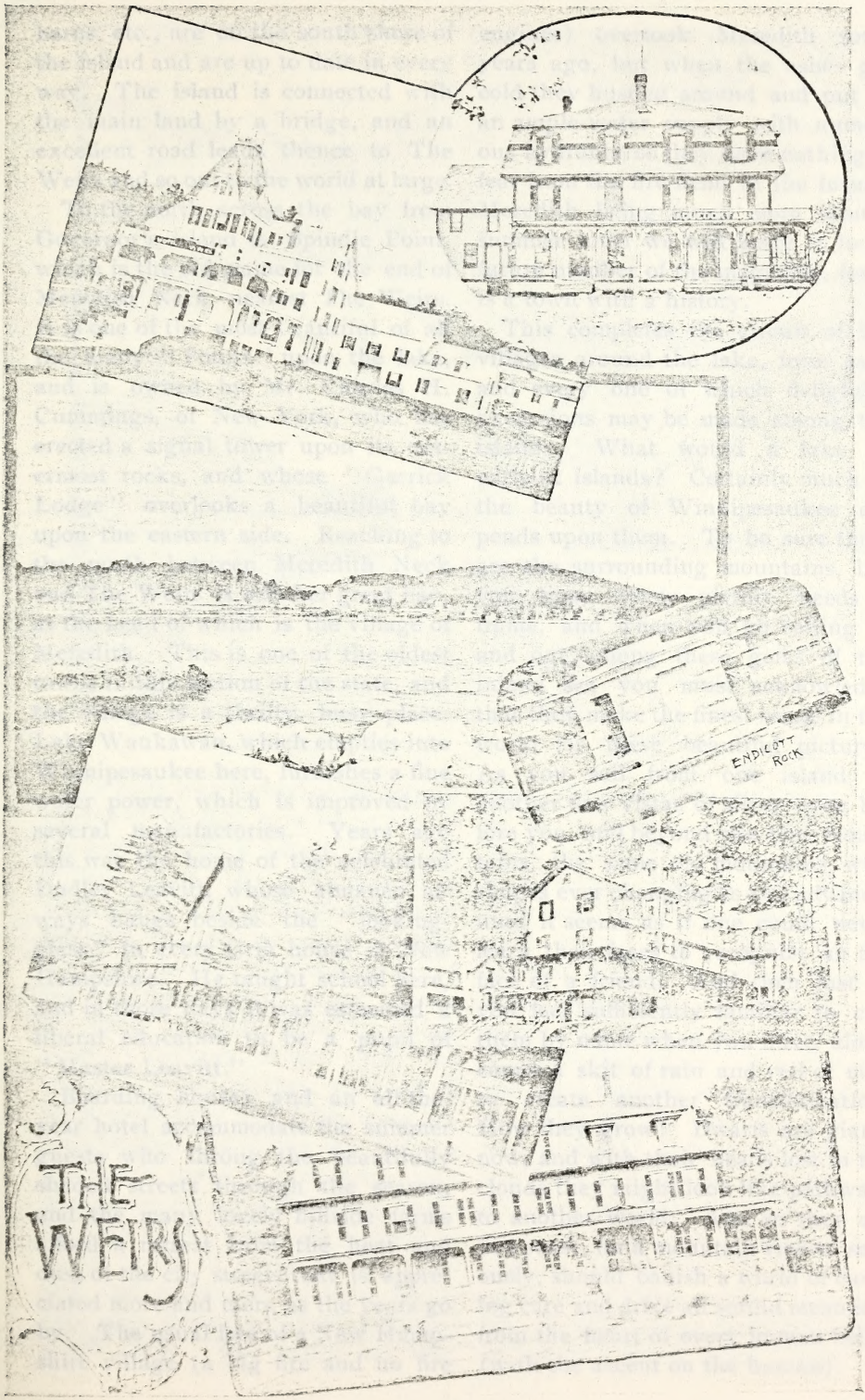
Among the Forties.

A few miles toward the sunset brings us to The Weirs, which was fully described in this magazine for August, 1894, in connection with a sketch of Laconia, of which enterprising and hustling city it is a part. Since that article was written, however, a syndicate of wealthy gentlemen, under the title of the Weirs Hotel and Land Co., has purchased the three largest hotels, has re-furnished and re-fitted them throughout, revived the old name for one of them (the Hotel Weirs, which with the Winnecoette is under one management), and has infused such an amount of life and vigor into everybody that it has made things boom, and The Weirs is a busy place indeed.

Connected with The Weirs by a bridge is Governor's Island, the estate of Hon. Stillson Hutchins. It is the fourth island in the lake in point of size and constitutes in its entirety a large farm whose surface is pleasantly diversified by well cultivated tillage, fine grass, good pastures well covered with fine cattle, and many acres of grand old woods. Upon a commanding eminence, facing the west, stands an elegant cottage; large, airy, with many rooms and broad piazzas, and a surpassingly fine view of the lake and country round about. The farm buildings,



"Garrick Lodge" and Spindle Point.

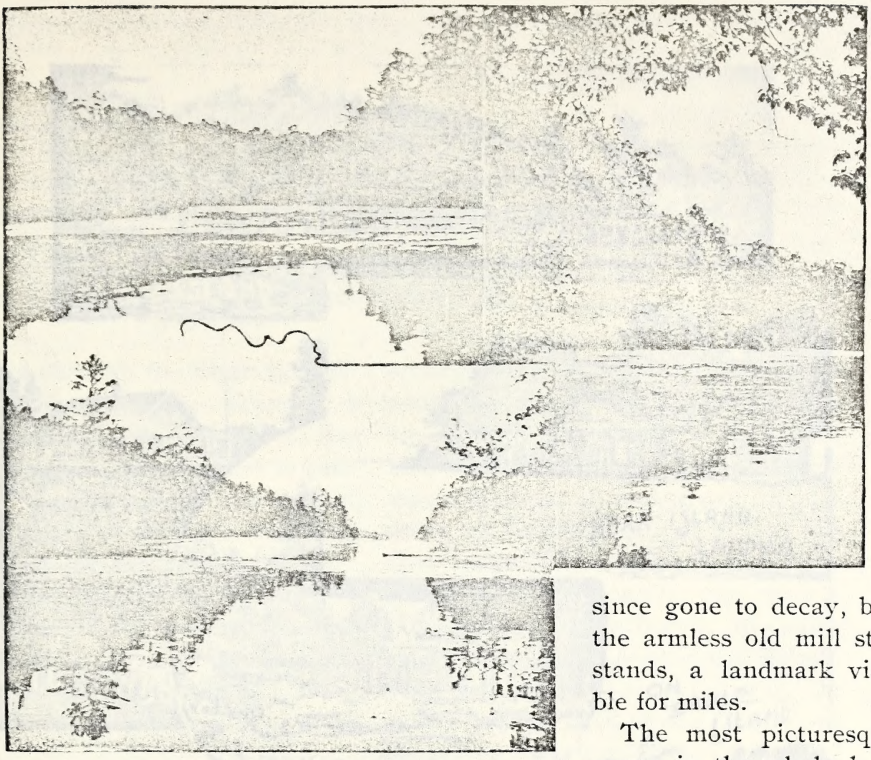

ENDICOTT ROCK
THE WEIRS

barns, etc., are on the south shore of the island and are up to date in every way. The island is connected with the main land by a bridge, and an excellent road leads thence to The Weirs and so out to the world at large.

To the north across the bay from Governor's island is Spindle Point, which is the old name for the end of Meredith Neck nearest The Weirs. It is one of the most beautiful of all the many "Points" upon the lake, and is owned by Mr. Charles H. Cummings, of New York, who has erected a signal tower upon its outermost rocks, and whose "Garrick Lodge" overlooks a beautiful bay upon the eastern side. Reaching to the north between Meredith Neck and The Weirs is another great bay, at the head of which is the village of Meredith. This is one of the oldest towns in this section of the state, and the village is a thrifty, busy place. Lake Waukawan, which empties into Winnipesaukee here, furnishes a fine water power, which is improved by several manufactories. Years ago this was the home of the celebrated Dudley Leavitt, whose almanac always hangs beside the "looking-glass" in every farm house in New Hampshire. He taught school here, and in those days it was esteemed a liberal education to be a pupil of "Master Leavitt."

Boarding houses and an all-the-year hotel accommodate the summer guests who throng the beautifully shaded streets through the season, and the many lovely hillside farms afford a retreat from the heat and dust of the city streets that is appreciated more and more as the years go by. The usual fate of a New Hampshire village (a big fire and no fire engines) overtook Meredith some years ago, but when the ashes got cold they hustled around and put in an ample water supply with numerous hydrants, so they have nothing to fear from the fire fiend in the future. Meredith being much more than a summer town we will leave it for a future number of the magazine, for it is a town with a history.

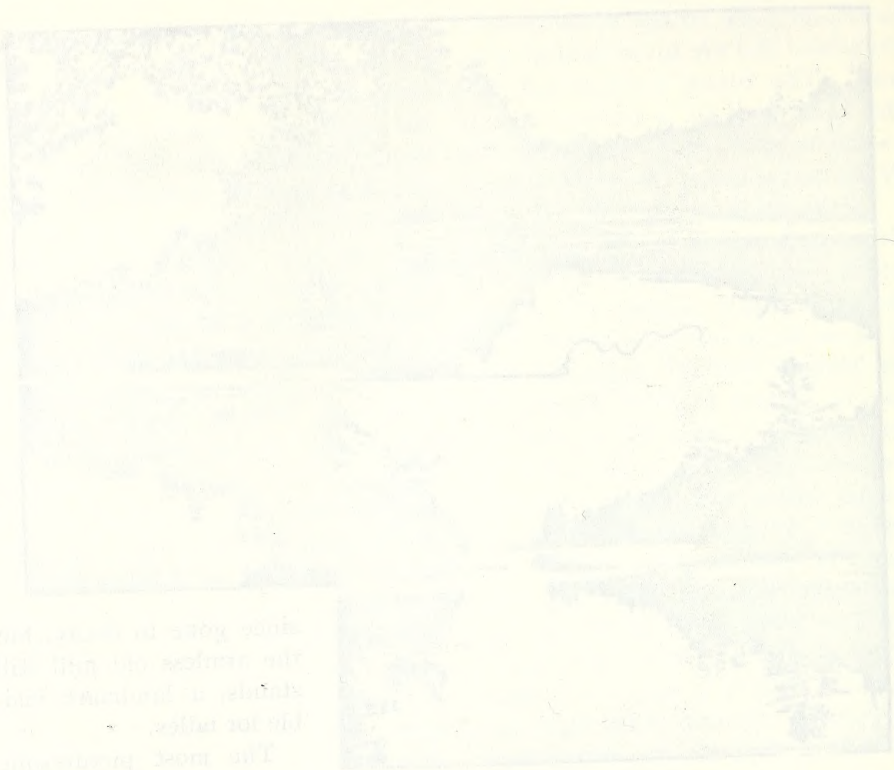
This completes the circuit of the villages around the lake, from each and every one of which delightful excursions may be made among the islands. What would a lake be without islands? Certainly much of the beauty of Winnipesaukee depends upon them. To be sure there are the surrounding mountains, but you know every picture needs a frame, and when you go sailing in and out among these gems of the inland sea you must acknowledge that they make the finest frame in the world for these beautiful pictures. As you sail from one island to another new vistas of silver open before you, and beyond rise blue mountains, the same old mountains, with shapes ever changing as you advance, until it seems as if one could never learn their faces to recognize as the face of a friend. And then just as you feel sufficiently familiar to call them by name when you meet, along comes a skit of rain and veil of mist to create another transformation. How they grow! Dwarfs are giants now, and with their heads lost in the clouds they might look like pathways to another world. And so they are in a sense, for a mountain viewed seriously, should banish a world of carking care and drive all sordid meanness from the heart of every human being (with the accent on the human).

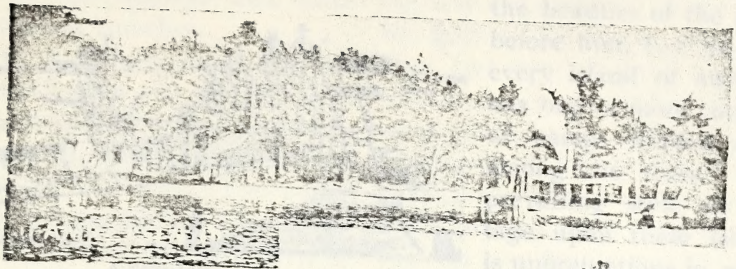


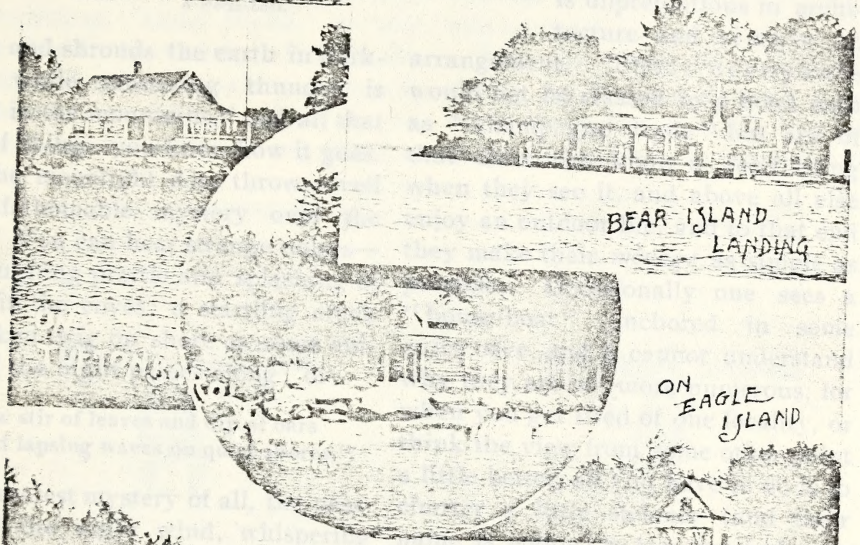
Along the South Shore.

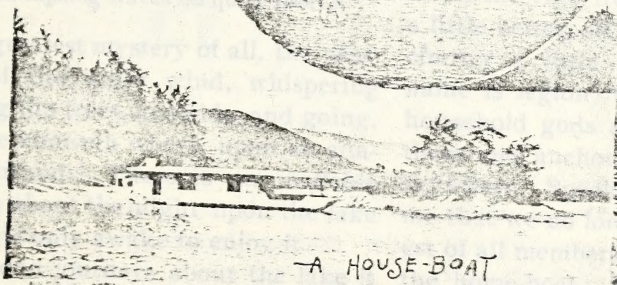
We have seen several of the largest islands of the lake, now let us ascend the highest—Mark island, just south of Bear island. Its rocky summit is some one hundred and fifty feet above the lake, and from its central location is well adapted to give one the lay of the land hereabouts. Sixty islands are easily identified from this standpoint. Looking down upon the islands one notices that, while all of them are fringed with trees, some are well wooded and others are bare in the centre, many of them being used as pastures for cattle and sheep, notably Cow island, whose old windmill is visible south of Long island. The mill and accompanying farm buildings were framed by Paul Pillsbury about 1812. The house has long since gone to decay, but the armless old mill still stands, a landmark visible for miles.

The most picturesque group in the whole lake is known as "The Forties;" they are next south of us, and as we look down upon them from Mark island they seem little more than rocks. But go down among them and you will feel the enchantment of the place. Stand on the beach in front of the cottage on Camp island and look out through the crooked old trees (with their festoons of moss) that adorn "The Forties" and see a thunder storm sweep down the sides of Mt. Belknap and out across the lake, lashing the "Broads" into foam as it passes, and then say if it were not worth the waiting. The glory of a moonlit night out here beggars description. It always reminds me of those novels I read as a boy, the kind where the villain comes on just as a heavy cloud "hides the

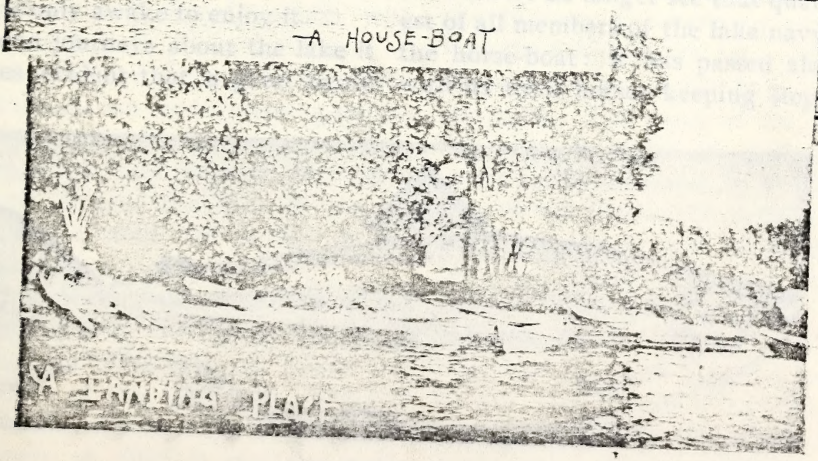




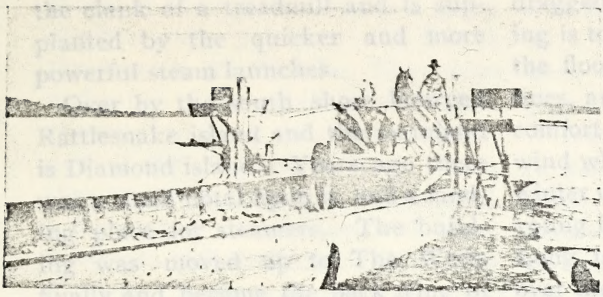




A HOUSE-BOAT







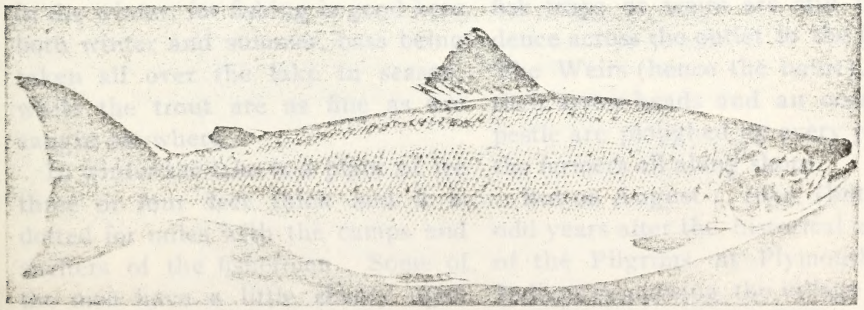
A Horse-boat.

moon and shrouds the earth in darkness, while muttering thunder is heard in the mountains," and all that sort of thing—you know how it goes. But the moonlight does throw a veil of unfathomable mystery over the lake. You can hear strange noises—the laughing prattle and splashing of loons in the coves; a startling crack of broken twig on shore as some animal of the night passes along; or

> "Low stir of leaves and dip of oars
> And lapsing waves on quiet shores,"

and, greatest mystery of all, the passing of the night wind, whispering among the trees, invisible, and going, no one knoweth where, upon an aimless errand. There is an ineffable charm about the night upon the lake if one is only awake to enjoy it.

As one journeys about the lake it becomes evident that a great many people have discovered the beauties of the place before him, for nearly every island of any size has one or more cottages or camps hidden away among the trees. The prevailing style of cottage upon these islands is unpretentious in architecture and simple in arrangement. Their occupants would not be classed by a hotel man as "champagne trade" but are of that class who know a good thing when they see it, and above all else enjoy an outdoor life, and to that end they make their *ménage* as simple as possible. Occasionally one sees a "house-boat" anchored in some quiet cove, and I cannot understand why they are not more numerous, for when you get tired of one locality, or think the view from some other point a little better, all you have to do is to charter a little steamer (and their name is legion) to tow you and your household gods and youngsters over there and anchor again and so on *ad infinitum*. Speaking of boats reminds me that we no longer see that quaintest of all members of the lake navy—the horse-boat: it has passed along with its tired horses keeping step to



A Winnipesaukee Trout.



the clank of a treadmill and is supplanted by the quicker and more powerful steam launches.

Over by the south shore between Rattlesnake island and the mainland is Diamond island. Years ago there was a small hotel upon it, and a landing place for steamers. The building was moved up to The Weirs finally and became the back wing of the present "Hotel Weirs," so now the island is deserted—left to the rattlesnakes that are said to swim over from their own island. Away up the south shore near Governor's island is





"Glendale," a settlement of Laconia families, Hon. S. S. Jewett, G. A. Sanders, and several others with more to follow.

Many of the cottages on the different islands are used by fishing parties in the winter, for fishing is good here both winter and summer, bass being taken all over the lake in season, while the trout are as fine as are caught anywhere.

In winter the lake is a plain of ice three or four feet thick and it is dotted for miles with the camps and shelters of the fishermen. Some of the men have a little shanty upon runners so that it may be easily dragged about, and their way of fishing is to cut a hole in the ice forming the floor of the house, drop in the lines, and then sit down and wait in comfort, well sheltered from the biting wind which sweeps across the lake in winter without let or hindrance. The young folks have frequent dances on Long island, merry parties driving over the lake from every direction for miles around.

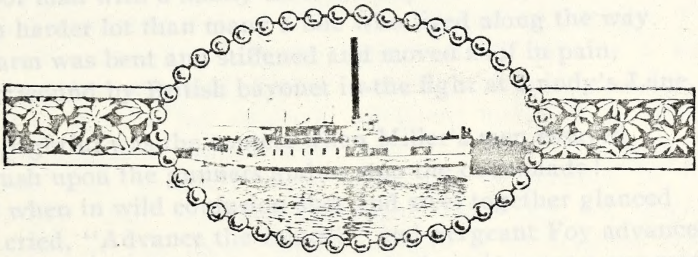
This lake and its surrounding shores are historic ground. Ages before the Indian's day the cold hand of the glacier wrote in indelible characters the history of nature upon the rocky mountain sides. Then came the Indians in swarming tribes to take the fish from the lake, and incidentally a few scalps from unwary strangers. The ruins of the Indian fish traps or weirs are still in evidence across the outlet to the lake at The Weirs (hence the name), while their arrow heads and an occasional pestle are ploughed up every year by the farmers all along shore.

But on August 1, 1652, (but thirty odd years after the historical landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth) the Indians composing the village at the outlet saw a strange sight upon the

shores of their lake. It was a party of white men—palefaces—the first of their race to see the lake. They were emissaries of the governor of Massachusetts, seeking the most northern part of the Merrimack river, which they located at this point, and marked a big rock in the channel with their initials as well as those of Gov. John Endicott, in whose memory the rock has since been named.

The lake country was the scene of the famous warfare between Massachusetts and the "Masonian Proprietors" whose names by this time are familiar to readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY'S town histories. The litigation lasted many years, and, though prosecuted with great bitterness by both sides, was finally settled by a compromise, and its story has been most interestingly told in the pages of this magazine by Mr. Moses.

Every season witnesses the arrival of palefaces now—faces pale indeed when they reach these shores, but after their outing among the islands and upon the sparkling waters they are brown again almost as the original owners, and they return to business at the end of it all with bodies invigorated and strengthened, and brain refreshed and filled with new ideas of the breadth of things. And next year they come back and bring their friends, and so Mother Nature continues the good work of broadening the lives of her children.



The "Lady of the Lake."

MOONLIGHT ON THE UNCANOONUCS.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

How soft the moonlight falls upon each crest
Of our loved mountains—in a limpid sheen
Of silvered gold they lie and seem to dream
Like tired children on their mother's breast.
The kingly pines uplift their emerald crowns,
The beech leaves rustle in the fitful gale;
And swaying branches cross each moonlit dale,
The while I muse a fox's shrill bark sounds
Within the woods and slowly dies away.
Ah, this is night! and such a night as this,
Thrilled by the rapture of the moon's soft kiss,
It almost seems as glorious as day.
Our mountains dream: the moonlight's mellow bliss
Fades out and morning streaks the sky with gray.



AT LUNDY'S LANE.

By Mary H. Wheeler.

Col. Joseph Cilley of Nottingham, in describing the Battle of Lundy's Lane, said: "During one of the several contests the line was falling back with the exception of my company, and I commanded Sergeant Foy to advance with the colors. He obeyed and the retreat was stopped. I knew Sergeant Joseph Foy to be a very reliable man. He was detailed from my company and came from Barnstead."

A gnarled and twisted apple tree beyond a pasture wall,
A hollow overgrown with weeds that stand up rank and tall,
The stones that walled a cellar once, now mossed and lichened o'er,
A wide, flat rock that used to form the threshold of a door,

And that is all remaining now where once, not long ago,
There was a roof, a house, a home, a hearthstone all aglow.
And in that home, in joy, in grief, in pleasure and in pain,
Dwelt one who bore our colors in the fight at Lundy's Lane.

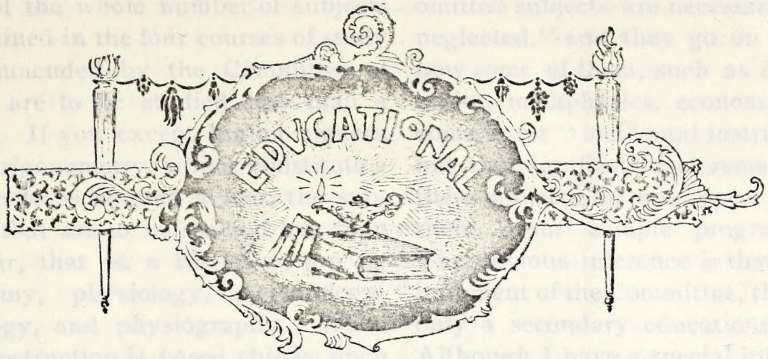
A poor man with a family he toiled day after day
With harder lot than many a one who lived along the way.
His arm was bent and stiffened and moved as if in pain,
From wound by British bayonet in the fight at Lundy's Lane.

Ah, frightful was the contest when Miller's men essayed
To rush upon the gunners and to stop the cannonade!
And when in wild confusion shot and steel together glanced
One cried, "Advance the colors!" and Sergeant Foy advanced,
And comrades rallied round him and, though many a one was slain,
They took the British cannon in the fight at Lundy's Lane.

In times of peace forgotten are the men who faced the foe.
The hero is the general, for history tells us so,
While men as faithful and as brave go their respective ways
With none to tell their merit and with none to speak their praise.

This man grew sick and when he lay upon his dying bed
What thoughts and errant fancies were coursing through his head!
He saw the lightning flashing and he heard Niagara's roar,
The tramp of men behind him and the blazing guns before,
And he clutched the clothes above him with an iron grasp again,
As if he held the colors and was still at Lundy's Lane.

But when he died no bells were tolled nor solemn dirges sung,
No flag was draped about him and none at half mast hung;
But sympathetic neighbors joined the sombre funeral train
Of him who bore our colors in the fight at Lundy's Lane.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE CURRICULUM OF A SMALL HIGH SCHOOL.[1]

[CONTINUED.]

By Edward J. Goodwin.

It is believed that the same proposition can be maintained when presented from the point of view of the school and the community which the school serves. It is manifestly better for a youth to study a few subjects with a good degree of fulness and thoroughness, than to study many subjects briefly and superficially. The Committee of Ten report upon this point with no uncertainty. On page 41 they say: "The fundamental conception of all the conferences" was "that all the subjects which make part of the secondary school course should be taught consecutively enough and extensively enough to make every subject yield that training which it is best fitted to yield." Again on page 42 they say: "It is essential that each principal subject shall be taught thoroughly and extensively." "If in a secondary school Latin is steadily pursued for four years, that subject will be worth more to the pupil than the sum of half a dozen other subjects, each of which has one sixth of the time allotted to Latin." "If every subject is to provide a substantial mental training, it must have a time-allotment sufficient to produce that fruit." I know of nothing more fundamental or valuable in the whole report than this. It disposes in a sentence of all sciences that can be taught in "14 weeks," and throws overboard without ceremony all subjects that are studied only or mainly for information. Subjects that yield interesting and valuable information, but a small measure of training, may be maintained as luxuries in large and well-manned high schools, but should be rigorously excluded from the small schools. In a limited curriculum only those subjects should be admitted, that afford information *and training*, since training is, to say the least, the equal of information, as a factor in education.

It is interesting to note that only a

[1] Paper read before High School Institute, Concord, N. H., by Edward J. Goodwin, principal high school, Newton, Mass., and published in *School Review* May, 1895.



few of the whole number of subjects contained in the four courses of study recommended by the Committee of Ten, are to be studied less than a year. If you except higher algebra and trigonometry, which constitute a group to be studied a year, the subjects that are to be studied less than a year, that is, a half year, are astronomy, physiology, meteorology, geology, and physiography. When the instruction is based chiefly upon the text-book, these five subjects just mentioned may also be classed with studies that are pursued for the sake of information, and should not be admitted into the programme of studies of the small high school. The objection to them is removed, of course, if the teacher has had special training in them, and is prepared to direct his instruction "quite as much towards a training in the methods of logical investigation, as towards imparting information." For obvious reasons, "anatomy, physiology, and hygiene" may be rated as an exception to the general law just laid down, if they have not been studied in the grammar school.

In the four sample programmes found in table IV of the report of the Committee of Ten, it is instructive to observe that several subjects, which often have a prominent place in the high school curriculum, do not appear. What are the subjects that have been discarded by these famous decemviri? They are civil government, political economy, psychology, ethics, logic, drawing, music, elocution, book-keeping, commercial arithmetic, and commercial law. To be sure, they say by way of apology for such seeming disrespect, that "it must not be supposed that the omitted subjects are necessarily to be neglected," and they go on to show how some of them, such as drawing, ethics, metaphysics, economics, etc., come in for "incidental instruction;" but the significant fact remains that these subjects do not appear at all in their "four sample programmes." The obvious inference is that, in the judgment of the Committee, they have only a secondary educational value. Although I have a special interest in some of these discarded subjects, yet I believe that the Committee of Ten were wise in their decision to exclude them from their sample programmes.

President Eliot said in one of his lectures before the Lowell Institute a year or two ago, that modern education is characterized more and more by the efforts that are made to develop the power to do as well as to know, the power to apply what one knows to new problems and new conditions. In reading a foreign language without a vocabulary, in solving fresh problems in algebra, in working out original demonstrations of propositions in geometry, in making observations and inferences in the field or laboratory, in applying the canons of criticism to the masterpieces of literature, and in writing out one's thoughts clearly and logically we have good illustrations of the processes by which the pupil develops power while he acquires new knowledge and culture. Studies which develop the power to do as well as power to know should, without question, have the precedence in making up a curriculum in which the number of subjects to be taught is to be rigidly restricted.

We now approach the most perplexing problem of this whole discus-

sion. Should the high school that has only two or three teachers attempt to prepare boys and girls for college? There are weighty reasons both pro and con. It must of course be recognized at the outset, to use the words of the Committee of Ten, that "the secondary schools of the United States do not exist for the purpose of preparing girls and boys for college." And yet, there are benefits, both direct and indirect, that can come to a village high school in no other way.

In the first place it brings the teachers into contact with the college, a contact that generates both heat and light, inspiration and guidance. When a teacher's work is to be tested by the examination of a college expert, or by the proficiency in study of pupils from his school who have been admitted to college by certificate, he looks about himself as never before. He now plans his work with his utmost care and skill, scrutinizes every method to ascertain its efficacy, directs his pupils' efforts along the lines that are most productive, and stimulates them to their best efforts that they may win honor for themselves and distinction for the school; in short, he leaves no stone unturned to make his work sound and successful. The good results of these activities of the teacher are felt in a large degree by all the school. It may be urged that clearsighted and honorable men and women will do their best for a school without the aid of any such stimulus, but any man of experience in the management of schools recognizes at once the unsoundness of this statement.

Again there are a few superior boys and girls in every village that may be saved to the higher education and prepared for careers of larger usefulness, if the local high school furnishes an incentive and a preparation for it without expense.

And again, if the village high school does not prepare its pupils for college, the brightest and most ambitious boys and girls are frequently withdrawn and sent away to other schools. This alienates the patronage and, naturally, the sympathetic support of the most influential families of the community and deprives the school of its natural leaders, girls and boys who have inherited intellectual and studious tendencies, and whose attendance would establish the confidence of the community in the school, and exercise a beneficent influence upon other pupils who may be less richly endowed and less aspiring.

Furthermore, to be able to send boys and girls directly from the local high school to college is a source of gratification to any community, and this reacts to the advantage of the school, especially when the graduates return from college and take their places as men and women among those who patronize and support the school.

On the contrary, as I have said, there are weighty reasons why the small high school should not expend its valuable time and strength upon a curriculum designed primarily for pupils preparing for college. The greatest good to the greatest number is quite generally recognized as a sound policy in the management of public schools. If there be one curriculum containing Greek for the few who prepare for college, and another for the many who do not, even if the

two curricula are identical in several important subjects, justice cannot be done to the many while so much attention is given to the few.

Notwithstanding the great advantages incident to maintaining a successful college-preparatory course, there are other and, I believe, greater advantages, both to the community and teacher, to be derived from a carefully planned and well sustained general course. The possibilities in this direction are very great and may well excite the ambition of any teacher, or enlist the enthusiastic support of an intelligent school committee.

Take for instance the study of English, using the word in its broad sense to include the language, the literature, and practice in composition. In each of the four sample programmes presented by the Committee of Ten there is a four years' course in English. What an opportunity for a teacher who has a wide acquaintance with good literature and knows how to teach it! The intellectual stimulus and moral inspiration that can be given to a school, and, through a school, to a community, by imparting to high school girls and boys a genuine and lasting interest in good literature, are well worthy of the consecrated efforts of the most devoted teacher. So, too, in directing pupils' efforts in English composition, the wise efforts of the faithful teacher, like the seed that falls on good ground, "bring forth fruit, some thirty, some sixy, and some an hundred fold."

History, too, is made quite prominent in the sample programmes just mentioned. In three of them it appears as a three years' course, and in the English programme, as a four years' course. The great educational value of the proper study of history in the secondary school is more highly appreciated every year, and the methods of teaching it are improving with great rapidity. No study can be made more fascinating, and none is more useful in training young men to meet their responsibilities as intelligent citizens of a free state. To collect a working library of historical works so that pupils may to some extent have access to original and authentic sources of information; to make a series of suggestive topics that shall comprehensively cover the periods to be studied; to be well enough informed to indicate to pupils the best and various sources of information on important historical epochs; to be able in dealing with historical data to cultivate the pupil's power of careful and systematic inquiry, and to establish in him the habit of logical inductive and deductive reasoning, to do all this with wisdom and enthusiasm for a whole school is just as creditable and quite as productive of good to the community, as to teach Greek to two or three girls and boys.

Likewise in physics and chemistry there are possibilities of effective training in quantitative laboratory work that must be abandoned, if the teacher's attention is absorbed in maintaining the traditional college-preparatory course. How much this laboratory work has improved in value during the last seven years under the leadership of Harvard college need not be recited here. There are reasons for believing that this more accurate, and therefore more effective, method of quantitative ex-

perimentation in the laboratory will soon displace a part, at least, of the less accurate and therefore less valuable qualitative laboratory work that now quite generally prevails. A young man just entering upon his career as a teacher would make no mistake for himself or for the community which he serves, if he should enter upon this new scheme of school work with a view of demonstrating its full value as an instrument of education. The idea to be emphasized is this: Such desirable possibilities as have been instanced in the departments of English, history, and science, that may accrue if the whole strength of the teachers be spent in developing one first-class general course, must be relinquished, if Greek and the higher mathematics comprise a part of the curriculum, and if the best efforts of the teachers be given to preparing pupils for college. I must not be understood as decrying the study of Greek. Far from if. As an instrument of culture the Greek language has no superior. As a means of interpreting the phenomena of modern civilization and correcting its evil tendencies, Grecian philosophy and Grecian history are well-nigh indispensable. But, in a secondary school of only two or three teachers, that which appears to be a good thing for the few, must sometimes be sacrificed for what is really the greatest good of the many.

The main propositions that I have tried to support thus far in this discussion are chiefly negative in their character, and may be briefly expressed as follows: The course of study of a small high school having only two or three teachers, should contain a minimum number of subjects of study; should exclude all studies that are pursued mainly for information; should admit but few, if any, short courses; should bar out Greek and the higher mathematics, and should be framed primarily in the interests of the many and not for the few that go to college.

When we turn to the affirmative side of this question, and attempt to show just what studies should be admitted to such a curriculum, where each should be placed, and to what extent each should be pursued, fixing at the same time the number of exercises per week, we not only enter upon the discussion of a subject about which wise men disagree, but also of one that involves the greatest perplexities and uncertainties. In such a dilemma we may wisely and confidently follow the lead of the Committee of Ten. Their four "sample programmes" represent the mature outcome of all their investigation, thought, and discussion, and are well worthy of careful analysis and comparison. The first of the four is the so-called "classical course" containing Greek, and must therefore be set aside. The third programme is characterized by the large amount of time given to German and French, and for this reason would not generally be acceptable to New England people. Having rejected the first and third, our choice lies between the second, the "Latin Scientific," and the fourth, the "English." That the Committee believes the English course to be inferior to the Latin Scientific is evident from the following excerpt from the report: The Committee "desired to affirm explicitly their unanimous opinion that the two programmes called re-

spectively Modern Languages and English must in practice be distinctly inferior to the other two." The English course contemplates the formation of classes in Latin, French, or German, prescribes trigonometry and higher algebra with no alternative, and gives one fourth more time to English and one half more time to history than is demanded in the Latin Scientific course. If the English programme were preferred, it would have to be cut down to much smaller proportions, and then would not differ essentially from the Latin Scientific course, except that two foreign languages, Latin and German or French, are prescribed for the latter. This fact alone makes me hesitate to pronounce in favor of the Latin Scientific course. Is it practicable to attempt to require every pupil in the school to study two foreign languages? If this question can be answered in the affirmative, I shall not hesitate to declare the Latin Scientific to be the most satisfactory general course that I have ever seen in print. Of course a school having only two teachers, can not afford the costly luxury of providing twenty exercises a week for its pupils, as recommended by the Committee of Ten; the number must be reduced to fifteen. If there were three strong teachers in the school, possibly the Latin Scientific course might stand intact, with the proviso that some of the subjects be rated as electives. But for a school of two teachers, it seems necessary to exclude from the Latin Scientific course physical geography, botany or zoology, astronomy, and meteorology, trigonometry and higher algebra, geology and physiography, and to reduce somewhat the amount of time given to history and English. Abridged in this manner the Latin Scientific programme of studies would stand as follows:

FIRST YEAR.		SECOND YEAR.	
Latin,	5 p.	Latin,	5 p.
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History,	3 p.	Physics,	3 p.
	15		15

THIRD YEAR.		FOURTH YEAR.	
Latin,	4 p.	Latin,	4 p.
English,	3 p.	English,	2 p.
German or French,	4 p.	German or French,	3 p.
Algebra,	2 p.	Chemistry,	3 p.
Geometry,	2 p.	History,	3 p.
	15		15

This scheme would provide an excellent general course, and at the same time would enable the school to prepare boys for the course of study at Dartmouth college leading to the degrees of B. L. and B. S.; a course leading to the degree of A. B. at Williams college; a course leading to the degree of B. S. at Amherst college; courses leading to the degrees of Ph. B., C. E., and M. E. at Brown University; and a course at Wesleyan University leading to the degree of Ph. B. In like manner girls may be prepared to enter upon courses of study leading to the degree of A. B. at Vassar and Wellesley; and courses leading to the degree of B. L. at Smith and Mount Holyoke.

On account of the modifications in college requirements for admission, made during the last three or four years, a fairly comprehensive or satisfactory general course may be an acceptable college-preparatory course. The time has happily come when a small high school can retain all the great benefits to be derived from preparing girls and boys for college, and at the same time devote all the resources of the school to the training and culture of those who are graduated from the high school to enter immediately upon the duties of active life.

NECROLOGY.

REV. LEWIS H. REID.

Rev. Lewis H. Reid, D. D., was born at Charlestown, March 2, 1825, and died at Hartford, Conn., July 8. He studied for the ministry at Yale college and Union Theological seminary, graduating from the latter institution in 1850. He preached at Fayetteville, N. Y., where he succeeded the father of President Cleveland, and where the son was his parishioner, at Syracuse, N. Y., and at Chicago. During the past fifteen years he had devoted most of his time to educational work.

ALONZO R. DINSMORE.

Alonzo R. Dinsmore, who died at Laconia, July 4, was born at Dunbarton June 30, 1809. He was a successful inventor and a well-known man throughout the state. During his early life he was toll gatherer at the first bridge thrown across the Merrimack river at Manchester.

MRS. MARY E. ADAMS.

Mrs. Mary E. Adams, a member of the old Senter family, and a lineal descendant of Hannah Dustin, died in Dorchester, Mass., July 12, at the age of ninety years. One of her sons is Charles Follen Adams, "Yawcob Strauss."

WASHINGTON PERKINS.

Washington Perkins, one of Londonderry's wealthiest and best known citizens, died in that town July 11, at the age of seventy years. He served in the Fifteenth N. H. Vols. during the war, represented his town in the legislature, and was for many years one of its selectmen.

EDITH S. DOLE.

Miss Edith Smith Dole, who contributed the poem "Just for To-day" to the April GRANITE MONTHLY, died at Manchester June 30. She was born in Vassalboro, Me., twenty-six years ago, and had been for three years a successful teacher in the public schools of Manchester. Her literary work, but just begun, was full of promise.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—The cuts accompanying the article upon North Conway in the July number were from photographs by T. E. M., and Mrs. G. F., White.


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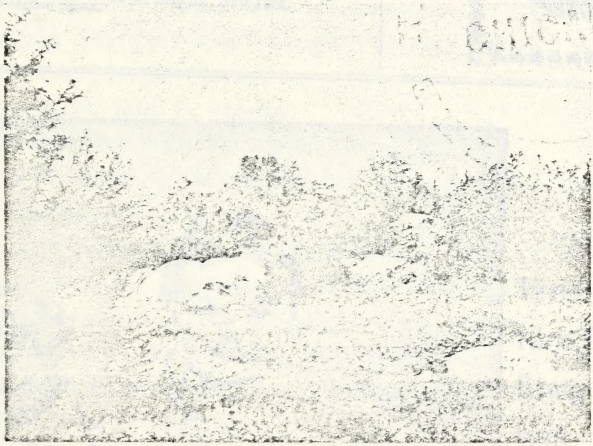
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Volume XIX SEPTEMBER Number 3

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



CHOCORUA.

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The October GRANITE MONTHLY will present as its leading article a profusely illustrated sketch of FARMINGTON by the well known writer,

MRS. ADELAIDE CILLEY WALDRON.

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THE ORANGE MANTLE

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

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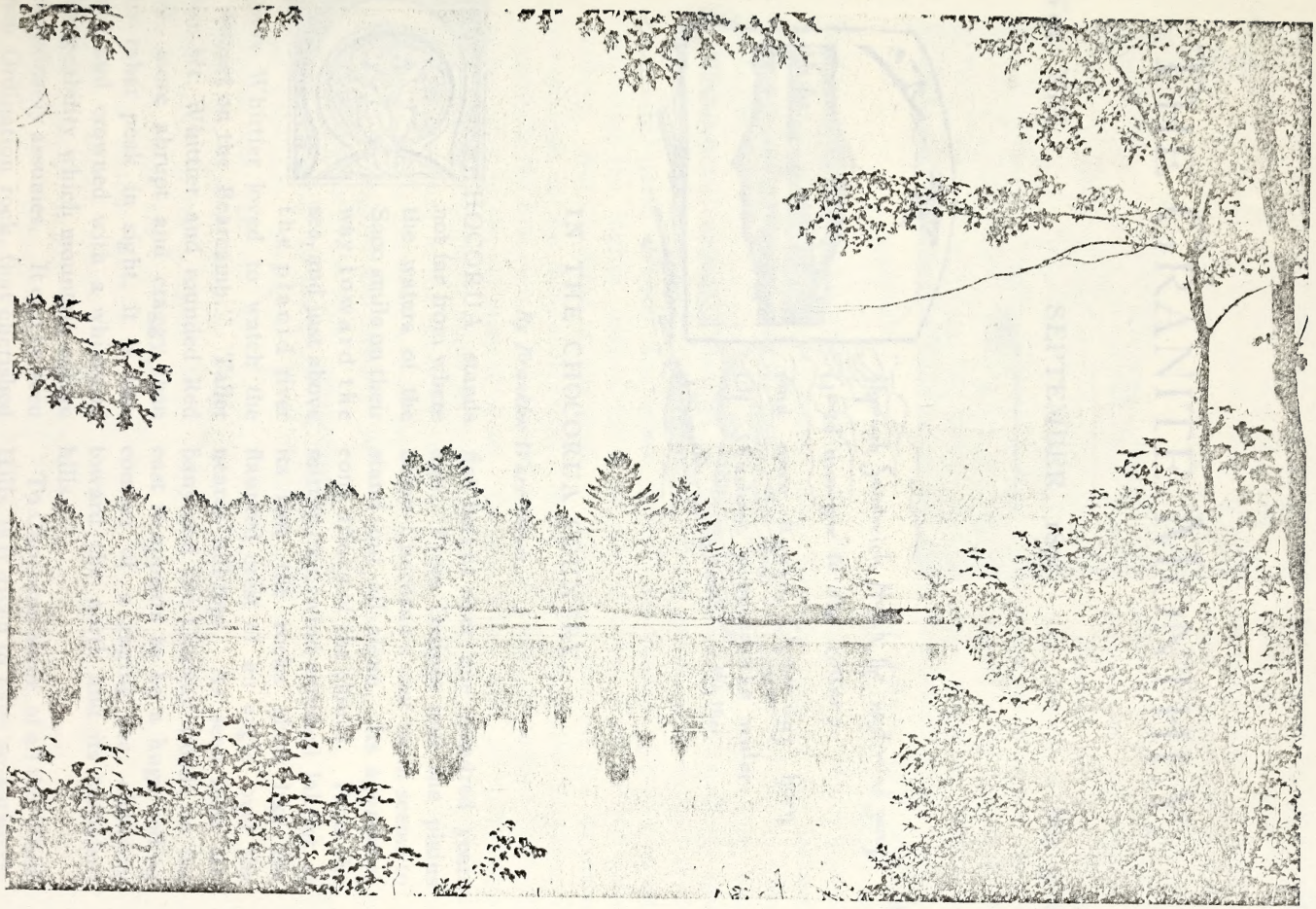
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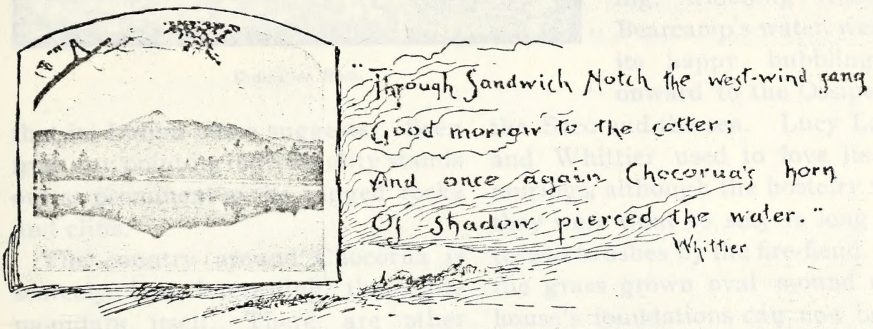


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VOL. XIX. SEPTEMBER, 1895. No. 3.

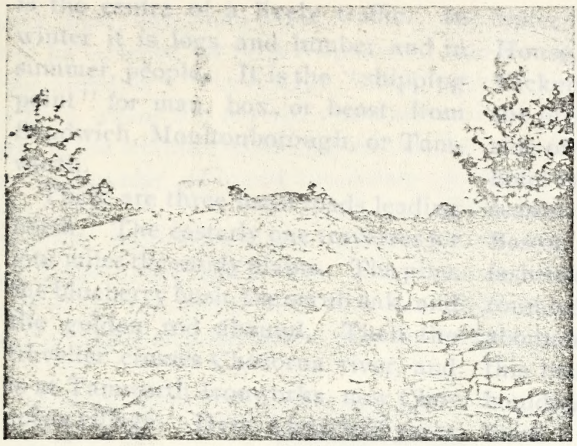


IN THE CHOCORUA COUNTRY.

By Franklin Ware Davis.

CHOCORUA stands not far from where the waters of the Saco smile on their way toward the sea, and just above the placid river where Whittier loved to watch the "Sunset on the Bearcamp." Taller than Mt. Whittier and rounded Red hill, more abrupt and craggy than any other peak in sight, it is covered and crowned with a whimsical changeability which mountain nature inexplicably assumes. It can be seen from Ordination rock, that cherished old stone-pulpit as firm and enduring as the church that was founded on its flat height over one hundred years ago. From Ossipee and the plains below Chocorua's vast tooth seems to stand out all alone. Its aggressive cone drinks of the clouds. From the mirror-like, wind-caressed lakelet at its foot the rocks show like the flaunted crest of an eagle over the nearer hill-tops. As seen from Albany and the Conway woods on the east it appears to be a huge rolling comber of a raging sea, charging toward the north and its turbulent hills.

To Chocorua alone, of all the White Hills, is it given to have an authentic legend. The mountain is grim and grand and stolid like the character



Ordination Rock.

that its Indian name suggests. Seen from any point its individuality stands out as prominent as its ragged rocks and cliffs.

The country around Chocorua is scarcely less interesting than the mountain itself. There are other mountains too, higher, darker, more massive. But Chocorua, as the eastern summit of the Sandwich range, commands the first view. It is a centering point for the radiation of mountain breezes. Twenty miles to the east in Fryeburg, is the scene of the fight of Captain Lovewell, so well kept in mind by legend and ballad. Beyond to the north the tops of the hills roll up thick and enormous. From its summit one can see far down the Saco valley. At the south is the land of the Ossipees, the site of the old Indian burying-place, Ossipee mound; also Ossipee lake, the Wakefields, Winnipiseogee, and the broad, low Ossipee hills. At the foot of its slopes is the town of Tamworth, and the little crescent beached lake. Itself, it is a part of the town of Albany, a town of small pretentions as a center of population, but generous enough in its native proportions and scenery.

Beneath the eye of him who beholds the beauties of nature from this natural citadel is the narrow, winding, widening ribbon of Bearcamp's water, wending its happy, bubbling way onward to the Ossipee and the Saco and the sea. Lucy Larcom and Whittier used to love its murmurings, although the hostelry where they were wont to stay is long since turned to ashes by the fire-fiend. Only the grass grown oval mound of the house's foundations can now be seen on a knoll of the West Ossipee sands.

Just below this site the Bearcamp river flows peacefully between its banks of green on toward its basin, Ossipee lake, with its pine-fringed shores. Above, at the base of Mt. Whittier, a high bridge crosses the stream.

The little station at West Ossipee



View on Bearcamp River—"Hellgate."



is the centre of a lively traffic. In winter it is logs and lumber and in summer, people. It is the "shipping point" for man, box, or beast, from Sandwich, Moultonborough, or Tamworth.

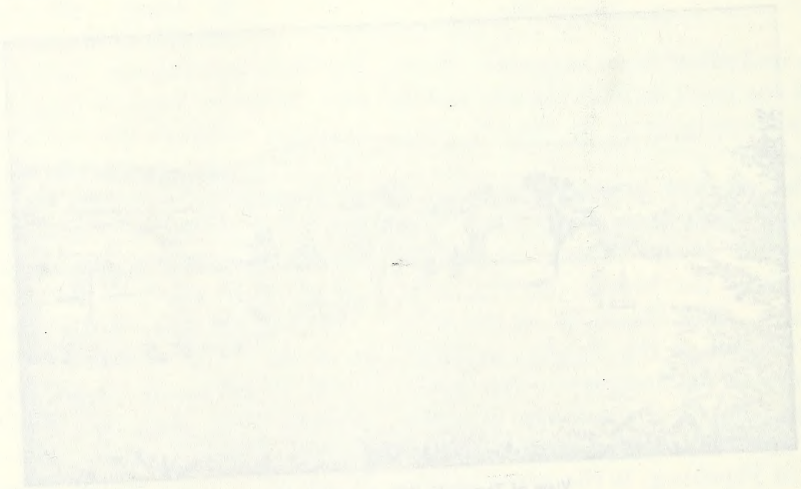
There are three main roads leading north. The easterly one traverses for four miles the sandy plains. The pine, the blueberry bush, the scrub oak, and the golden rod abound. Then the traveller crosses Chocorua river, and is at Tamworth Ironworks, now Chocorua village. Here, a hundred years ago, Mr. Weed made the first screw-auger the country ever saw. The iron works ceased forty years ago, however.



View of Tamworth Village, looking West.

North of Chocorua Village is the lake under the mountain. Around it gather the elite of Chicago, of New York, of Cambridge, and of Boston. On its eastern shores is the summer home of Dr. J. R. Chadwick, of Boston. Away back on the hill is the cottage of Rev. Percy Grant, of New York, and the abode of Rev. Joseph Hutchinson, of Providence. Below, and nearer the silver expanse of the water, is the substantial Chocorua House, erected in 1865 by John H. Nickerson. Mark E. Robertson is the present genial host. Just to one side of the rough lawn in front of the hotel is the residence, for a part of the season, of Mrs. C. E. Hammer, of Boston. Its lower story walls are fashioned curiously from the rough, rounded stones with which the field abounded. Only a few years ago this little acre was an area of small boulders with blades of grass between them. But the farmer owner raised a crop of potatoes there the very last thing before selling the tract, for building site, quarry, and foundation, all in one. The lawn now is smooth and green.

Perhaps the Scudder place is the oldest of those of the neighborhood owned by summer visitors. Its brown gothic-gable stands a few rods above the carriage road. From its very door stone, the land slopes to the lake side, and the view is over the near fields, the pretty wind-kissed water, the little rustic bridge, and the wooded shores, up to Chocorua's horn of

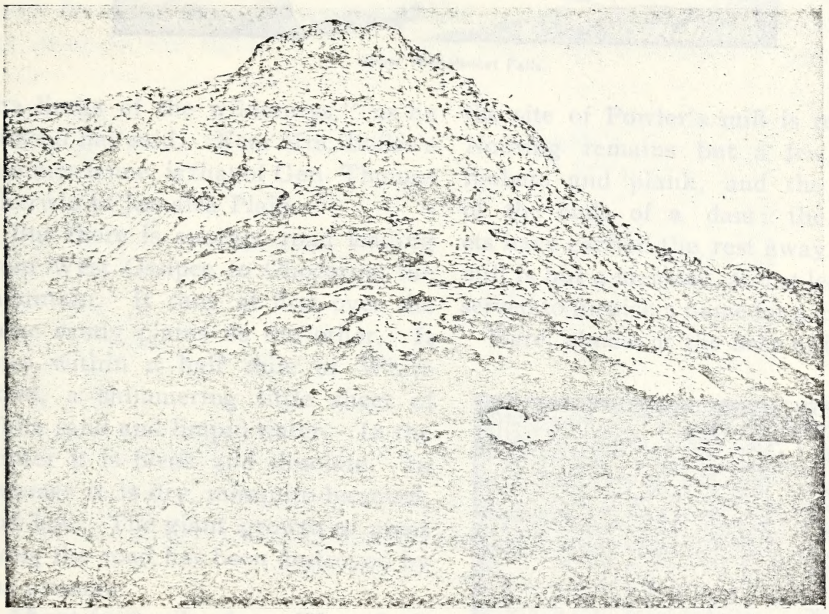


silence, lone, bare, and bleak. It is not to be excelled for picturesqueness all the hills over. The cottage, which has been there for twenty years or more, is the summer abiding place of Horace Scudder, editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

Farther along down the hill the road comes to the lake. The underbrush is all cut away, and here, on many a bright summer's day, may be seen a party from near or afar, resting and admiring the pretty picture of the lake, framed in heavy mountain woods, with a border of yellow pebbles and sand.

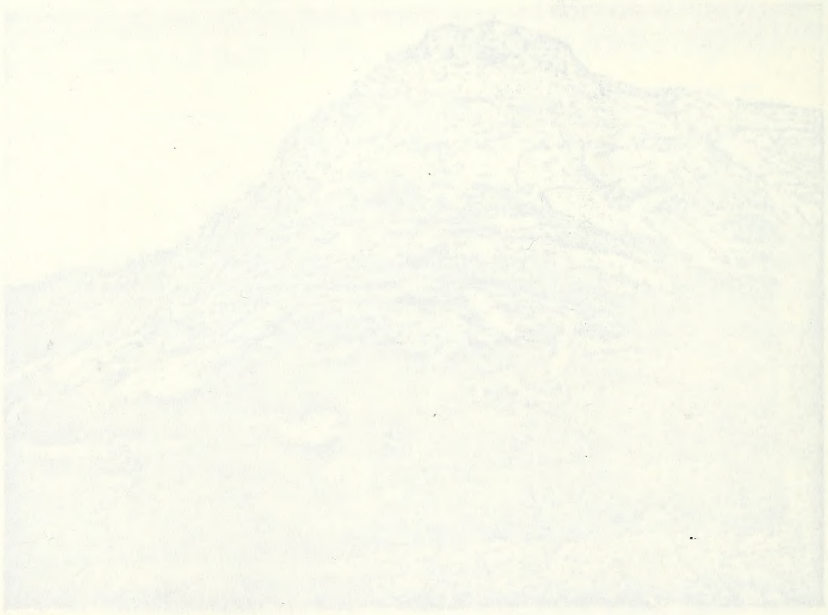
But a step or two beyond the bridge one sees at the left the house of Miss Charlotte Bowditch. Yet farther on is the summer cottage of Hon. J. Sumner Runnells, of Chicago. He long lived in the pretty hamlet back at the foot of the hill, where the Chocorua river used to turn the mill wheels. His father for thirty years was the pastor of the little Baptist church there.

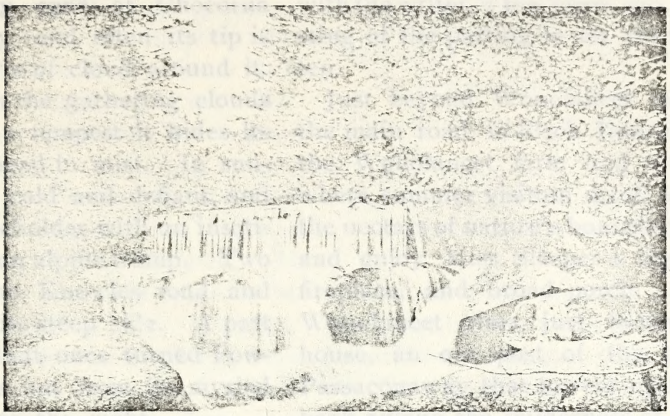
Prof. William James of Harvard has a place of rest and recreation on a farm just above the lake. And Prof. William Salter of Chicago also finds near by a cool retreat. The summer colony is a growing one, and there is now a boom in real estate, where a few years ago were abandoned farms, decaying well sweeps and weed-grown, old fashioned flower beds.



The Peak of Chocorua.

The late secretary of Harvard University, Frank Bolles, nature's careful student, acquired some years ago an old farm, one of the forsaken ones, on the west of the lake. He loved his brown low house colored by weather-rust and moss, with its swallows and barn owls in summer and with its cold and snow in winter. It is close by the water and "just within





Upper Wonolancet Falls.

the limits of the wilderness," as he himself has said. Near Mrs. Bolles's summer home, is that of Gen. Thomas Sherwin of Jamaica Plain.

But there is another road leading from West Ossipee to Chocorua, the mountain. It runs at first over the same sandy plains as the other. It goes within a half mile of White pond, a shimmering little sheet of white sand and limpid water. In the winter it is bleak and desolate. In summer it is dry, mosquito-haunted, and hot. The giant growth of pines along the road has been destroyed by the axeman.

About four miles from West Ossipee the land changes, and right here, as one climbs a low hill and passes the only brick building in town, a school-house, is the central village of Tamworth. It boasts three stores and a town hall, Odd Fellows hall, and a pretty little library building, the gift of Mrs. Charles Cook. Through the centre of the hamlet passes turbulent Swift river. Its flood is dammed just above to furnish power for the mills.

Following the rocky bed of Swift river for three miles to the north the site of Fowler's mill is reached. Nothing remains but a few rotten timbers and plank, and the debris of the ends of a dam; the freshets have carried the rest away. The mill is but a memory, and at least has served to furnish a name for a locality.

Here, almost at the base of its foot

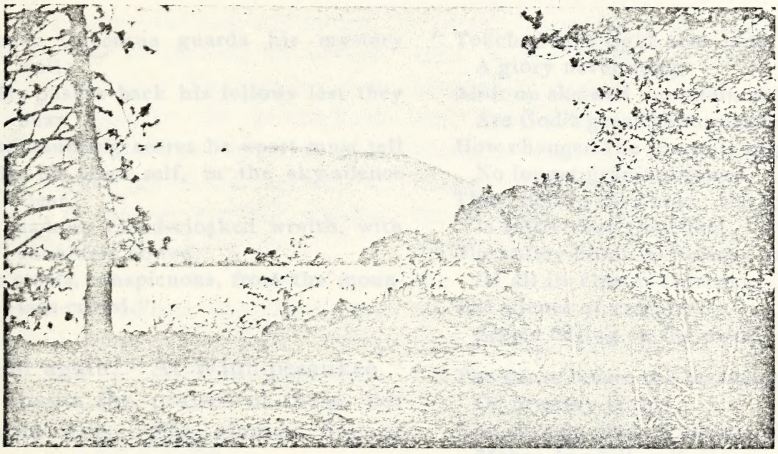


Middle Wonolancet Falls.





hills, the grey cone of Chocorua pierces the sky, and often its tip is lost in the whirls of cloud around it. It darkens with the gathering clouds or gloom. In a tempest it hides its fury-wrapped head in mist. In sunshine it shows cold and defiant, and possesses the beholder with an insatiable desire for an alpine tramp. Two miles away the Knowles road and path starts up its steep side. A part of the stream that once turned Fowler's mill flows out from its myriad springs away to the right.

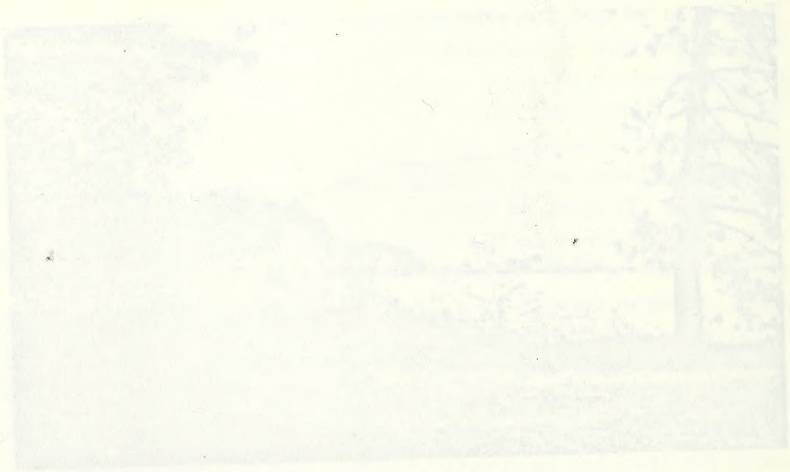


Chocorua Lake and Mountain.

The other half has come away from the left. Behind Marston's hill it flows. Here, a half mile from the main road, in the depth of a valley, was once Locke's Mill. Its ruins are even more complete than those of Fowler's. The stream just at this point rushes over some steep ledges in a series of beautiful cascades. The old pasture and wood lot was once famous for blackberries and hornets. But the former delicacies are much devastated now by the many visitors, and the little yellow jackets kept their last engagement for the season, there, with the writer, a few years ago. The sting of the parting is not yet forgotten.

Just beyond Wonolancet falls, on the main road, is Birch Interval and the Wonolancet farm and cottages, where summer visitors drink deep of the nectars of nature's bountiful hand, and enjoy Miss Sleeper's big open fireplace, and broad porch. Mount Wonolancet rises just behind the house, an out post of the greater Passaconaway that towers up farther back among the wilderness of mountains, the highest of the Sandwich range. A mile or two beyond here, up in the valley between the hills, was for several years the site of an extensive lumber industry. It brought many laborers and wood choppers together, and there grew up, almost in a night, a shanty settlement, with matched board houses, saw-dust walls, and pine board furniture. The facetious people called it Birch-Boston. It is now a deserted city.

It may be accounted as passing strange that neither Miss Larcom,



who named the next westerly mountain, Paugus, and also applied the name Wonolancet to the lower hill front of Passaconaway, nor Mr. Whittier, ever poetized the legend of Chocorua.

Both North Sandwich and the West Ossipee House were favorite summer homes of Miss Larcom. At the latter place she used often to be in the company of Mr. Whittier, whom she assisted in editing the "Songs of Three Centuries," a part of the work being done there one summer. To Chocorua she writes:

"Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well;
He pushes back his fellows lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear;
A shadowy cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain crowd."

And again, "At Winnipesaukee," she chants the praises of these, her favorite hills. She glances first at the nearest range, and

". . . that is sunburnt Ossipee,
Plunged knee deep in yon glistening sea;
Somewhere among these grouping islands
Old Whiteface from his cloud-cap smiles,
And gray Chocorua bends his crown
To look on happy hamlets down."

Perhaps Whittier wrote even more about this region than did Miss Larcom. His "Among the Hills" was first published in 1868, as "An Idyll of Bearcamp Water." Its lines are quaint and real where he says:

"At last, a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valleys clean before
The besom of the thunder.

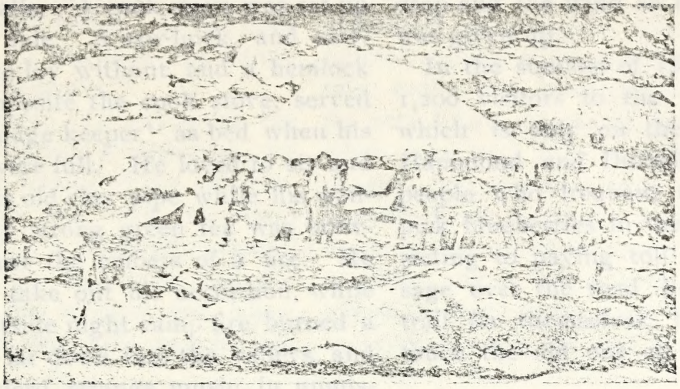
"Through Sandwich Notch the west-wind sang
Good morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water."

Whittier wrote of many noble subjects, but he never penned lines more beautiful than those of his "Sunset on the Bearcamp," in which he describes the changing vistas of Chocorua and the surrounding hills.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud.
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

"The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
These purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown!"

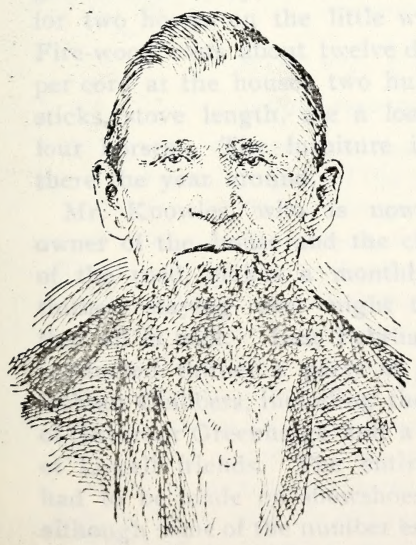
The early history of Chocorua is shrouded in legend, tradition, and imagination. Even its legend is told in at least five radically different ways. But after all, the sweet mysticism and beauty of many a quaint legend or even a leaf of history



First House on Chocorua.

would be taken away if the cold light of nineteenth century investigation was to be thrown too scrutinizingly upon it. The legend may have been largely the product of literature, but at least it exists and is told to-day by those settlers of the hills to whose eye the written account may never have come.

The mountain was known and mapped as Chocorua decades before the legend was ever written. On a map of New Hampshire, published in 1791 by Jeremy Belknap in his history, Chocorua is the only mountain of the Sandwich range to be located or named. Moat mountain and Red hill were the only other summits named on this map, even Mount Washington being undesignated there. The same authority, writing in 1792, has this to say of the region: "Farther back (from the Wakefields) the mountains are higher, and among the third range Chocorua, Osapy, and Kyarsarge claim the preëminence."



James Liberty.

James Liberty, an enterprising Frenchman, succeeded in obtaining a charter for a road and path here, which he opened in 1881. He had the help of many of the townspeople, who gave money or labor. The carriage road was extended to an old logging camp a mile and three quarters above the Durrell house. Here a "horse camp" was located. Beyond this the path was straightened and improved. A stone camp was soon erected of split rock, under the peak. The canvas roof blew off right away and the lumber bought for the permanent covering was burnt up in a saw mill conflagration. A couple of tents were then pitched inside the

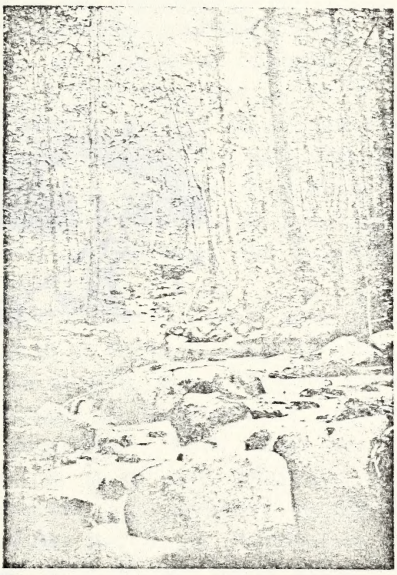


rock walls. A cook stove was set up at one side. A saw-buck, and saw, and axe lay without, and a hemlock cot, opposite the cook stove, served the "lodge keeper" as bed when his tents were full. He loved to sit and puff his old clay pipe while his wonderfully strong green tea was brewing over the embers of a fire. He would take out his accordion, while the outside night camp fire burned a signal far down into the valleys, and sing wierd, strange music, in unmistakable French. He looked like a part of the mountain.

Mr. David Knowles and Mr. Forest, of Madison, bought a part of Mr. Liberty's rights in 1891. Some four hundred dollars was expended on the road above the "horse camp," and it was made wide enough to allow a narrow, stout wagon, made for the purpose, to pass. On the site of the stone camp a two and one half story house now stands. Fourteen wire cables, a half inch in diameter, fasten it to the rocks. A cabinet organ was taken up, but it was a load for two horses on the little wagon. Fire-wood costs about twelve dollars per cord at the house; two hundred sticks, stove length, are a load for four horses. The furniture is left there the year around.

Mr. Knowles, who is now sole owner of the house and the charter of the road, makes a monthly trip thither, staying over night to see that all is well. Last February he conducted thither a party of Appalachian Clubbers, including the wife of Governor Greenhalge and a party of Lowell friends. The entire trip had to be made on snowshoes, and although some of the number essayed to climb the peak, the drifts were so deep and the wind so furious that it was given up.

In the summer of 1894 there were 1,200 visitors to the Peak House, which is only on the trail of the Hammond and Durrell paths. The people who frequent the ledges to pick blueberries in their season, objecting to paying toll for their passage over the road, have cut out a trail for themselves, that does not touch the old one at any point, although it starts from the same spot at Mr. Durrell's. This last track was made in 1892. It is generally known as the "new path." The ascent by the more frequented way is now comparatively easy. Horses manage to scramble up where men once trod with caution. Planks and ladders and rude stairs make easy the difficult passes up the peak. Fourteen years ago it took the writer without guide and with scarcely any path, seven hours to wander up the moun-

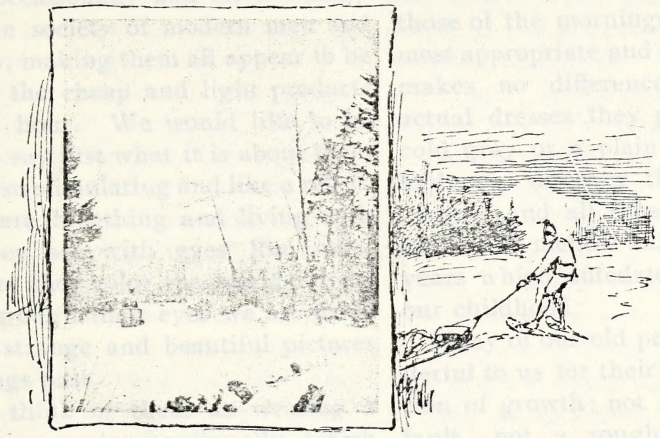


View on Brook Path, Chocorua.



tain. This just covered the distance from the Durrell house. It has been done of late in less than two hours, without "horsepower."

Once deserted farms under the spell of Chocorua's influence are becoming the homes of the city people to whom the cool mountain breezes come in a peculiarly grateful freshness. The fisherman and the bather use the streams and lakes. The sides of the hills re-echo the shouts of the happy rusticators. Hundreds of people ascend the pointed summit of the sentinel mountain, easily and comfortably, albeit its very frown still looks forbidding when seen from just beneath those shaggy, rugged rock-brows. A comfortable house occupies a sheltered angle at the base of the last steep tier of cliffs, and a horse may now go where the foot of man went, only yesterday as it were, but with caution.



Winter View of Chocorua.

MOUNT CHOCORUA.

By Edwin Osgood Grover.

Though the wide hush of heavens soft sunlit blue,
A universal prophet of the hills,
You cry: "The world grows old!" High in the stills
And calms of lofty solitude I view
The glory of the hoary head and through
The mellow misty shine that floods and fills
The interspace thy ancient grandeur thrills
Adown the valleys, palpitant and new.
Oh, patriarch of the hills! Thy scattered locks
Fall o'er thy shoulders broad and high up-piled.
Thy brow is wrinkled, yet thy form of rocks
Is full of aged beauty as when a child
You frolicked with the infant world that mocks
You now grown gray, stern-faced, and wild.



BRING BACK THE OLD PEOPLE.

By Milo Benedict.

WE have ever a strange delight in the presence of those quaint old people, now as rare as some of the old fashioned flower gardens, who come occasionally and often timidly into the society of modern men and women, making them all appear to be merely the cheap and light products of the hour. We would like to be able to say just what it is about them that is so stimulating and like a relish. They are breathing and living with us, they see with eyes like ours, and yet they color the world for us, and through their eyes we are made to see strange and beautiful pictures of things past.

We think of them as wearing a delicate rose-tint continually, which pervades not only their outward dress, but their thoughts and manners as well. It is said that the true color of delight is gold; the color of the late afternoon sunlight of a summer's day when we see it shining with warm radiance upon a surface of polished wood, or through a grove of yellow birches in October. It is the color children like to find among their toys and picture-books. But the old people have not quite the strength, the quickness of pulse, to vibrate to that color as do the young. The thread of gold is still precious to them, and we are sure it is there woven into all their doings and sayings, their manners and their attire; but it is shaded a little by a softer hue, and though it is never absent, it is often charmingly evanescent. They have gone, we fancy, to their china closets for their color, and have found the cooler tints of the rose, like those of the mornings in springtime, most appropriate and easily worn. It makes no difference whether the actual dresses they put on be of a cold gray or a plain black; in the folds we discover the soft tint we admire, and all sense of dullness is lost in the mellow haze of those early years which antedate the history of our childhood.

Many of our old people seem wonderful to us for their singular perfection of growth; not a blemish, not a fault, not a roughness or perversity anywhere. Their metal has no alloy, it is of one substance and exquisitely and perfectly tempered. They do not know impatience, or haste; they do not waste words, or thoughts, or sentiments. They have ever a watchful and scrupulous economy. And such majesty! Not gaudy and pretentious like that of pagan kings, but a majesty of reverence, intelligence, and sweet humility.

I remember with what pleasant anticipation I looked for the entré of a certain elderly lady into the dining hall at a large summer hotel in the mountains where I spent a few days. She took her seat regularly at a table not far from the one at which I sat, and her arrival always produced the

effect of making the whole company seem individually great and royal. Her smile clarified everything. Did the air from the windows seem more delicious, and the spring water suddenly attest higher virtues, and the mountains look grander and the fields brighter? Yes, always without fail; for her presence immediately heightened our power of appreciation. More than that: Such a person is possessed of a certain magnifying power together with a wonderful transparency, so that she comes between us and nature as a sort of lens.

But these remarkable old people have had great discipline. We are apt to think discipline the destroyer of freedom and liberty, of ease and enjoyment, but we are quite wrong. It is the only power that makes these enviable advantages possible. We prefer not to have our natural actions interfered with. We say, what are pleasanter to see than perfectly natural actions? Really nothing is pleasanter to see after we have become sufficiently sensible of our relations to others; but the perfectly natural actions of selfish, untrained children, like those of wild animals, are frightful to behold. I think we may ask ourselves with some anxiety: Will we be as wise and serene as these representatives of the old regime when we, ourselves, are old, or will we be fussy and foolish as a natural consequence of having spent a life rather chaotic and ill regulated? These old people long ago put on their chains, and probably without shrinking at the thought of any possible deprivations, and after reaching a certain stage of self-possession their chains have naturally dropped off of themselves.

Discipline is not really in the schools, but in our consciences. It is out of the trials, struggles, doubts, hardships incident to each day we weave our beautiful, or unlovely, web of life, as the case may be. We start with a very coarse warp in the loom and an ill threaded shuttle which we manipulate with clumsy hands, but in time we acquire some grace and learn to improve our pattern. Undoubtedly the old people had a great deal taught them which the young people of the present day are left to learn for themselves. Perhaps we are better for it; at any rate we shall some day find out for a certainty.

Hawthorne, in his Marble Faun, says, "Mankind are getting so far beyond the childhood of their race that they scorn to be happy any longer." Whatever the condition of society may have been when that sentence was penned, we must demur at so grave a charge as this if it is to be read as applicable to the present time. The young man of the period, the girl of the period, are in some respects, at least, undoubtedly, more agreeable persons to become acquainted with than their predecessors. It may not be too much to claim that there is abroad the sign of a general gain of happiness of mind. To be sure, there is much implied in Hawthorne's words, closely following the sentence I have just quoted, viz.: "It is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life. It makes us all parts of a complicated scheme of progress, which can only result in our arrival at a colder and drearier region than we were born in." Only, it seems to us, that the lack of a purpose in life would be the thing that would make

the world we inhabit seem cold and dreary. The higher and more serious your purpose and the more enthusiasm you have for it the happier will be your frame of mind both night and day. There will then be no emptiness. It is because there is more to learn, a greater variety of objects of legitimate pursuit, more need of energy and versatility and inventiveness, that the world of to-day seems richer than the world of fifty years ago, or even less. There is now no need of a dull moment or an idle hour.

For all their elegant leisure we do not believe Adam and Eve appreciated their garden very much. If they had they would not have been idling and falling into temptation. They needed a multiplicity of interests, somebody to teach them something, to awaken their latent ambitions, and quicken their dormant sensibilities.

The present day is better than any day that ever went before it for the reason that it is more alive. Our beautiful old people when they were young had less to say, less to think about, and their manners were rather the manners of restraint. They made no superfluous motions and consequently they were lacking in mobility or flexibility. Nowadays there is everywhere an excess of motion. Our young ladies are fairer and have better health because they are more on the move. They have a thousand ways, attitudes, and gestures which their grandmothers, when they were young, probably never saw or dreamed of. The old rule was to sit as still as possible and keep cool and serene and mindful of proper dignity. There must have been a certain primness of propriety about everything that was said or done. Of course there were a few irrepressibly vivacious persons; but even they, we fancy, were a good deal tamed, never quite audacious enough to act strictly according to their natures.

Now, because we have acquired a somewhat better knowledge of how to live, we have set aside certain needless restraints, and indulge ourselves in a certain abandonment which is as delightful to feel as it is to see. Metaphorically speaking, the days of our grandfathers' were days of frozen streams, when beauty was present without motion. Now the streams have thawed out, and are running, babbling, and bubbling, always with incessant sparkle and music. But the old people have their charms and excellencies in spite of all this. Sometimes we think we are making all the mistakes, and that as time advances their singular perfections will have in the world no living possessors.

ALONG THE SACO.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

Like a river of flowing topaz,
Over its sandy bed
Babbles the beautiful Saco;
The skies smile overhead.

And fair as the blooming hillslope
To holy Nazarene,
His sandals pressed in childhood,
Is each familiar scene.

That monarch of all the mountains,
Old Washington, is near,
Its peak for every pilgrim
A shrine forever dear!

Moat through the blue mist shining,
While tinted cloudlets stray;
And as shallops white and noiseless
The thistles drift away.

How the Conway meadows sparkle,
All diamonded with dew!
And October's full-hued fruitage
Has wonders rich and new.

Each valley and wooded temple
A glory-festooned way;
The facade of rock cathedral
God's hand adorns for aye!

Diana's baths are glowing;
And never brighter shone,
Dancing in sport toward us
That hoyden, wild and lone—

That embodiment of beauty,
With all its merry ways,—
For the Smile of the Great Spirit
O'er the Silver Cascade plays!

Companionship and sympathy
On ev'ry hand is found;
A soft breeze kisses each fair cheek;
The bells of Tamworth sound.

The breathing freshness of the pines
Is like the silv'ry sigh
A dying saint gives when he sees
Bright angels drawing nigh.

The birds, God's white-winged messengers,
Flash by us, one by one,
And insects have in flaming hues
Their day of life begun.

Like a river of flowing topaz,
  Still sweeps the Saco there;
Stand the mountains mute, and the golden fruit
  Scents all the amber air.

And hand-in-hand we wander;
  The circling eagle hies
To the rifted oak where the owlet blinks,
  And the black rook hoarsely cries.

Ah! pictured memories abide!
  And, fringed with gold, we see
In silver belts and robes of green
  The hills of Ossipee!

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

By M. P. Lawrence

THE little old house stood close by the railway tracks and quivered on its tottering foundations and rattled in its empty sashes as the monster trains thundered by. The loosened bricks fell one by one from its ancient chimney and every gale that blew carried away some of the moss-grown, wrinkled shingles. Every vestige of paint had long since disappeared, and through windows guiltless of glass for years one looked in upon gaping floors which rose and fell with wave-like undulations.

Once the little house had been trim and new; radiant in its glory of white paint and green blinds; daintily placed in an emerald setting of smooth green lawn that sloped away to the river. It had sheltered then stalwart Dan Bradley, his pretty young wife, and their three little ones. Dan was a prosperous farmer, happy and industrious, peaceful and contented. But the railroad had come and had stretched its steel skeleton right through the midst of his fields, sparing but by a mere hand's-breadth his very home. The money that his fertile fields—now bearing strange crops of stone and brick—yielded him he invested in mills and tenements; and now the lapse of twenty years finds him the millionaire mayor of the flourishing city of Carlton.

The beautiful mansion upon the Heights before whose entrance the long line of carriages is drawn up is his. To-night its spacious rooms pulsate with life and beauty under the softly globed glare of myriad electric lights. Daniel Bradley, Jr., is come of age and society is glad to welcome the new recruit. He and his tall, stylishly reserved elder sister are doing the honors of the evening with

irreproachable grace and ease. The father and mother looked on in the earlier part of the evening with pleased if half-sad smiles and with hearty greetings for all their hosts of friends. But now they have disappeared and their absence is not noticed; for the ball-room music, now softly languorous, now madly passionate, thrills every youthful vein of their guests and pleasure is, indeed, unconfined.

Down between the railroad and the river the moon pours a flood of pale glory over the little black house. Its desolation is but emphasized thereby and its decay the more plainly revealed. A man leans upon the ruins of the fence, gazing at the building; presently he passes where once hung a gate, crosses the worn stone threshold and stands within the door. A tramp, mayhap, seeking doubtful shelter for the night. But no, as the moon comes out from behind a cloud its beams tell a different story.

As he enters a dark form in one corner of the front room moves as if in search of a hiding place. "Who's there?" the man calls out. "O Dan! Is it you?" a woman's voice replies, and the two forms are quickly united.

"Did you think, dear, that it is just twenty-five years ago to-night since you and I first crossed that threshold together?" asked the wife.

"That I did," answered her husband in slowly musing tones, "and I thought, too, that all the happiness in the new home could never quite equal that we enjoyed in this little one."

"We were happy here, weren't we, Dan?" continued the woman dreamily. "It was here that Nell was born, and little Dan; and they grew like the flowers at the door-step, sweet and pure. But it wasn't all sunshine after all. For there was Faith."

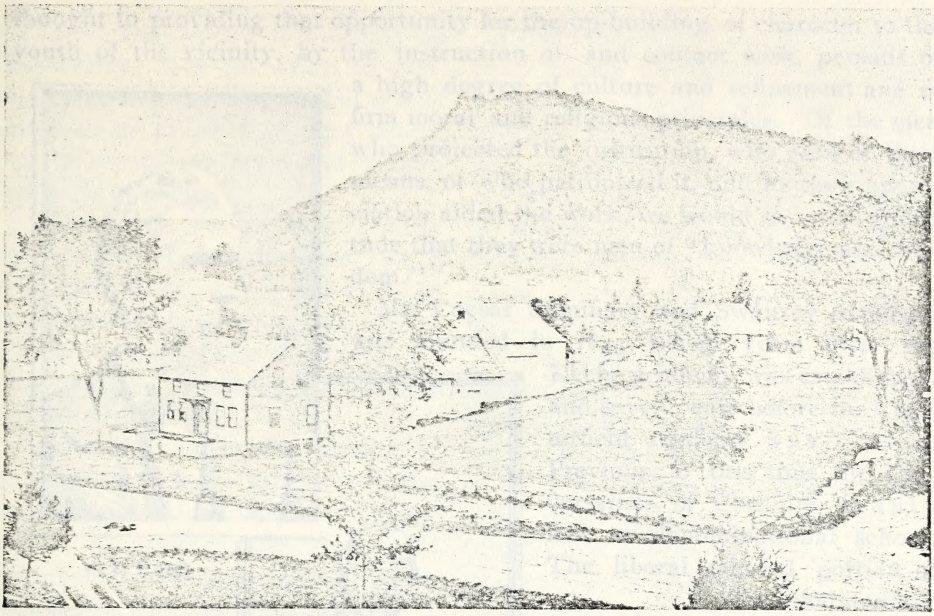
The man's eyes were dim with tears in the darkness. He saw once more the little grave on the hillside, with its tiny headstone, and a great lump rose in his throat that kept him from speech.

So the woman, after a pause, went on: "We were young then, Dan, and life was sweet, was n't it? We were poor and worked with our hands, but I sang at the wash-tub, you whistled behind the plough, and the children trotted to and fro between us."

There was silence for a time as both wandered in fancy far back along the years. At length the husband said gently, almost sadly: "The riches that have come, dear, will smooth the path, I hope, for Dan and Nell. And yet I cannot help but fear their happiness will not be as great as ours. We cannot tell how much longer we may be spared to guide them."

The twain were seated now upon the old settle that still stood beside the yawning fire-place. As he spoke their hands met in a long love clasp. Outside, one of summer's sudden storms had arisen and the sky was veiled in deepest black. Low thunder rumblings heralded a keen, sharp lightning flash that for a moment seemed to blaze a path from the little black house straight to the gateways of heaven.

So it proved for the grey-haired, warm-hearted lovers within. When anxious searchers found them next morning happy smiles still illumined their worn features and the blue mark of the lightning on their clasped hands told the story.



Mount Caesar.

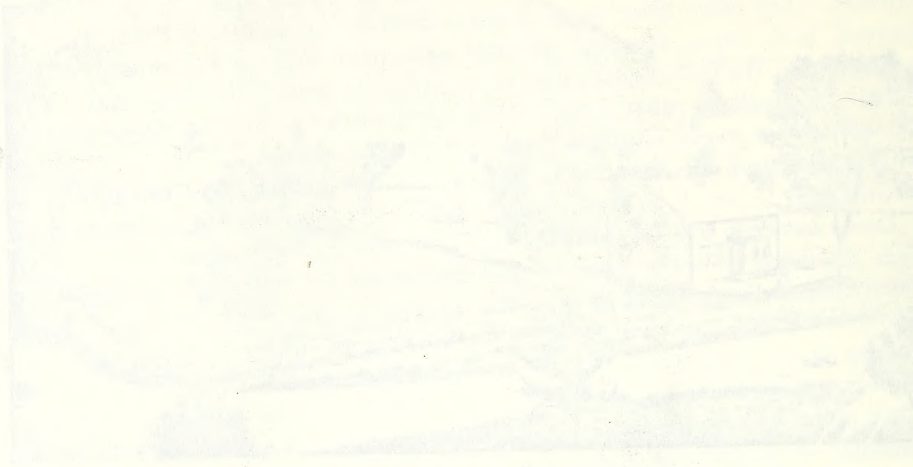
MT. CAESAR SEMINARY AND SWANZEY ACADEMY.

By Chloe P. Holbrook.

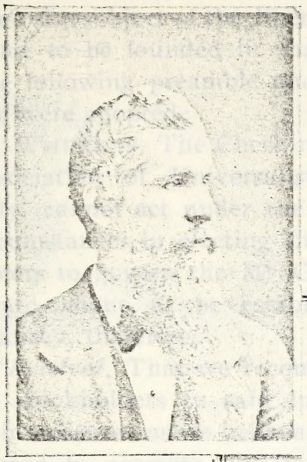
THIS institution was located in the beautiful valley of the Ashuelot river, near the base of Mount Caesar in the village of Swanzey Centre. The building which was its home was surrounded by ample grounds, upon a wide and level street, at that time a part of the Greenfield stage road. The broad valley, through which flows the south branch of the Ashuelot river, is bounded by steep and nearly continuous ranges of hills, with "grand old Monadnock" towering beyond and above, forming the background of the view in the east. From the front, to the west, a short distance away, is Mount Caesar, rising about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, showing its bold and abrupt profile toward the south and the long slope to the north. Its side is partly clothed with forests, but here and there bare ledges show.

The school was distant and secluded from the large business centres, for the Cheshire railroad was not completed until May, 1848, five years, and the Ashuelot road was not built until 1850, seven years, after the opening of the seminary.

The reunion, which is proposed to be held August 21, 1895, at Swanzey, of all the principals, assistant teachers, and students who have been connected with the institution, brings to mind many pleasant remembrances of its history. It seems fitting at this time to make some record of that history, and of the men who gave their

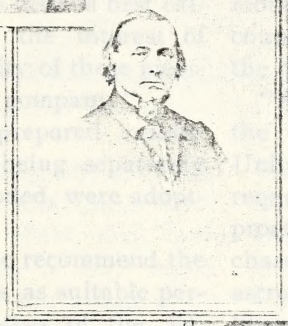


thought to providing that opportunity for the up-building of character to the youth of the vicinity, by the instruction of, and contact with, persons of a high degree of culture and refinement and of firm moral and religious principles. Of the men who projected the institution, who gave of their means, or who patronized it, and by their appreciation aided the work, we would say with gratitude that they were men of "knowledge and wisdom."

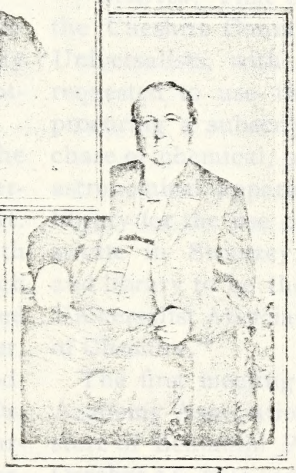


M. E. Wright.

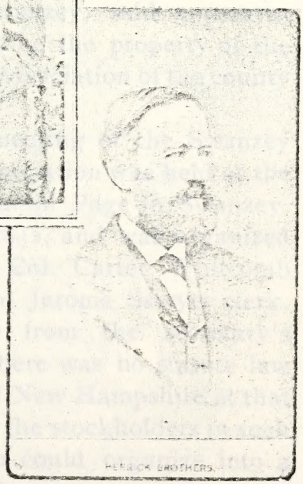
Mt. Caesar Seminary and Swanzey Academy was founded in 1843, seven years after the Keene academy was established, and seven years before the Chesterfield academy was closed. Previous to this time the Universalists of Cheshire county had no denominational school. The liberal minded portion of the inhabitants of the county had long felt the desirability of having a school established in their midst, where the course of instruction should possess the advantage of thoroughness combined with theoretical and practical instruction, and, while the institution was designed to be in no sense sectarian, its aim was to be to draw out the native faculties of the mind and fit its students, by a course of rigid discipline, to think and act in the great drama of life with credit to themselves and the generation in which they lived. A county convention of Universalists was called, and it was decided that a seminary should be established somewhere in Cheshire county, and that the town raising the most money by subscriptions from its inhabitants should be entitled to have the seminary located in that town. The whole amount being raised in the town of Swanzey, it was accordingly located there. The clergymen and delegates from the various societies of Universalist connection in the county of Cheshire met accord-



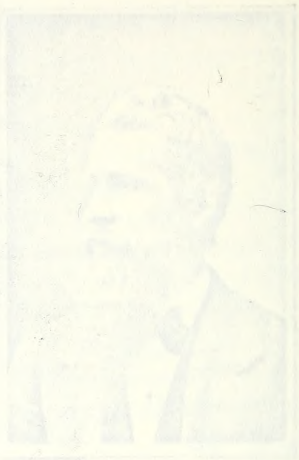
Rev. L. J. Fletcher.



Rev. Joseph Barber.



Edwin Guild.



ing to previous notice in Swanzey on Wednesday, May 31, 1843, to consider the subject of the liberal school about to be founded in that place. The following preamble and resolution were adopted:

"WHEREAS, The Cheshire County Association of Universalists, as a body, cannot act under the existing circumstances in electing the proper officers to govern the Mt Caesar institute about to be established in Swanzey, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we recommend to the stockholders in said institution such measures as we believe best calculated to promote the interest of the school, the legality of these measures to rest with the company."

The committee prepared resolutions, which, after being separately considered and amended, were adopted as follows:

"*Resolved*, That we recommend the following individuals as suitable persons to act as trustees of the Mt. Caesar Institute in conjunction with the directors of the same and such other trustees as may be appointed by the stockholders: Rev. J. Barber, Swanzey; Rev. Wm. Cilley, Stoddard; Thomas Little, Nelson; Dr. Vine Porter, Walpole; Rev. T. Barron, Winchester; P. Cressey, Chesterfield; E. Dort, Surry; Jonah Davis, Marlborough; Rev. C. Woodhouse, Westmoreland; S. Slade, Jr., Esq., Alstead; Elijah Sawyer, Esq., Keene; Hon. Levi Fisk, Jaffrey; L. Martin, Richmond; Ivah Newton, Hinsdale; Chas. Carpenter, Troy; S. W. Day, Gilsum; and such other persons as the trustees thus appointed shall think proper to elect, not exceeding, with those herein designated, the number of towns in Cheshire county."

[The following is the list chosen: Hon. Elijah Carpenter, Col. Carter Whitcomb, David Parsons, Capt. Edward Goddard, Amasa Aldrich, Esq., Isaac Stratton, Esq., Charles N. Hills, Esq., and Israel Applin, of Swanzey; Rev. Stillman Clark, Jaffrey; Jonathan Robinson, Esq., Surry; Calvin May, Gilsum; Danforth Tyler, Richmond.]

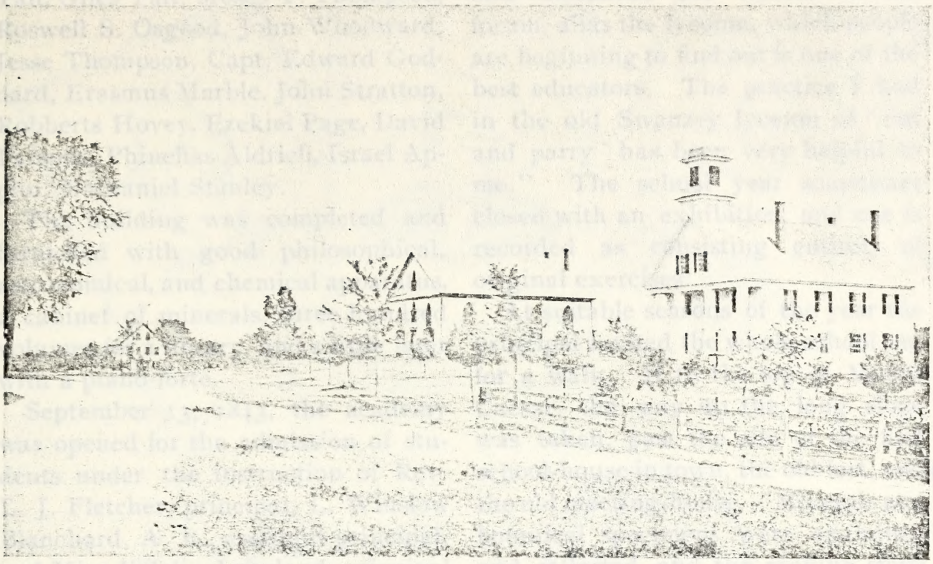
"*Resolved*, That we recommend to the trustees of the Mt. Caesar Institute, that they secure the services of such competent teachers as will give to the school a literary, scientific, and moral standing, second to none in the county, and worthy the patronage of the community at large.

"*Resolved*, That the clergymen in the Cheshire County Association of Universalists, with the trustees, be requested to use their exertions in procuring a subscription for the purchase of chemical, philosophical, and astronomical apparatus, and also a library for the use of Mt. Caesar Institute in Swanzey, said apparatus and library to be the property of the Universalist Association of the county of Cheshire."

The first meeting of the Swanzey Academy Association was held at the store of Benjamin Page in Swanzey, October 14, 1842, and was organized by choosing Col. Carter Whitcomb chairman, and Jerome Sawyer clerk.

It appears from the secretary's report that there was no statute law in the state of New Hampshire at that date whereby the stockholders in such an institution could organize into a corporate body.

At a meeting held the seventh of January, 1843, Elijah Carpenter, Esq., was chosen treasurer and Col. Carter Whitcomb a committee to solicit sub-

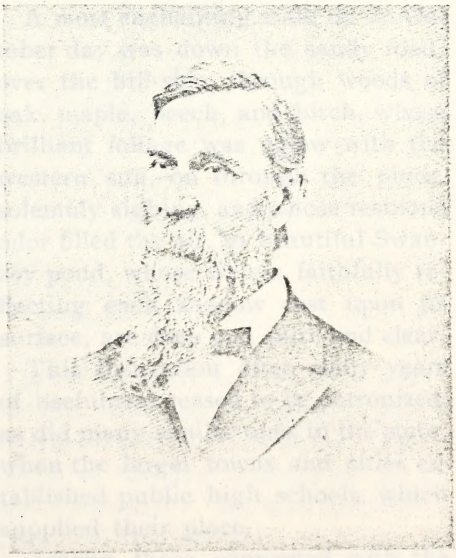


View of Swanzey Centre, toward the North—Town House and Mt. Caesar Library Building.

scriptions for erecting the building. Rev. Joseph Barber, Col. Carter Whitcomb, and C. N. Hills, Esq., were chosen a committee to draft resolutions of agreement and a code of by-laws for the regulation of Swanzey Academy Association.

After the formation of the association it was voted that the institution take the name of "Mount Caesar Seminary and Swanzey Academy." It appears from the records that the meetings were largely attended and that the members were enthusiastic in the cause of education, and through the combined efforts of the members quite a sum of money, labor, and material were subscribed.

The whole stock was taken by the following persons who became members of the association,—Elijah Carpenter, Esq., Benjamin Page, Paul F. Aldrich, Lorenzo R. Holbrook, Virgil Holbrook, David Whitcomb, Elijah C. Belding, Wyman Richardson, Ezra Emerson, Lyman Parker, Esq., Joseph Woodward, Amos Bailey, Leonard Whitcomb, Isaac Stratton, Esq., Arba Stearns, Roswell Whitcomb, Charles N. Hills, Esq., Amasa Aldrich, Esq., Daniel H. Holbrook, Rev. Joseph Barber, Samuel Thompson, Jr., Zadoc L.



Francis A. March, LL. D., L. H. D.

Taft, Giles Taft, Moses T. Thompson, Roswell S. Osgood, John Woodward, Jesse Thompson, Capt. Edward Goddard, Erasmus Marble, John Stratton, Robberts Hovey, Ezekiel Page, David Parsons, Phinehas Aldrich, Israel Applin, Nathaniel Stanley.

The building was completed and furnished with good philosophical, astronomical, and chemical apparatus, a cabinet of minerals, three hundred volumes for a library, and a little later with a piano-forte.

September 13, 1843, the academy was opened for the admission of students under the instruction of Rev. L. J. Fletcher, principal, L. Winslow Blanchard, A. B., assistant principal, and Miss Fidelia Loveland, principal of the female department.

The building was used for the school for about twenty-five years. Its teachers were persons of superior education and of a high moral character, who brought to their work an enthusiasm that awakened in those under their care something very like their own,—a desire for knowledge for its own sake.

The students came not only from the vicinity but from several different states in the Union. Here young men could be fitted for college. Military drill was optional. Persons desiring to teach received special training, and lectures were delivered upon different topics through the term.

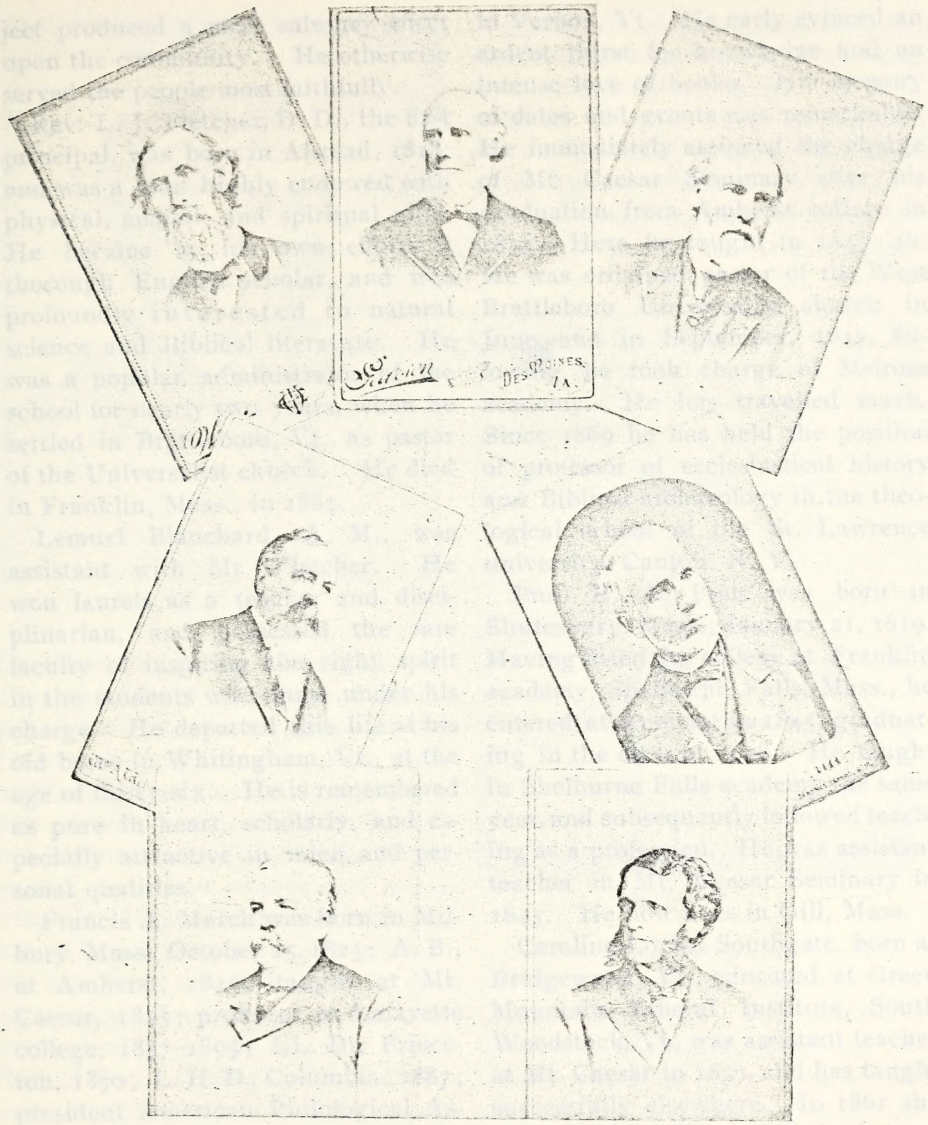
The lyceum was the great event, for which much preparation was made, to discuss the proposed question by the gentlemen, while the ladies gave their attention to the editing of a paper to be read the same evening. Here, as Mr. Guild has said, "we formed our 'literary union' and measured our swords in the forum, alias the lyceum, which people are beginning to find out is one of the best educators. The practice I had in the old Swanzey lyceum of 'cut and parry' has been very helpful to me." The school year sometimes closed with an exhibition, and one is recorded as consisting entirely of original exercises.

At suitable seasons of the year the principal invited the whole school out for a walk. If to the top of Mount Caesar, the way up the long slope was taken, past the site of the first school-house in town, the old fort, and the old meeting-house. Minerals and botanical specimens were examined and collected, and the rocking-stone never failed to receive due attention. By the aid of a glass distant views of the surrounding country were seen. Rhetorical exercises have been held at these times. Another walk was out towards and across the railroad bridge to the sand-bank, so called, supposed to have been the locality of an Indian village.

A most enchanting walk on an October day was down the sandy road, over the hill-side, through woods of oak, maple, beech, and birch, whose brilliant foliage was aglow with the western sun, on through the pines, solemnly sighing, and whose resinous odor filled the air, to beautiful Swanzey pond, whose waters, faithfully reflecting each shadow cast upon its surface, are deep and pure and clear.

This institution after many years of usefulness ceased to be patronized, as did many similar ones in the state, when the larger towns and cities established public high schools, which supplied their place.

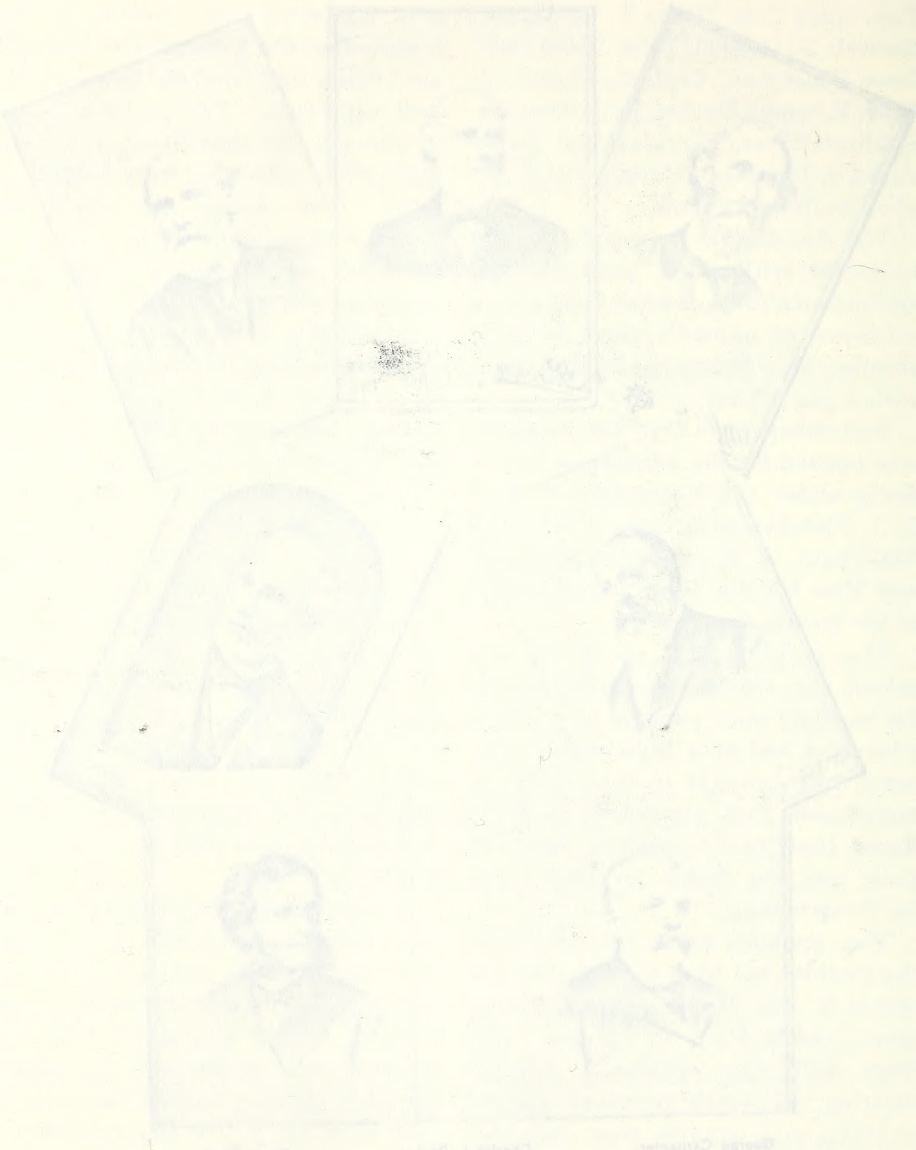
Among those connected with the



George Carpenter. Charles I. Barker. H. A. Pratt.
J. Q. A. McCollester, A. M., M. D. Dea. A. A. Ware.
Irvine A. Whitcomb. S. H. McCollester.

school in one way or another during its existence are the following prominent men and women of whom portraits and brief biographical sketches are given:

Rev. Joseph Barber, born in August, 1801, in Heath, Mass., studied and practised medicine for a time, but became a minister, preaching to the Universalist society in Swanzey. He was one of the first trustees of Mt. Caesar Seminary. He was actively engaged in the temperance cause, and his earnest lectures on the sub-



ject produced a most salutary effect upon the community. He otherwise served the people most faithfully.

Rev. L. J. Fletcher, D. D., the first principal, was born in Alstead, 1818, and was a man highly endowed with physical, mental, and spiritual gifts. He became by his own efforts a thorough English scholar, and was profoundly interested in natural science and Biblical literature. He was a popular administrator of the school for nearly two years, when he settled in Brattleboro, Vt., as pastor of the Universalist church. He died in Franklin, Mass., in 1884.

Lemuel Blanchard, A. M., was assistant with Mr. Fletcher. He won laurels as a teacher and disciplinarian, and possessed the rare faculty of inspiring the right spirit in the students who came under his charge. He departed this life at his old home in Whitingham, Vt., at the age of thirty-six. He is remembered as pure in heart, scholarly, and especially attractive in mien and personal qualities.

Francis A. March was born in Milbury, Mass., October 25, 1825; A. B., at Amherst, 1845; taught at Mt. Caesar, 1845; professor at Lafayette college, 1857–1895; LL. D., Princeton, 1870; L. H. D., Columbia, 1887; president American Philological Association, 1873; president Modern Language Association, succeeding James Russell Lowell, 1891. Professor March has been styled the Skeat of America, and is one of its foremost Anglo-Saxon scholars and comparative philologists of the time. He has been the author of a number of valuable works on the subject of language and literature.

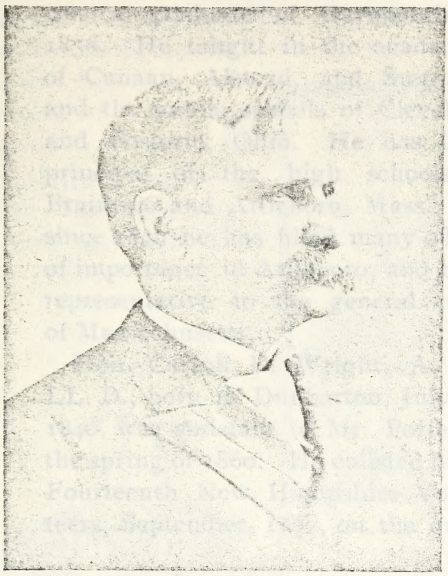
Rev. John S. Lee, D. D., was born in Vernon, Vt. He early evinced an ardent thirst for knowledge and an intense love of books. His memory of dates and events was remarkable. He immediately assumed the charge of Mt. Caesar Seminary after his graduation from Amherst college in 1845. Here he taught in 1845–'46. He was ordained pastor of the West Brattleboro Universalist church in June, and in September, 1847, following, he took charge of Melrose academy. He has travelled much. Since 1869 he has held the position of professor of ecclesiastical history and Biblical archaeology in the theological school of the St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y.

Prof. H. A. Pratt was born in Shutesbury, Mass., January 21, 1819. Having fitted for college at Franklin academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass., he entered at Amherst in 1845, graduating in the class of 1848. He taught in Shelburne Falls academy the same year, and subsequently followed teaching as a profession. He was assistant teacher in Mt. Caesar Seminary in 1845. He now lives in Gill, Mass.

Caroline Lovisa Southgate, born at Bridgewater, Vt., educated at Green Mountain Liberal Institute, South Woodstock, Vt., was assistant teacher at Mt. Caesar in 1857, and has taught successfully elsewhere. In 1861 she married Hon. Hosea W. Parker, of Claremont.

M. E. Wright, A. M., graduated at Dartmouth college in 1850, and followed teaching for a few years. He was principal of the Mt. Caesar Seminary in the fall of 1852 and the spring of 1853. He now lives in Marlborough.

Rev. S. H. McCollester, D. D., of Marlborough, became a student under

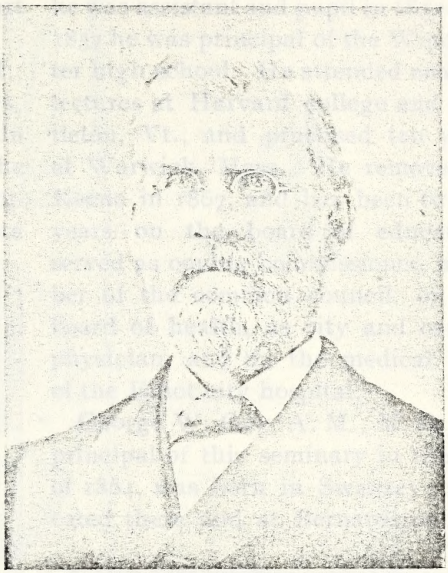


Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

Dr. Fletcher and Mr. Blanchard. In 1853 he assumed the duties of principal of the school and pastor of the Universalist church, preaching both at West Swanzey and at the academy. His education and natural ability are of a high order, and his faithful efforts in the cause won respect and honor from all. He was connected with the school longer than any other teacher. He has since travelled much in foreign lands, been author of books, correspondent of various journals, president of Buchtel college, Akron, Ohio, and a successful minister of the gospel.

Mrs. S. H. McCollester, *née* Sophia F. Knight, of Dummerston, Vt., became preceptress when her husband took charge of the school. She had been a successful teacher at Melrose academy, Vt., and was well fitted by education, experience, and her many womanly graces to fill the position acceptably.

Edwin Guild, born in Bethel, Vt., October 24, 1829, was educated in Walpole. He has taught in the public schools of Danville and Stockholm, N. Y., Newfane and Dover, Vt., Fitzwilliam, Walpole, and Winchester. He was assistant to Mr. McCollester at Mt. Caesar Seminary. Since 1863 he has been a farmer, though he remains a student and teacher still.

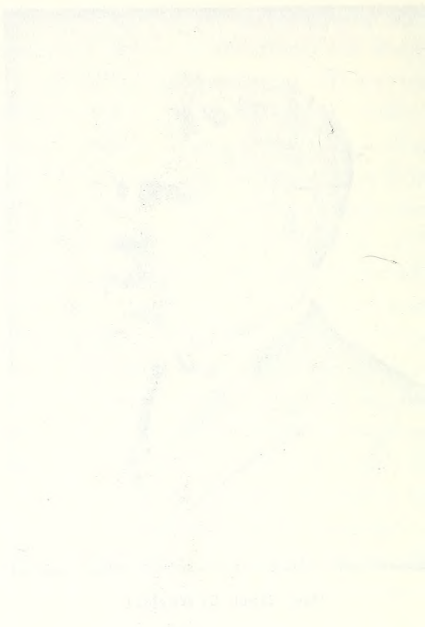


Burrill Porter, Jr.

J. Q. A. McCollester, A. M., M. D., was an assistant at one time in Mt. Caesar Seminary. He afterwards became a physician, practising for twenty years in Ayer, Mass., with eminent success, and then removed to Waltham, Mass., where he has had an extensive practice, and is still devoted to his profession. He was a surgeon in our Civil War, making a brilliant record.

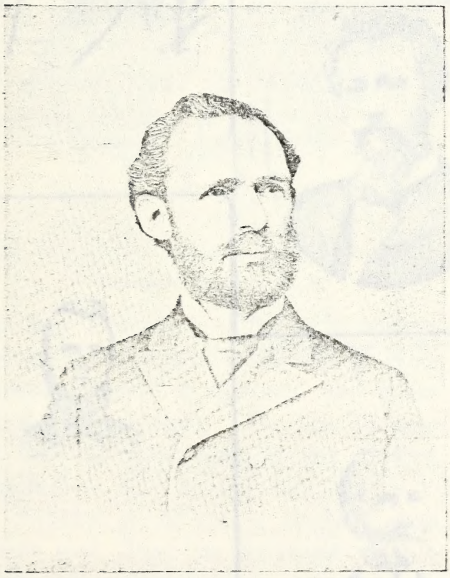
Mrs. D. L. M. Cummings, of Swanzey, teacher of music, 1854–'55, now Mrs. Eliza W. Taylor, of Windsor, Vt.

Burrill Porter, Jr., was born in Charlestown, February 22, 1832, and



was a graduate of Dartmouth in 1856. He taught in the academies of Canaan, Alstead, and Swanzey, and the public schools of Cleveland and Fostoria, Ohio. He has been principal of the high schools of Braintree and Attleboro, Mass., and since 1879 he has filled many offices of importance in Attleboro, and been representative to the general court of Massachusetts.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, A. M., LL. D., born in Dunbarton, July 25, 1840, was assistant to Mr. Porter in the spring of 1860. He enlisted in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, September, 1862, on the quota



George W. Gay.

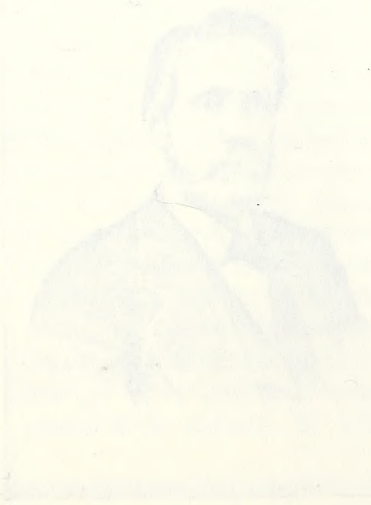
from Swanzey, and was made second lieutenant of Company C, October; adjutant, in December, 1863; colonel, in December, 1864; resigned, March, 1865. Admitted to the bar at Keene, October, 1865; began practice in Boston, August, 1867; elected to Massachusetts senate, 1871 and 1872; appointed chief of Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor, May, 1873; United States commissioner of labor, June, 1885; in charge of the United States census since October, 1893.

Gardner C. Hill, M. D., was born in Winchester, in 1827; educated at Chesterfield and Saxton's River academies and at Mt. Caesar Seminary, where he was assistant and pupil in 1852. In 1857 he was principal of the Winchester high school. He attended medical lectures at Harvard college and Castleton, Vt., and practised ten years at Warwick, Mass. He removed to Keene in 1867, and has been twenty years on the board of education, served as county commissioner, member of the common council, on the board of health, as city and county physician, and on the medical staff of the Elliot city hospital.

George W. Gay, A. M., M. D., the principal of this seminary in the fall of 1864, was born in Swanzey; educated there and at Bernardston, and



Charles Holbrook.



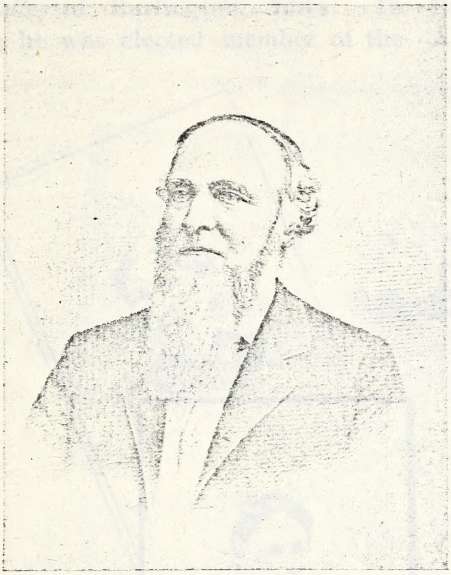
Harvard medical school. He has practised medicine since 1868 in Boston, and has been visiting surgeon to the city hospital since 1872. He is consulting surgeon to the St. Elizabeth hospital and the Elliot city hospital at Keene, a trustee of Boston Dental college, and instructor in surgery at the Harvard medical school.



John S. Lee.
Rev. Freeman A. Jackson
George K. Harvey.
J. F. Long.
Dr. Gardner C. H. Hill.
N. H. Richardson.
George W. Oliver.

George Carpenter, a student in 1843, was born in Swanzey, September 13, 1828; went to California in 1852, and returned in 1855; married Lucy Jane Whitcomb, June 14, 1864. He was elected to the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1877, and has also been the candidate for several high offices. He bought Mt. Caesar Seminary building in 1866, and with characteristic generosity gave it to the Mt. Caesar Library association in 1885.

Charles Holbrook, of San Francisco, was born in Swanzey, educated at Mt. Caesar Seminary and at the public schools of Springfield, Mass., and then learned the trade of machinist. He went to California in 1850, where he engaged in the mercantile business, first in Sacramento and later



Charles F. Kingsbury, M. D.

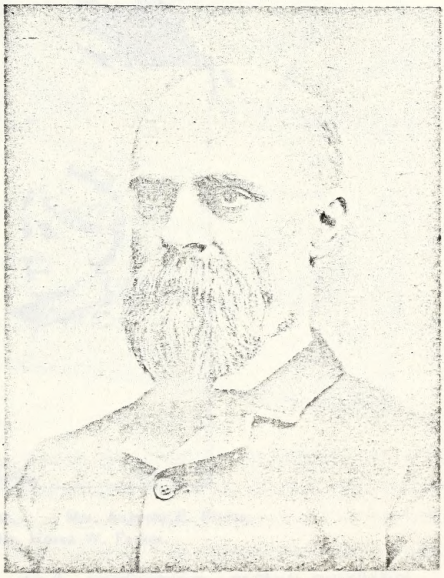
in San Francisco. He is president of the incorporated company of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, and is its financial manager. He has become a leading merchant of the United States.

Alonzo A. Ware, a student, was born and lived in Swanzey all his life. He was teacher, superintendent of schools, farmer, and land surveyor. He was a deacon of the Congregational church and president of the Security Savings bank at the time of his death in 1895. A man of undoubted integrity.

Charles F. Kingsbury, M. D., a student, also attended school at West Brattleboro, Vt., and for three years at Norwich university. He studied medicine and received his diploma in 1855. He was in active practice till 1889, when he retired. He now gives his attention to counsel cases only.

George K. Harvey, a student, was born and lives in Surry, where he has held the offices of town clerk, selectman, town treasurer, and representative, and has been a state senator.

Mrs. Louisa B. Wright, *née* Randall, attended Mt. Caesar Seminary in 1851, and afterwards studied Latin and French with Miss Julia E. Hall at Keene. She taught successfully in Richmond and Swanzey, and in 1855 married Dr. S. G. Wright, of Winchester. They removed to Gill,



H. H. Metcalf.

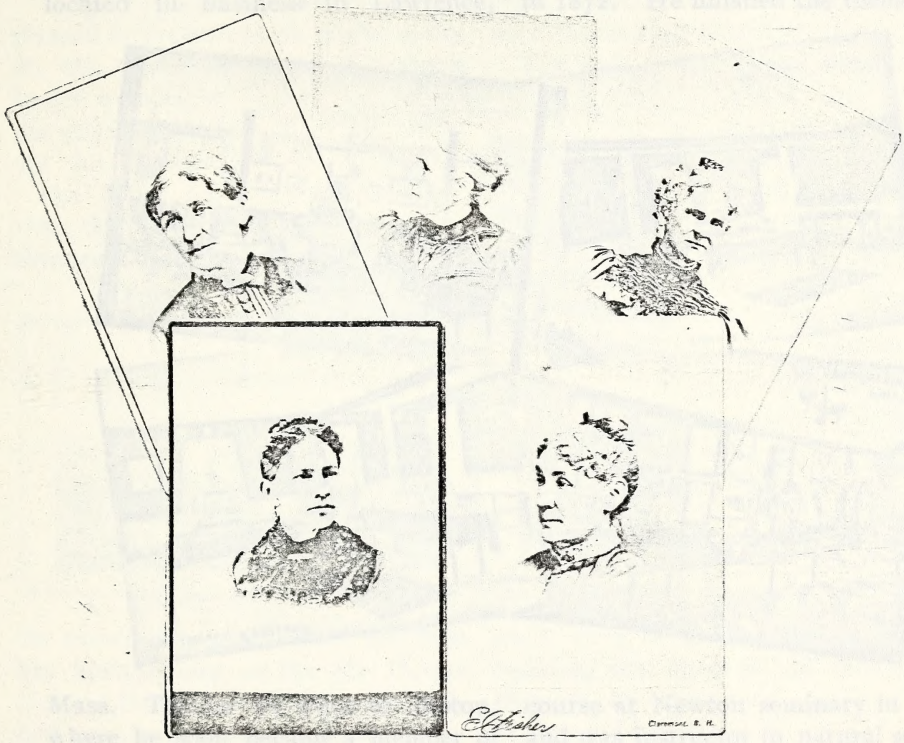
Mass., where Dr. Wright died in 1861. She subsequently taught in Westmoreland, Troy, and Marlborough, Corning City, Kansas, and is now principal of the high school in Seneca, Kansas.

Hon. Charles I. Barker, student in 1845, was born in Westmoreland,

June 4, 1826, and educated at Keene and Swanzey academies. In 1846 he entered the *Cheshire Republican* office, in Keene, to learn the printing business, and worked at his trade in Newport, N. H., Barre, Vt., Worcester, Mass., and Hamilton, Ohio, until 1853, when he became editor of the *Gazette*, of Burlington, Iowa. In 1893 he was elected member of the legislature, which position he now holds.

Lemuel F. Long, student in 1851, went around Cape Horn to California in 1853. He is an extensive raiser of hops in Mendocino county. He has been chairman of the board of supervisors, in 1878–'79 he was a member of the legislature, and has filled other positions of trust, and well merited the confidence reposed in him by his fellow citizens.

Nathan Henry Richardson, a student, born in Swanzey, May 31, 1823, went to Athol, Mass., to live, March 23, 1844. He married Martha Ann Barber, of Marlboro, Mass., May 31, 1849; has lived in Fitchburg, Mass., Brooklyn, N. Y., and again settled in Athol, and is now engaged in building and perfecting rattan-working machines.



Mrs. S. H. McCollester. Mrs. L. B. Wright. Mrs. Augusta E. Pierce.
Mrs. D. L. M. Comings. Mrs. Hosea W. Parker.

George W. Oliver, Esq., student in 1854, was born in Swanzey. After teaching three years, he was engaged in a prosperous business in New York city for many years. Removing to Syracuse, N. Y., he built up a large manufacturing industry, employing several hundred people. He retired



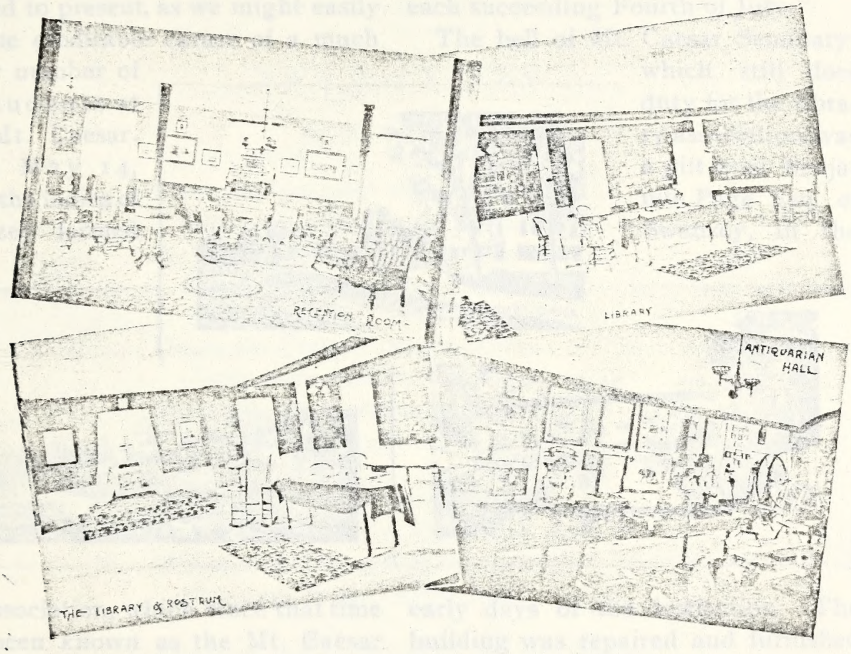
three years ago, and has travelled in the United States and Europe.

Truman Jackson, of Swanzey, was drafted into a New York regiment, wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness, sent to Andersonville prison, and died there.

Irvine A. Whitcomb, of the firm of Raymond & Whitcomb, is a former resident of Swanzey and a student at Mt. Caesar Seminary. He first located in business in Lawrence, Mass. Thence he went to Boston, where he soon became a member of the firm of which he is now principal manager. This firm arranges excursions to many points of interest.

H. H. Metcalf was a student here in 1861. He studied law, graduating from the law department of Michigan university in 1865, and was admitted to the bar in 1866, but soon after entered upon journalism, and was in that business for nearly thirty years, as editor of the White Mountain *Republic*, Dover *Press*, Manchester *Union*, and *People and Patriot*. He was the founder and for some time the editor and publisher of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

John J. Holbrook, born in Swanzey, December 10, 1844; studied at Mt. Caesar Seminary, Leland and Gray seminary, Keene high school, and Colby academy, and received the degree of A. B. at Brown university in 1872. He finished the theological course at Newton seminary in 1875, and was instructor in natural science and mathematics during the ensuing two years. He received the degree of A. M. from Brown university in 1876. He afterwards followed the profession of a civil engineer till his death at Keene, March 24, 1884.



The following named were among the teachers and assistants at the school: L. F. W. Peirce, A. B., principal; Miss Frances A. Haven, preceptress and teacher of music; Miss



Catherine D. Conant, preceptress; Miss Julia Haven, teacher in the ornamental department; F. M. Crosby, assistant; S. W. Horton, teacher of penmanship; W. W. Guild, teacher of penmanship; Miss Ann I. Tilden, assistant; Miss E. D. Knight, assistant; Miss J. L. Emerson, assistant and pupil; Miss H. A. Thompson, assistant and pupil; W. S. Myers, assistant and pupil.

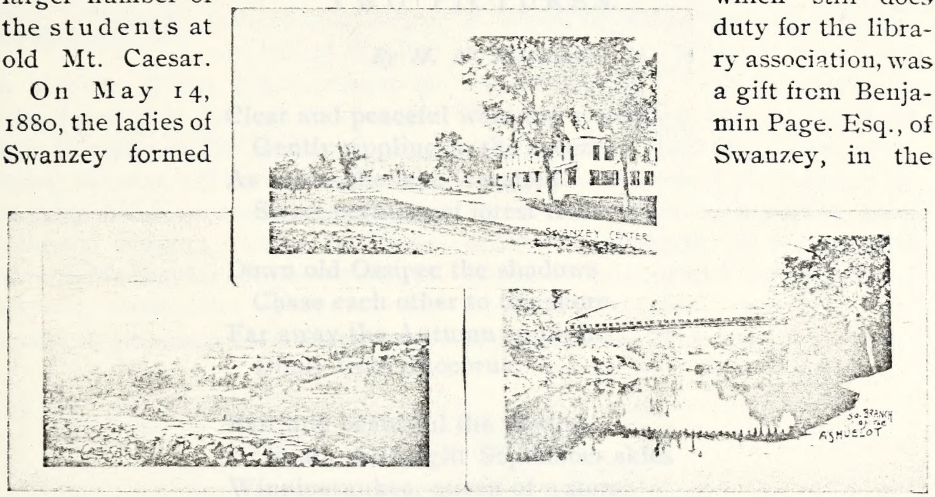
If space permitted, we should be pleased to present, as we might easily do, the creditable career of a much larger number of the students at old Mt. Caesar.

On May 14, 1880, the ladies of Swanzey formed the association, which since that time has been known as the Mt. Caesar Union Library Association, whose object was the formation and perpetuation of a public library in Swanzey, for the purpose of promoting general intelligence, a pure literature, and good morals among the citizens.

Mrs. Rebecca R. Belding was the first president of this association, and gave her best and untiring efforts for its success. It has been almost entirely under the control of the ladies from its first inception and formation until the present time.

May 16, 1885, George Carpenter, of Swanzey, having previously purchased the Mt. Caesar Seminary building and lot of the stockholders, made a gift to the library association of the building for the use of a library. The deed of gift is itself unique. One of the provisions is that "as long as the United States remain free and independent the boys of the neighborhood shall have the right, unmolested, to ring the bell on each succeeding Fourth of July."

The bell of Mt. Caesar Seminary, which still does duty for the library association, was a gift from Benjamin Page, Esq., of Swanzey, in the early days of the institution. The building was repaired and furnished through the generous contributions of the students of old Mt. Caesar Seminary and others interested in the cause of education, most of whom were natives of Swanzey.



The Mt. Caesar Library Association has been formed about fifteen years, and is in successful operation, at the present time having nearly two thousand volumes. The association has also a permanent fund of about $2,200 for the care of the building and the running expenses of the same.

The lower floor of the building is used for a cloak-room, reception-room, dining-room and kitchen. The second floor contains the library, and the old military drill hall is used by the association for an antiquarian hall, and contains about one thousand articles of "ye olden time," many of which are curious as well as valuable for their age and quaintness.

While the building is no longer used for a school, yet the ideal purpose for which it was built is not materially departed from, for it is the home of books and the resort of those seeking "knowledge and wisdom."

TWO PICTURES.

By H. H. Hanson.

Clear and peaceful were thy waters
  Gently rippling in the breeze,
As across the lake it wafted
  Sweet perfume of forest trees.

Down old Ossipee the shadows
  Chase each other to the shore.
Far away the Autumn sunlight
  Dimly tints Chocorua.

Fair and beautiful the picture
  'Neath the bright September skies
Winnipesaukee, queen of waters,
  Sleeping, in the valley lies.

Changed the scene; next day the tempest
  Bursts in fury down the vale.
White-capped billows foam and tumble,
  Driven by the rushing gale.

Storm clouds whirl in wild confusion
  Hiding bold Chocorua's peak.
Faintly show the cold gray ledges
  On old Whiteface, bare and bleak.

Thunders roll in ceaseless crashes
  From the black and inky west.
All is wild and deaf'ning tumult
  Where before was peace and rest.

WAR PICTURES.

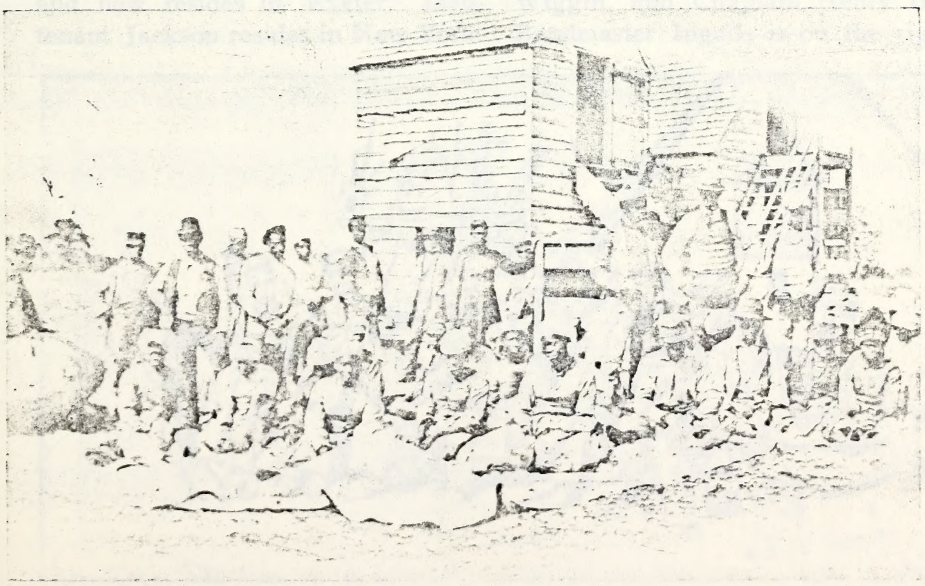
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[Illustrated from photographs by Henry P. Moore, Concord, N. H.]

By John C. Linehan.

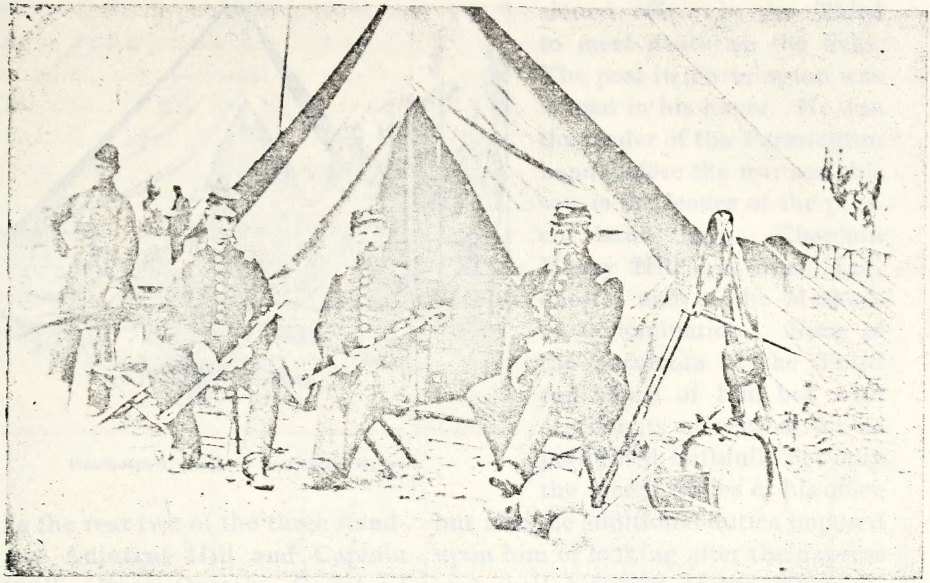
THIS picture of cotton pickers, Drayton's plantation, shows the contrabands at work. The name of Drayton brings to mind an incident of the bombardment of Port Royal that had many counterparts in many of the southern states during the war. The commander of the rebel forces on that occasion was a General Drayton, and on the Union side was his brother, Captain Percival Drayton, commander of one of the vessels of Dupont's fleet, whose guns were literally raining shells on the house in which he was born and against troops commanded by his brother.

At the headquarters of Company B, Third regiment, the officer on the left is Capt. H. H. Ayer who went from Penacook. In the center is Lieut. A. J. Fogg, and on the right is Lieut. Tom Jackson. Ayer went out as first lieutenant of Company B. He was a brave man and a good officer, was wounded at Wagner and killed in one of the battles before Richmond in 1864. His body was brought home and buried in Pena-



Cotton Pickers—Drayton's Plantation.





Headquarters, Company B—Captain Ayers, Lieutenants Fogg and Jackson.

cook. The stack of guns, sword and drum, with the shells in the foreground, denote the character of the business in which they were then engaged. Lieutenant Fogg was promoted from the ranks for bravery and now resides in Exeter. Lieutenant Jackson resides in New York.

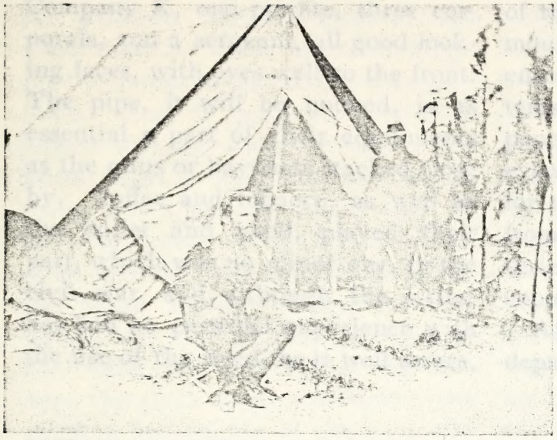
A group of the line officers of the Third New Hampshire shows on the left, sitting on the drum, Captain Henderson, and on his left sit Lieutenants Miles and Cody, Captains Donohoe, Carleton, Emmons, and Wiggin, and Chaplain Henry Hill. Bandmaster Ingalls is on the right.



Line Officers, Third N. H.







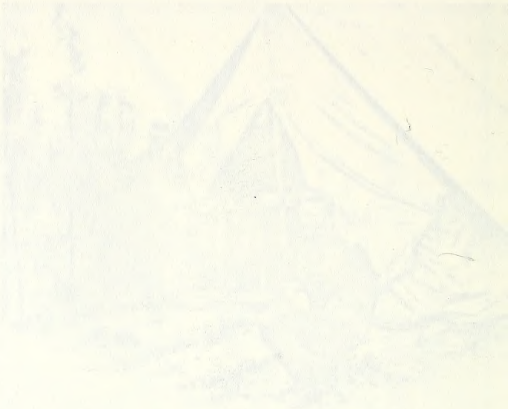
Headquarters, Company H—Captain Maxwell.

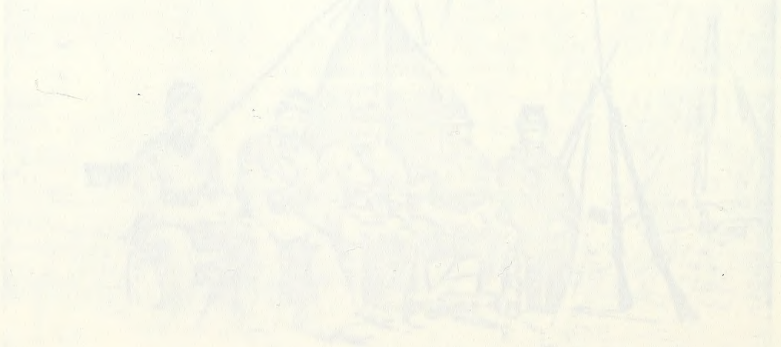
and in the rear two of the three standing are Adjutant Hill and Captain Maxwell. Poor Captain Carleton! Early in June, 1862, he had just returned from a furlough to New Hampshire, went into the action at James island on the 16th of the same month. He was struck by a solid shot which mangled one of his legs, necessitating an amputation of the limb, from the effect of which, after lingering in terrible agony, he died on the same day. He was from Farmington and was the first commissioned officer in the Third to meet death on the field. The post in Farmington was named in his honor. He was the leader of the Farmington band before the war and his son is the leader of the present band there. Chaplain Henry Hill was from Manchester and of the Methodist denomination. None of the survivors of the Third can think of him but with sentiments of respect, for he performed faithfully not only the sacred duties of his office but also the additional duties imposed upon him of looking after the express and mail business of the regiment. He was a kind hearted man and very often on the march gave evidence of this trait by giving the drummer boys a "lift" on his horse. He returned to Manchester at the close of the war, dying soon after.

Here we have another view of the lieutenants' quarters, Company H, Third regiment, Lieutenant Maxwell taking it easy on his camp stool. This is followed by a tent crew of

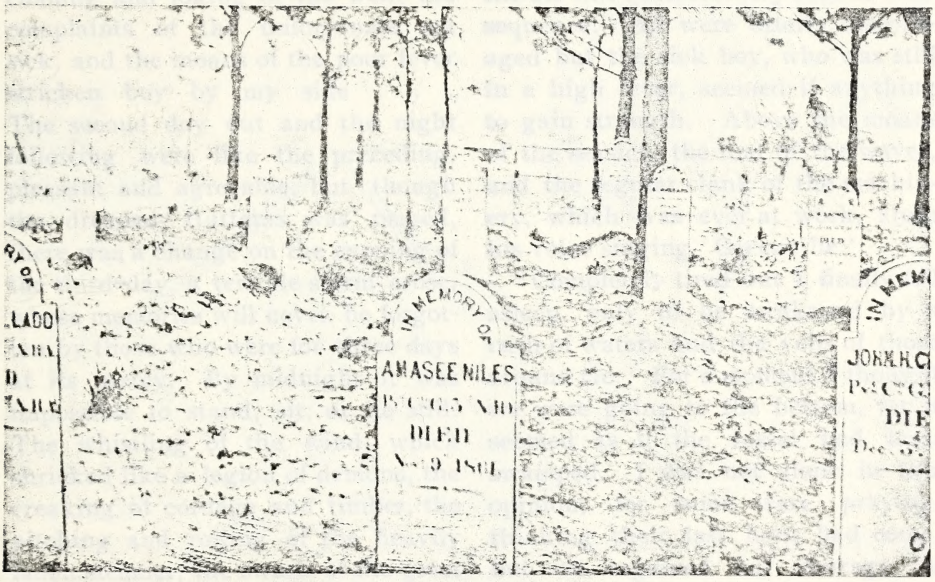


A Tent Crew of Company K





Company K, one private, three corporals, and a sergeant, all good looking faces, with eyes well to the front. The pipe, it will be noticed, is as essential a part of their equipments as the guns or bayonets stacked close by. Coffee and tobacco, as well as the bullet and shell, played their part, which was no minor one, in the civil war, and although the writer has had no personal experience with the use of the weed, he is well aware,



In Memory of Amasee Niles.

from observation, that it was often both meat and drink to the tired and hungry volunteer.

The view of the cemetery at Hilton Head is a forcible reminder of an enemy more potent than bullet or shell—disease, which thinned the ranks of the Third before it faced the foe on the battle field. Malaria was the great curse of the sea coast, as all know who served there and who feel its evil effects to this day.

The head board in the foreground of the view of the cemetery recalls a mournful episode of the terrible storm encountered when going around Hatteras, on the way to Port Royal. A paper, giving a description of this event, was prepared by the writer for the Boston *Journal* in 1893, and from this, which was published in its series of war stories, the following is copied.

After giving an account of the departure of the fleet from Fortress Monroe the writer rounds up the end of the first day at sea, by saying:

"The hour was late when I turned in, down two stories, next to the temporary hospital, and were it not for the imperative call of Morpheus, I believe I would have staid on deck all night. Some of the poor fellows by my side were very ill. One of them was already in a high fever, at times out of his head. He was but a boy, barely seventeen years of age, and it was pitiful to hear him call in



his delirium, for his mother. At other times he would burst out singing the hymns he had so often sung at home. One, in particular, he was forever singing—"Greenville," and I never hear it now but the whole scene, like a picture, comes back to me—the bunks, three high, with an alley between, and completely filling the space between decks, the dim lights, the foul air, the pitching of the vessel, the creaking of the timbers, the clank of the machinery, the chaffing and joking of the well, the complaints of the unfortunate sea sick, and the moans of the poor fever stricken boy by my side . . . The second day out and the night following were like the preceding, pleasant and agreeable, but, though the dreaded Hatteras was passed, there was a change on the evening of the third day, a terrible storm arose, whose memories will never be forgotten by those who were for three days at its mercy. By midnight it was impossible to stand, sit, or lie still. The whistling of the wind, which shrieked like a legion of demons, the creaking of cordage and timber, the pitching and rolling of the heavily laden steamer, the swash of the great waves against its sides, and the constant clank, clank, clank of the great walking beam, as well as the fear of what might happen, kept us all awake, and, as if to make it more frightful still, the poor delirious boy was singing "Greenville" at the top of his voice, his feelings seeming to be in harmony with the storm, which howled and screamed like a thousand locomotives.

"The experience of that night will never be forgotten by those who survive. There was no lull in the storm on the day following. To those who had courage to go on deck, the ocean had the appearance of an immense caldron, boiling, hissing, roaring, rising, falling, accompanied by the wind which blew like a hurricane, obliging all to hang on to rope or mast for dear life. . . . Night brought no cessation of the storm. The portholes, which were usually left open in order to supply us with fresh air, were now closed, screwed up tight, and to add to our misery the air was indescribably foul in consequence. All were utterly discouraged but the sick boy, who was still in a high fever, seemed if anything to gain strength. Above the moans of the seasick, the roar of the waves, and the regular clank of the machinery, which was ever at work, arose his voice singing 'Greenville.'

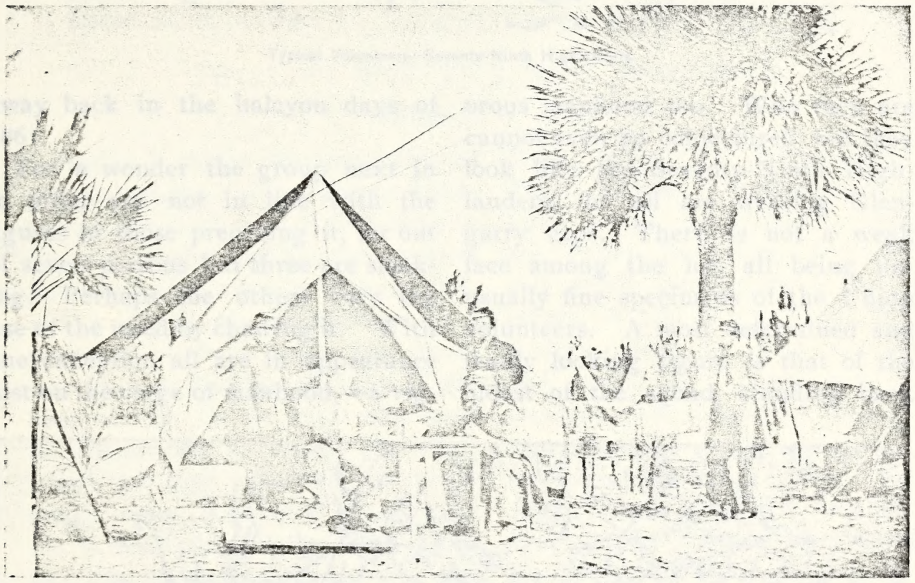
"Completely tired out I finally fell asleep, only to be awakened by a rush of waters and the yells of those around me. For a moment I thought we were going to the bottom, for it seemed as if the vessel had been swamped. I was not alone in this opinion, for some were praying, thinking their last hour had come, but we regained our courage on ascertaining the cause of the trouble. One of the bulls-eyes, which had been simply closed without being screwed up, had been burst open by an immense wave which had almost capsized the ship, and through this aperture came in an immense quantity of water, nearly drowning us out, as well as nearly frightening us to death, before we found out the cause.

"Although the danger was over, sleep was out of the queston. The old, familiar sounds of the tempest,

the creaking of the timbers, and the steady, monotonous action of the machinery were still heard, but something was missing. I turned around and faced the bunk on which the singer was lying, but his voice was still. I raised myself up on my elbow, and by the dim light of the lamp I could see his white face and outstretched arms, dead; poor fellow, his troubles were over, and 'Greenville' is never heard but the sad memories of that night are brought fresh to my mind."

The day after this was published Perry Kittridge, the well-known druggist of Concord, came into the office of the writer, and asked him if he knew the boy's name; he was told that he did not not. Mr. Kittridge said his name was Niles, and that he remembered the circumstance well; the boy died two or three days before we landed. He, Kittridge, was the hospital steward; Captain Dow, the officer of the day, wanted to have the body consigned to the waves, but he protested against it and succeeded in bringing it safely to shore, where on November 9, 1861, it was buried in the regimental cemetery The inscription on the headboard gives the name of the poor boy, who died during the storm, the first Union volunteer buried on South Carolina soil:

"In Memory of Amasee Niles, Pvt. Co. G., 3d N. H. V., died Nov. 9, 1861."



"Domino!"

"Domino!" should properly be the title of this illustration, and the parties engaged in the game are Captains Wiggin and Emmons. Captain Donohoe, leaning against the tent, looks on with a quizzical expression on his face, and with shoulder braced against the stately palmetto stands Captain Henderson. Here, as in most of the views, the pipe or cigar are ever in sight. This is a typical camp scene,





Typical Volunteers—Seventy-Ninth Highlanders.

away back in the halcyon days of 1861.

For a wonder the group next in in order are not in line with the figures in those preceding it, for out of seven persons but three are smoking. Perhaps the others vary the use of the weed by chewing it. With one exception all are in appearance just on the verge of manhood,—a vigorous manhood too. Who they are cannot even be conjectured, but they look like the Seventy-Ninth Highlanders, for all are wearing Glengarry caps. There is not a weak face among the lot, all being unusually fine specimens of the Union volunteers. A most determined and manly looking figure is that of the oldest of the squad, standing back



Drayton Mansion.

against the tent with his left hand on his hip. The only bearded man in the crowd, and an honest, boyish face, is that of the young fellow on the left with hands clasped on his knees.

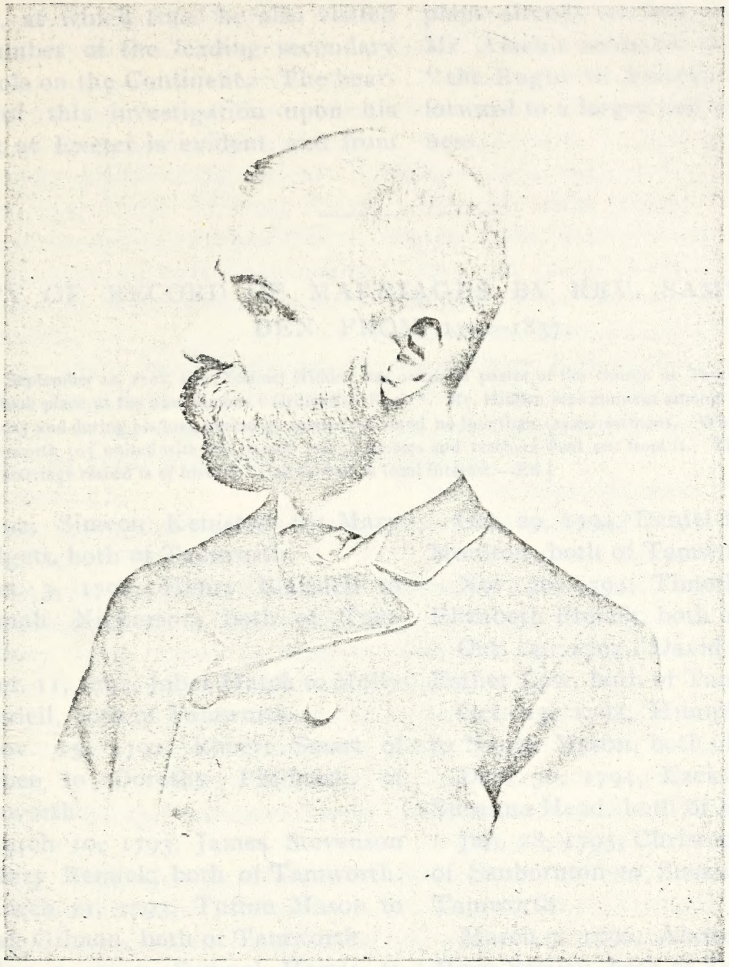
"Drayton's Plantation," already referred to, was the home of the confederate commander and the birthplace of his brother, Captain Percival Drayton of the Union Navy. The brothers fought on opposite sides in the battle of Port Royal, one defending, the other attacking the home of their fathers, not an uncommon occurrence during the Civil war. The troopers in the background are undoubtedly a squad of the First Massachusetts Cavalry. Three of the colored sisters are having their "picters" taken. The one in the foreground can almost be heard saying, "George Washington, cum rite heah, heah's a gemman knows yoh fada, shuah."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHILLIPS EXETER'S NEW PRINCIPAL.

By George H. Moses.

Harlan P. Amen, the newly elected principal of the Phillips Exeter Academy, is the sixth to hold that office in the one hundred and fourteen years of the famous old school's history, and, unlike any of his predecessors, is a graduate of the school. Mr. Amen was born at Sinking Springs, Highland county, O., in 1853, and came to Exeter as a "prep" in 1871, where for four years he was classmate, chum, and rival of William De Witt Hyde, the brilliant president of Bowdoin College, who was the first to congratulate his victorious room-mate when Mr. Amen, in his senior year, carried of the Gordon scholarship of $120, one of the richest trophies at the school's disposal. It was said at the time that both Mr. Amen and Dr. Hyde were exactly equal in standing, and that the faculty made the former the beneficiary because he was the more needy. Certainly Mr. Amen was a poor boy when he went to Exeter. Before coming East he had enjoyed for two years the privilege of the High school at Portsmouth, O. Then, finding it necessary to earn some money, he became a clerk in the Valley Bookstore, a wholesale and retail establishment, the proprietor of which was Capt. W. W. Reilly. Here he kept the books and acted as "stock boy." An incident that happened during his experience as bookkeeper was the burning down of the store. Young Amen was among the first at the fire, and his presence of mind saved the books, for which service his employer presented him his first watch. He was studying at every opportunity during his clerkship, and was much encouraged in his ambition for an education by his former principal of the high school, as well as by an Episcopal minister and a physician of his native town. At length he left the store and went to Boston, intending to prepare for college either at the Boston Latin school or at Exeter. He carried letters from his former employer, Captain Reilly, to Dr. Shurtliff, ex-mayor of Boston



Harlan P. Amen.

and secretary of the faculty of the Harvard Medical school, by whose advice he went to Exeter. There he found himself with only $35 in his pocket, but he obtained various employment, including tutoring, etc., and was able to support himself, and even to lay by $75 in his last year, the year he won the Gordon scholarship.

From Exeter he went to Harvard, where he and Hyde were still roommates, both graduating in 1879. That same year Mr. Amen, determined upon teaching as a career, went to Riverview, a military school at Poughkeepsie, New York, where he remained until called to Exeter. His success at Poughkeepsie was marked from the first, and he leaves the school with an enrollment greater than it ever before enjoyed and with a reputation and a prestige second to none among fitting schools. Mr. Amen has spent much time abroad, and a close study of the great public schools of England, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and St. Paul's, was carried on during a four months absence in



1892, at which time he also visited a number of the leading secondary schools on the Continent. The bearing of this investigation upon his work at Exeter is evident, and from plans already on foot as a result of Mr. Amen's accession to the faculty, "the Rugby of America" is looking forward to a larger and nobler usefulness.

COPY OF RECORD OF MARRIAGES BY REV. SAMUEL HIDDEN FROM 1792–1837.

[On September 12, 1792, Rev. Samuel Hidden was ordained pastor of the church at Tamworth. The ceremony took place at the now famous "Ordination Rock." Mr. Hidden was eminent among the pioneer clergy of his day and during his long period of service delivered no less than 12,000 sermons. While he was pastor at Tamworth 303 united with his church and 56 pastors and teachers went out from it. The following copy of his marriage record is of historic value as well as local interest.—Ed.]

1792, Simeon Keniston to Mary Mudgett, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 3, 1792, Henry Blaisdell to Hannah Nickerson, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 11, 1792, Jabez Hatch to Molly Blaisdell, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 15, 1792, Robert Smart of Ossipee to Dorothy Philbrick, of Tamworth.

March 10, 1793, James Stevenson to Mary Remick, both of Tamworth.

March 21, 1793, Tufton Mason to Sarah Gilman, both of Tamworth.

May 5, 1793, Samuel Harris to Mary Cranfield, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 21, 1793, Isaiah Jewell to Abigail Alley, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 8, 1794, John Cotton of Wolfeborough to Betsy Allen of Tamworth.

Feb. 9, 1794, Israel Folsom to Elizabeth Dow, both of Tamworth.

June 1, 1794, John Drake to Polly Leavitt, both of Effingham.

June 8, 1894, Joseph Maloon to Nancy Lamprey, both of Effingham.

July 6, 1794, West W. Sampson to Rebecca Fowler, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 5, 1794, Wiggin Taylor to Mary Abbot, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 29, 1794, Daniel Dow to Eliza Moulton, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 20, 1794, Timothy White to Elizabeth French, both of Ossipee.

Oct. 4, 1794, David Gilman to Esther Low, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 23, 1794, Humphrey Fowler to Nancy Mason, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 30, 1794, Ezekiel James to Susanna Head, both of Benton.

Jan. 28, 1795, Christopher Sanborn of Sanbornton to Susanna Mason of Tamworth.

March 7, 1796, Abner Moulton to Mary Seavey, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 9, 1796, John Fowler, Jr., to Miriam Gordon, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 22, 1796, John Simpson to Sally Palmer, both of Effingham.

Feb. 28, 1797, John Blake to Susanna Frost, both of Moultonborough.

April 26, 1797, Gilman Heilton to Polly Mason, both of Tamworth.

April 20, 1797, William Remick to Abigail Gilman, both of Tamworth.

April 30, 1797, John Bean to Betsey Weed, both of Sandwich.

Aug. 3, Abner Blaisdell to Louis Sherman, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 3, 1797, Jacob Merry to Abigail Gunnett, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 27, 1797, David Colcord, Jr., to Rebecca Smart, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 19, 1797, Luther Rice of Conway to Polly Atkins of Sandwich.

Oct. 1, 1797, Capt. Tristram Capo of Tuftonborough to Susanna Hill.

Oct. 12, 1797, Richard Shepherd of Holderness to Wid. Abagail Gilman of Tamworth.

Nov. 11, 1797, Stephen Palmer to Dolly Dearborn, both of Effingham.

Feb. 28, 1798, Isaiah Rogers of Plymouth to Mahitable Bradbury of Moultonborough.

May 13, 1798, John Rollins to Polly Meader, both of Tamworth.

June 19, 1798, Nicholas Blaisdell to Ruth Robinson, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 27, 1798, Aaron Quimby to Elizabeth Wells, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 30, 1798, Josiah Lewis to Jerushia Tuxbry, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 5, 1798, Jonathan Hobbs of Effingham to Sarah Sanborn of Northampton.

Nov. 5, 1798, Joseph Morrill to Abiah Folsom, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 20, 1798, David Moulton to Mary Folsom, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 25, 1798, Isaac Buzzel to Elizabeth Sanderson, both of Ossipee.

Jan. 29, 1799, William Mason to Abigail Hayford, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 30, 1799, Abraham Drake of Effingham to Susanna Leighton of Ossipee.

April 16, 1799, Amos Bailey to Patty Jackman, both Tamworth.

Dec. 30, 1799, John Knowles of Benton to Mary Danforth of Tamworth.

Feb. 15, 1800, Samuel Thing of Brentwood to Betsy Gilman of Tamworth.

June 9, 1800, Israel Gilman, 3rd, to Susan Gilman, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 10, 1800, Joseph Cooley to Sarah Moody, both of Ossipee.

Oct. 18, 1800, Nathan Beede, Jr. to Elenor Bean, both of Sandwich.

Oct. 28, 1800, Joseph Tappin to Sarah Allen, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 30, 1800, Larkin Dodge to Abigail Mason, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 12, 1800, Ichabod Tibbetts to Anna Lang, both of Eaton.

Nov. 13, 1800, Nathaniel Hobbs, Jr., of Effingham to Sally Smart of Ossipee.

Jan. 16, 1801, Thomas Gannett to Hannah Hart, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 20, 1801, Samuel Maloon to Deborah Palmer, both of Effingham.

April 19, 1801, Daniel Roberts of Ossipe to Susanna Eastman of Tamworth.

June 17, 1801, William Williams to Sally Leach, both of Ossipee.

Aug. 11, 1801, John Folsom to Sally Jackson, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 20, 1801, Isaac West to Phebe Smith, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 28, 1801, Nathaniel Knowles, Jr. of Benton to Joanna Brown, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 31, 1801, John Pender to Ruth Cushing, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 29, 1802, Jacob Ames of Belfast to Miriam Parsons of Tamworth.

Feb. 29, 1802, Samuel Whidden to Polly Head, both of Tamworth.

April 23, 1802, Sargeant French of Sandwich to Dorothy Foster, of Tamworth.

May 2, 1802, Abram Jenness to Mary Clemment, both of Moultonborough.

May 10, 1802, Joseph Hobbs of Effingham to Dolly Cooly of Ossipee.

May 18, 1802, James Blaisdell to Abigail Stetson, both of Tamworth.

May 20, 1802, Henry Remick to Polly Howard, both of Tamworth.

May 27, 1802, Theophelus Brown, Jr., to Molly Tuxbury, both of Tamworth.

Apr. 10, 1803, Jacob Gilman to Betsey Gilman, both of Tamworth.

June 23, 1803, Shubal Marston to Betsey Remick, both of Tamworth.

July 11, 1803, Joseph Jewell to Betsey Hayes, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 11, 1803, Jonathan Moody to Experience Nickerson, both of Ossipee.

Sept. 1, 1803, Elisha Weed to Abigail Freeze, both of Sandwich.

Sept. 11, 1803, Benjamin C. Doe to Rebecca Dearborn, both of Effingham.

March 1, 1804, David Jewell of Tamworth to Ruth Clough of Sandwich.

March 11, 1804, Nathaniel Whitaker of Chatham to Abigail Fowler of Tamworth.

March 15, 1804, James O. Freeman to Susanna French both of Sandwich.

July 23, 1804, Nicholas Glidden to Betsey Williams, both of Effingham.

Aug. 8, 1804, Benjamin Cook of Wakefield to Mercy Burley of Sandwich.

Sept. 20, 1804, Winthrop Smart to Sally Heard, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 22, 1804, Daniel Smith of Philipsburg to Wid. Mary Fowler of Tamworth.

Jan. 3, 1805, Robert Roberts to Jerusha P. Goulet, both of Ossipee.

Aug. 4, 1805, John Vittum to Mary Flanders, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 1, 1805, Daniel Folsom to Wid. Sarah Folsom, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 8, 1805, Reuben Hobbs of Effingham to Polly Parsons.

Nov. 4, 1805, Clement Moody to Polly Cooley, both of Ossipee.

March 6, 1806, Moses Weed to Lydia Brown, both of Sandwich.

March 20, 1806, Perkins Moulton to Nancy Meader, both of Tamworth.

April 29, 1806, James Wingate to Polly Shaw, both of Tamworth.

June 5, 1806, Bradbury Jewell to Polly Chapman, both of Tamworth.

June 12, 1806, William Philbrick of Tamworth to Jane McCrillis of Sandwich.

July 13, 1806, Ephraim Hidden to Dorothy Remick, both of Tamworth.

July 18, 1806, John Moulton to Lydia Clough, both of Sandwich.

Sept. 21, 1806, Jonas Carter to Mehitable Gilman, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 27, 1806, Nathaniel Nickerson to Thankful Parsons, both of Ossipee.

Jan. 1, 1807, John Williams to Thankful Nickerson, both of Ossipee.

Jan. 8, 1807, Abram Perkins of Meredith to Susan Gilman of Tamworth.

Feb. 19, 1807, Nathaniel S. Ladd of Andover to Deborah Thing of Tamworth.

April 8, 1807, Samuel Fogg to Dolly Folsom of Tamworth.

May 3, 1807, David Hatch to Susan Colburn of Tamworth.

May 17, 1807, David Folsom to Hannah Philbrick of Tamworth.

May 19, 1807, Consider Gannett to Yeriah Howard of Tamworth.

May 20, 1807, Joseph Seavey to Sally Docum, both of Tamworth.

May 21, 1807, John Meservey of Thornton to Mary Smith of Sandwich.

June 11, 1807, John Marston, Tamworth, to Betsy Edgell, Tamworth.

Dec. 1, 1807, John Parsons to Sarah Ellis, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 10, 1808, Jeremiah Gilman of Meredith to Hannah Sanborn of Effingham.

Feb. 10, 1808, Samuel Chapman to Elizabeth Folsom, both of Tamworth.

March 1, 1803, Nehemiah Cram to Susan Morse, both of Sandwich.

March 16, 1808, Moses Hinds to Hannah Bryer, both of Tamworth.

May 1, 1808, Wm. Wallace, Jr., to Sally Keniston, both of Sandwich.

May 2, 1808, Stephen Fellows to Peggy McGaffy, both of Sandwich.

May 2, 1808, Henry Weed, Jr., to Nancy Foss, both of Sandwich.

May 4, 1808, Daniel Smart to Rhoda Davis of Eaton.

May 10, 1808, Mark Blaisdell to Patty Whitman of Tamworth.

May 12, 1808, Jonathan Watson to Dolly Vittum, both of Sandwich.

May 12, 1808, Nathan Watson to Betsey Shaw, both of Tamworth.

June 13, 1808, Lewis Bates to Elizabeth Webster, both of Sandwich.

Dec. 29, 1808, Samuel Knox of Conway to Betsey Ames of Ossipee.

Feb. 2, 1809, Nathaniel Morse to Hannah Frost both of Sandwich.

May 18, 1809, Ichabod Shaw of Moultonboro to Eliza Little of Cambrige.

July 5, 1809, Sylvanus Blossom of Eaton to Hannah Bean of Sandwich.

Oct. 22, 1809, John Chapman to Mercy Ballard, both of Tamworth.

July 2, 1809, Jonathan Quimby of Sandwich to Esther Keniston of Tamworth.

Nov. 23, 1809, Wm. P. Beede to Phebe Weed both of Sandwich.

Feb. 11, 1810, Reuben Sanderson of Sandwich to Sally Bason of Tamworth.

April 4, 1810, Solomon Liscum to Sarah Layman both of Tamworth.

April 3, 1810, Henry Weed of Sandwich to Sally Fowler of Tamworth.

April 8, 1810, Isaac Allen to Eliza Gilman, both of Tamworth.

May 28, 1810, Wm. Quimby of Sandwich to Sally Folsom of Tamworth.

Oct. 7, 1810, Enoch Stevenson to Lydia Dow, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 1, 1810, Wm. Weare to Betsey Clough, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 27, 1811, Samuel Beede of Sandwich to Mary Edgell of Tamworth.

Feb. 7, 1811, Daniel Shaw, Jr., to Mehitable Gilman, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 27, 1811, Francis Remick of Industry to Abigail Marston of Tamworth.

April 3, 1811, Robert Newell of Wolfeboro to Nabby Nichols of Ossipee.

June 20, 1811, David Foss to Rachel Hoit, both of Sandwich.

June 30, 1811, Jacob Hyde to Comfort Hayes, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 7, 1811, Jesse Thing of Gilmanton to Sophia Ames of Ossipee.

Oct. 31, 1811, Jacob W. Eastman to Mary Webster, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 13, 1811, Carr Leavitt, Jr. of Effingham to Dolly Danforth of Eaton.

Jan. 12, 1812, Rev. Nathaniel Porter to Mrs. Phebe Page, both of Conway.

Feb. 10, 1812, George Woodman to Peggy Brewster, both of Tamworth.

March 11, 1812, Jeremiah Vittim of Sandwich to Mary Jewell of Tamworth.

March 26, 1812, Nathan Morse to Sally Gilman, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 12, 1812, David Gilman, 3d, to Betsy Ayers, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 15, 1813, Samuel Brewster of Tamworth to Elenor White of Ossipee.

Jan. 28, 1813, Nathan Cram to Patience Purington, both of Sandwich.

Feb. 25, 1813, Mark Jewell to Catherine Sinclair, both of Tamworth.

March 2, 1813, Newton S. Hatch to Hannah Howard, both of Tamworth.

March 5, 1813, Japheth Smith of Tamworth to Mary Varney of Ossipee.

June 11, 1813, Jonathan Miller of Chichester to Abigail Folsom of Sandwich.

Dec. 22, 1813, John McGaffey to Lucy Sampson, both of Sandwich.

Jan. 11, 1814, John Marston to widow Susanna Weymouth, both of Sandwich.

March 31, 1814, David Howard to Widow Abigail Hull, both of Eaton.

April 14, 1814, Ephraim Stevens to Mary Nichols, both of Ossipee.

April 21, 1814, Jonathan Leavitt to Hannah Fay, both of Ossipee.

June 14, 1814, Josiah S. McGaffey to Mary Boyden, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 4, 1814, Reuben Head to Mary Vittum, both of Sandwich.

July 1, 1814, James McCrillis of Sandwich to Rebecca Hackett of Tamworth.

Oct. 12, 1814, James Remick to Sarah Edgell, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 5, 1814, Mark Newman of Andover to Abagail Dodge of Tamworth.

Nov. 20, 1814, Ross Coon of Haverhill to Phebe Purington of Sandwich.

Dec. 1, 1814, Samuel Shaw to Ruth Gilman, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 14, 1814, Eliphalet Sanborn to Frances Norris, both of Sandwich.

Dec. 28, 1814, David Brier to Mary Cook, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 28, 1815, William Nickerson to Mehitable Parsons, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 5, 1815, Nathaniel B. Gordon of Exeter to Lydia Lampson of Sandwich.

July 20, 1815, Jeremiah Ballard to Mary B. Folsom, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 10, 1815, David Foss to Mehitable Lee, both of Sandwich.

Sept. 23, 1815, John Eastman to Mary Hayes, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 23, 1815, Charles Heard to Lucy Eastman, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 12, 1815, John Kelley of Wendell to Elizabeth C. Hilton of Sandwich.

Nov. 9, 1815, Isaac Davis to Betsy Ellis, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 13, 1815, Joseph B. Harvey of Portsmouth to Rebecca Rogers of Tamworth.

Dec. 6, 1815, John Ayer to Mary Ney, both of Ossipee.

Feb. 8, 1816, Thomas Peavey of Farmington to Susanna Nichols of Ossipee.

April 16, 1816, Joseph Dodge to Hannah Dodge, both of Ossipee.

May 16, 1816, Abner Moulton to Susanna Fowler, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 15, 1816, Andrus B. Peters to Keziah Gannett, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 24, 1816, William Clark to Susan Hayes, both of Tamworth.

October 27, 1816, Samuel McGaffey, Jr., to Amelia Drew, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 14, 1816, Stephen Hawkins to Olive Hoit, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 14, 1816, Asa Jewell to Sally Hoit, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 10, 1816, David Dow to Deborah Gilman, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 25, 1816, William Eastman to Elizabeth Dow, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 2, 1817, Nathaniel Remick to Esther Nickerson, both of Ossipee.

Jan. 15, 1817, Stephen Fowler to Betsy Pinner, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 18, 1817, Jonathan C. Gilman to Sophia Hidden, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 26, 1817, James H. Twombly of Effingham to Abigail Gilman of Tamworth.

Feb. 4, 1817, David Drake of Chichester to Phebe Beede of Sandwich.

Feb. 6, 1817, James Smith of Belfast to Harriet James of Tamworth.

March 3, 1817, Samuel T. Gilman to Abigail Mason, both of Tamworth.

March 9, 1817, James Russ to Zerniah Weymouth of Tamworth.

Oct. 16, 1817, Eben Allen to Thankful Ellis, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 16, 1817, Maurice Lord to Dolly Danforth, both of Eaton.

Nov. 16, 1817, John Staunton of Ossipee to Eliza Danforth of Eaton.

Nov. 13, 1817, Samuel Varney to Sally Cross, both of Ossipee.

Dec. 25, 1817, Isaiah Cushing to Hannah Norris, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 25, 1817, Joseph Graves to Betsy Vittum, both of Sandwich.

Jan. 8, 1818, Jonathan Moulton of Effingham to Hannah Cushing of Tamworth.

March 1, 1818, Daniel Sanborn to Lydia Cushing, both of Tamworth.

April 20, 1818, James M. Woodman to Betsy A. Jackson, both of Tamworth.

June 21, 1818, Dr. Samuel O. Wood to Mary C. Cook, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 21, 1818, Robert Felch to Betsy Sanborn, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 15, 1818, Lybeus Hayford to Lydia Hawkins, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 3, 1818, Jonathan Dow to Lavinia Cushing, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 17, 1819, David Luce to Lucy Chapman, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 21, 1819, Noah Shaw of Montreal to Fanny Durgin of Tamworth.

April 2, 1819, Joshua Welsh to Nancy Heath, both of Ossipee.

June 13, 1819, David G. Stevenson to Sophia Durgin, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 12, 1819, Samuel Weed of Newport to Abigail Jones of Tamworth.

Aug. 25, 1818, Jeremiah Furber to Eliza Little, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 11, 1819, Nathaniel Carter to Patience Colomy, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 21, 1819, Sylvanus H. Green to Clarrisa Durrell, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 1, 1818, Jacob Bean of Sandwich to Jane Danforth of Eaton.

Dec. 3, 1819, John Sawyer of Effingham to widow Rhoda Currier of Eaton.

Jan. 13, 1820, Neal McCrillis to Abigail Foss, both of Sandwich.

Jan. 25, 1820, Simeon Whitman to Hannah S. Gilman, both of Tamworth.

March 22, 1820, Enoch Remick to Lucinda Edgell, both of Tamworth.

March 27, 1820, Dr. Henry McCrillis of Sandwich to Sally Shepherd of Tamworth.

April 16, 1820, Dea. Jacob Eastman to Wid. Abigail Stevenson, both of Tamworth.

April 20, 1820, William Reynolds of Boston to Temperance Brewster of Ossipee.

Aug. 18, 1820, John Smith to Sally Ambrose, both of Ossipee.

Sept. 6, 1820, Benjamin Lamper to Mary Leavitt, both of Effingham.

Sept. 6, 1820, Joseph Warren of Ossipee to Caroline Huckins of Ossipee.

Nov. 2, 1820, Ezra Gilman to Bethana Cook, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 7, 1820, Asa Fowler to Mary Folsom, both of Sandwich.

Jan. 14, 1821, Thomas Johnson to Elizabeth Lord, both of Effingham.

Feb. 22, 1821, Henry Smith to Betsy Hodgdon, both of Ossipee.

Feb. 23, 1821, Isaac G. Stillings to Mary G. Colby, both of Ossipee.

March 21, 1821, John Bean to Rebecca McCrillis, both of Sandwich.

March 14, 1821, Phineas Hodgdon of Portsmouth to Sally Heard of Sandwich.

July 24, 1821, Nathaniel to Mary Weed (undoubtedly Nathaniel Locke) both of Sandwich.

Aug. 2, 1821, Samuel Blusky to Betsy Hidden, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 18, 1821, Warren Hayford to Sophia Gannett, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 22, 1821, Jonathan Ambrose to Olive Hodgdon, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 28, 1821, John Folsom to Abagail Noyes, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 28, 1821, Stephen Bennett, Jr., to Margaret Foss, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 28, 1821, Henry B. Hatch to Louis Frost, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 11, 1821, Ebenezer Cogswell to Betsy Wiggin, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 30, 1821, Isaac Sawyer, Sen., to Sarah Hayford, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 30, 1821, William Haley of Hollis to Betsy Bryant of Tamworth.

Feb. 7, 1822, John Eastman to Eliza Mason both of Effingham.

Feb. 27, 1822, John Hyde to Eliza G. B. Hoit, both of Sandwich.

March 13, 1822, Nathaniel Clark of Sanbornton to Ruth Philbrick of Tamworth.

March 15, 1822, John Forest to Anna Frost, both of Sandwich.

March 15, 1822, Samuel Fogg of Sandwich to Sally Palmer of Tamworth.

April 11, 1822, Isaac P. Davis to Judith Colby, both of Eaton.

April 25, 1822, Rook Stillings to Mary Hodgdon, both of Ossipee.

June 20, 1822, Rodman Moulton to Dorcas Miliken, both of Effingham.

Nov. 4, 1822, John Moulton to Eliza Hoit, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 10, 1822, John Check of Limington to Lucy Bryant of Tamworth.

Nov. 12, 1822, Seth Hayford to Susan Gannett, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 26, 1822, Joseph Drake of Effingham to Mary Clark of Tamworth.

Dec. 31, 1822, Wm. P. Hidden of Tamworth to Eunice Purrington of Sandwich.

Jan. 16, 1823, Nicholas G. Norris to Betsey Blanchard, both of Sandwich.

Feb. 8, 1823, Edmond Banks Hollis to Sally Jones of Tamworth.

Feb. 13, 1823, Moses James to Jacintha Mason, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 13, 1823, Walter Brown to Sally Quimby, both of Sandwich.

Feb. 27, 1823, Wm. Buzell to Mary Chase, both of Tamworth.

March 1, 1823, Jonathan Tappan to Dorothy Heard, both of Sandwich.

March 13, 1823, Eliphalet McGaffey to Aphia Chase, both of Sandwich.

April 20, 1823, Edmond Grant, Sen., to Betsey Gilman, both of Ossipee.

April 23, Richworth Dorman to Hannah Blaisdell, both of Tamworth.

May 13, 1823, Benjamin Moulton to Nancy Moulton, both of Tamworth.

June 3, 1823, Benjamin Gilman to Lucy H. Boyden, both of Tamworth.

July 1, 1823, Joshua B. Smith to Dorothy Stevenson, both of Tamworth.

July 24, 1822, Joseph H. Downs to Jemima Mudgett, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 2, 1823, Dudley Cram to Lucy Moulton, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 11, 1823, Samuel Tebbetts of Wolfboro to Joanna Meader, of Tamworth.

Sept. 28, 1823, Samuel Cushing to Betsy Butte, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 7, 1823, John Clark to Huldah Varney, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 16, 1823, Dearborn Chase to Nancy Clark, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 2, 1824, Lybeus Washburn of Lime to Mehitable Gannett of Tamworth.

Feb. 12, 1824, Jacob Remick of Industry to Hannah Shaw of Tamworth.

April 14, 1824, James Burk to Hannah Alen, both of Sandwich.

June 1, 1824, John M. Stevenson to Martha Boyden, both of Tamworth.

June 28, 1824, Reuben Heard of Ossipee to Sophia Moulton of Tamworth.

Sept. 2, 1824, Timothy Colby to Ellen M. Hunt, both of Eaton.

September 12, 1824, William Edgell to Lavina Quimby, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 17, 1824, Andrew McCrillis to Mary C. Webster, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 4, 1824, Hubbard Leach to Lucy K. Freeze, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 11, 1824, Abner Moulton, Jr., to Nancy C. Godfrey, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 28, 1824, Stephen Staples of Tamworth to Frances Brown of Ipswich, Me.

Dec. 5, 1824, Charles Jackson to Elizabeth S. Dean, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 12, Matthew Gannett to Betsy Goodwin, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 26, 1824, Japhet Gilman to Charlotte Durgin, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 30, 1824, William Mason to Nancy Mason, both of Tamworth.

March 24, 1825, George Folsom to Miriam C. B. Dow, both of Tamworth.

April 16, 1825, Ebenezer Allen to Ruth Cogswell, both of Tamworth.

April 20, 1825, John Bennett to Lucinda Fogg, both of Sandwich.

Sept. 20, 1825, Benjamin Durgin of Limington, Me., to Martha Folsom of Tamworth.

Oct. 18, 1825, Samuel Folsom to Mercy Downs, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 10, 1825, Frederick Boyden to Vesta Remick, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 20, 1825, William Vittum, Jr., to Elvina Clough, both of Sandwich.

Dec. 22, 1825, John Penn, Jr., to Sally Hubbard, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 22, 1825, Stephen M. Smith to Huldah Gordon, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 26, 1826, Moses Titcomb to Mrs. Hannah Whitman, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 26, 1826, Capt. Samuel Eastman to Mrs. Lydia Whitman, both of Tamworth.

March 2, 1826, Nathaniel Perkins of Tamworth to Mrs. Anna Leavitt of Effingham.

May 23, 1856, Ira A. Bean, Esq., to Eliza F. Hoit, both of Sandwich.

May 23, 1826, Jonathan Foss to Mary Richardson, both of Sandwich.

July 18, 1826, Ebenezer Ricker of Lebanon, Me., to Susan Butler of Sandwich.

Sept. 7, 1826, Aaron Jarvis to Elizabeth Prescott, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 9, 1826, Dr. Ebenezer G. Moore of Wells, Me., to Eliza S. Hidden of Tamworth.

Nov. 14, 1826, Caleb Marston to Betsy Ambrose, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 23, 1826, Henry A. P. B. Hyde to Abigail Pitman, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 23, 1826, Reuben W. Randall of Effingham to Balinda Blaisdell of Tamworth.

Dec. 20, 1826, Alden Washburn to Sarah Pease, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 21, 1826, Dr. Ebenezer Boyden of Tamworth to Hannah Ames of Ossipee.

March 4, 1827, Joseph Popkin to Sarah Price, both of Tamworth.

April 14, 1827, Joseph Doe of Tamworth to Lavina Hobs both of Ossipee.

April 26, 1827, James Cate to Ruth James, both of Tamworth.

May 6, 1827, James Stevenson, Jr., to Joanna Folsom, both of Tamworth.

June 21, 1827, True Bean to Hannah Webster, both of Sandwich.

July 28, 1827, William Eastman of Tamworth to Louis Burleigh of Ossipee.

Sept. 25, 1827, Edmond Knight of Hollis, Me., to Susan Sanborn of Tamworth.

Sept. 27, 1827, Andrew Folsom, Jr., to Sally Hodgdon, both of Ossipee.

Oct. 25, 1827, William Moulton to Sally Smith, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 6, 1827, Nehemiah White to Susan Williams, both of Ossipee.

Nov. 15, 1827, Moody C. Osgood to Joanna Hayford, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 27, 1827, Wm. Moulton of Sandwich to Elizabeth Hill of Tamworth.

Nov. 28, 1827, Theophelus C. Clough to Hannah C. Boynton both of Tamworth.

Nov. 29, 1827, Obed Hale, Esq., to Betsy Gilman, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 7, 1828, Samuel Chapman to Mary Hoit, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 8, 1828, Dr. James Norris of Sandwich to Lucinda Stevenson of Tamworth.

Jan. 19, 1828, Joshua Horr to Sally Cushing, both of Tamworth.

June 4, 1828, Daniel Hoit of Sandwich to Rosanna Nickols of Somersworth.

June 12, 1828, Capt. Samuel Edgell to Wid. Sarah Chapman both of Tamworth.

July 17, 1828, Dearborn Doe to Nancy Seaverance, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 13, 1828, Josiah Folsom to Huldah Downs, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 8, 1829, James Hidden to Harriet Griffin, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 11, 1829, George D. Hidden to Almira Hunt, both of Tamworth.

March 3, 1829, Spencer Wentworth of Adams to Nancy Gannett of Tamworth.

May 17, 1829, Simon Brier, Jr., to Lydia Hoit, both of Sandwich.

May 17, 1829, Jonathan Frost to Nancy H. Rollins, both of Tamworth.

June 4, 1829, Nathan Moody to Miriam Nickerson, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 10, 1829, Levi Smith of Ossipee to Cynthia Remick of Tamworth.

March 6, 1830, William G. Wentworth of Jackson to Loisa Gannett of Tamworth.

May 6, 1830, Enoch Perkins to Clara Page, both of Tamworth.

June 3, 1830, Charles M. Page to Abigail Blaisdell, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 13, 1830, Dr. Lowell Marston to Nancy M. Brown, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 28, 1830, Jacob F. Webster to Margery Heard, both of Sandwich.

Nov. 6, 1830, Solomon Pease to Rebecca Lawrence, both of Tamworth.

April 12, 1831, Ephraim Washburn to Clarissa Roberts, both of Tamworth.

April 21, 1831, Stephen Flanders of Eaton to Polly Hayford of Tamworth.

April 13, 1831, George Durrell to Anna Berry, both of Tamworth.

May 1, 1831, John Burleigh to Nancy Durrell, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 21, 1831, Seth Edgell to Sally Price, both of Tamworth.

Aug. 21, 1831, Isaac A. Gilman to Esther Williams, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 24, 1831, Larkin Hobbs to Dorothy Hobbs, both of Ossipee.

Sept. 30, 1831, Wyatt H. Folsom to Sarah Hoit, both of Sandwich.

Dec. 20, 1831, Alfred Hatch to Charlott Chesley, both of Somersworth.

Feb. 3, 1832, Jonathan Perkins, Jr., to Mehitable Williams, both of Tamworth.

March 21, 1832, Rev. John Richardson, of Pittsfield to Mary J. Perkins of Tamworth.

April 18, 1832, James to Mrs. Joanna Hayford, both of Tamworth.

May 31, 1832, Harvey M. Weed to Lucinda Folsom, both of Sandwich.

June 15, 1832, Calvin Cooley to Hannah Welch, both of Ossipee.

Sept. 16, 1832, John G. Smith to Sally S. Mason, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 5, 1832, Amos Bachelder to Betsy Kimball, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 8, 1832, Jacob P. Smart of Ossipee to Amy Stanley of Tamworth.

Dec. 20, 1832, Nahum Gilman to Abigail Remick, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 20, 1832, Jonathan S. Gilman to Polly Pinner, both of Tamworth.

March 3, 1833, Wyatt B. Marston to Almira Brown, both of Tamworth.

March 9, 1833, Maj. Joseph Gilman of Tamworth to Mrs. Mary Kelly of Dover.

June 26, 1833, John Meader to Nancy Mason, both of Tamworth.

June 27, 1833, Bradbury Jewell to Lucinda Chapman, both of Tamworth.

Sept. 25, 1833, Lewis Gannett to Eliza J. Mason, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 1, 1833, Faxon Gannett to Mary U. Remick, both of Tamworth.

Oct. 15, 1833, Robert Felch to Katherine Sanborn, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 5, 1833, Harvey M. Weed to Mary Boynton, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 18, 1833, Larkin D. Mason to Joanna Folsom, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 2, 1834, Noah J. Sanborn of Tamworth to Persis W. Littlefield of Wells, Me.

Feb. 13, 1834, William Cotton to Nancy Smart, both of Ossipee.

March 13, 1834, Capt. J. Brewster Smith of Sandwich to Betsy Hubbard of Tamworth.

June 22, 1834, Samuel Cushing of Dover to Asenath Hyde of Tamworth.

Aug. 14, 1834, Remembrance Clark to Henrietta Durgin, both of Exeter.

Sept. 11, 1834, Ebenezer Dow, Jr., to Harriet N. Mason, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 8, 1834, Isaac W. Kimball to Mary F. Hayes, both of Tamworth.

Nov. 27, 1834, Lorenzo D. Stevenson to Lucy B. Mears, both of Tamworth.

Dec. 4, 1837, Jonathan W. Pollard to Sally H. Marston, both of Tamworth.

Jan. 7, 1835, Samuel S. Beede to Nancy T. D. Boyden, both of Tamworth.

Feb. 24, 1835, David Marston of Tamworth to Sarah Horn of North Berwick, Me.

May 12, 1835, Samuel Fairfield of Tamworth to Phebe Chick of Sandwich.

Oct. 5, 1835, John Gray of Jackson to Merandy Gannett of Tamworth.

Nov. 7, 1835, Joseph Cogswell, Jr., of Tamworth to Amanda F. Page of Gilmanton.

Feb. 4, 1836, Joseph Seavy of Ossipee to Leonia Stanley of Tamworth.

April 17, 1836, John Berry of Scarboro, Me., to Sally Hooper of Tamworth.

April, 27, 1836, Consider Gannett of Tamworth to Martha Brown of Cheshire, Vt.

Aug. 4, 1836, John Perkins of Newmarket to Hannah Brown of Tamworth.

Sept. 4, 1836, Samuel Meader, Jr., of Tamworth to Abigail M. Lovering of Freedom.

Nov. 7, 1836, Ebenezer Smith to Mrs. Betsy Weare, both of Tamworth.

"OVER THE MOUNTING."

A HATE STORY.

By Edwin Osgood Grover.

WHEN the sawmills which had dwelt for many years in the little hamlet of Bear Camp moved up the narrow valley of Potash brook into the Ossipee mountains, and preempted sites on their wooded slopes, they found the mountains already inhabited. From almost time out of mind the bushy clearings and mountain meadows of the Ossipee range have been the homes of a race of mountaineers who live by hunting and fishing and the cultivation of paltry patches of rocky land about their board and log shanties. During the summer they bring down from the oval summits of the mountains hundreds of bushels of blueberries and blackberries that find a ready sale in the great New England markets. Whether these people are the descendants of early settlers intermarried with the Ossipee Indians, or of outcasts from society who sought hiding in these lonely regions, or whether they are voluntary recluses from the world, is not known. For many generations, however, they have dwelt apart, neighbor marrying neighbor, till the entire race is intimately related. The men are almost without exception tall, angular, large boned, with deep dark eyes and straight hair; the women short and slight, with

small, sharp features that have been strongly intensified by much hard labor and rough living.

The intrusion of the sawmills into their domain was regarded jealously at first by the suspicious mountaineers, but discovering that they would provide employment for nearly two score men they joined eagerly in their building. Within a month after their location there had grown up about them a little hamlet of a dozen houses which had assumed the lofty name of "Forest City." The houses stood on insecure wooden posts in an irregular square about a tiny store that occupied an unshingled shanty with a lean-to in the rear. All bore a picturesque resemblance in their simple architecture and unfinished condition; a single room below and a loft above providing as luxurious comfort for a family of twelve as for man and wife. Tottering staging stood along their sides, here and there a window was boarded up, and a few inches of smoky stove pipe showed itself timidly above the shingles of their roofs. The store, with its counter down one side and a bar at the end, at once became the acknowledged rendezvous of the "city." Every evening the mountaineers for miles around would flock thither, smoking on the benches about the door, gambling over their bottles, and telling with many oaths the bloody stories of the life "up the mounting" in the early days.

By the second summer in the existence of Forest City the rough board huts had become weather beaten and dark, young white birches and clusters of sweet fern had begun to grow again in their front yards, and the people adapting themselves to their new surroundings had settled back into the monotonous routine of their old life. The men worked lazily during the day and quarrelled over their cards and liquor at night; the women scolded each other from the thresholds of their open doors, shaking their bony fists and tousled heads as emphatic warning that "trespassers will be prosecuted;" the children played along the mountain stream, building frail dams and shingle water wheels that were sure to be washed away when the gates were open at night, and punctuating their play with many a pitched battle to show that the possession of a favorite stretch of sand or waterfall was ten points of the law.

It was late in August of the second summer of this commonplace existence that a new family suddenly made its appearance in the drowsy hamlet. For some never explained reason Sim Pentock, whose ancestors for three generations had occupied a log cabin on the north slope of Blacksnout mountain and lived by catching salmon in Dan Hole pond, had deliberately left the home of his fathers and come to Forest City to earn an honest living. He had secured a position in one of the mills and brought with him all his worldly possessions, which consisted of a few chairs, a table, a rickety bedstead, a few broken dishes, a barefooted, shiftless wife, and a bright-faced, laughing little girl named Meg who resembled neither her father nor mother so much as some half-blown flower of the woods. It was fortunate for Sim Pentock that he had come down the mountain instead of up, for the mountaineers have an inborn hatred of anything that comes from the "valley kentry." Even Meg's simple beauty would, I fear, have been wasted on

the jealous mill hands had she not been to the manor born with the wild, hot blood of the moutains in her veins. Sim Pentock and his "ole wooman" caused scarce a ripple in the embryonic social life of the city, for the world had known his father and his father's father, and his neighbors naturally regarded this outburst of industry as likely to be of brief duration.

"'Tai n't no-un 'cept Sim Pentock an' I 'low he 'll be moughty sick o' workin' 'fore snow drops," said one of them when told of the new arrival.

Meg, however, was not to be disposed of so lightly. She was overwise in many ways for her fourteen years and looked at life through a more wholesome atmosphere than many of the others. Most of the mountain girls of her own age were already married and the smaller children regarded her with that same curious pity with which the children of our New England villages regard the old maids of their acquaintance. Dwelling alone on the side of Blacksnout and having no playmates, she had made friends with the birds, the flowers, and the loving, animate hills about her. In these new surroundings she immediately sought her old friends and wandered alone through the magic, mysterious woods full of mysterious music and familiar voices. All this separated her alike from the children of the brookside and the joyless child-wives of her own age.

But the men at the mill as they saw her pass beheld something strangely attractive in her fresh beauty and wild joy. To be sure it was not the beauty of the ball-room or such as would have attracted attention outside this lumber city, but a bright laugh and gentle word are potent charms to rough, unloved fellows who never knew the sweetness of a kiss. Within a few weeks Meg had won a warm place in the heart of everyone of the mill hands and spent many hours watching them at their work. They were all "boys" to her though in spite of her good-natured impartiality there was not a little ill-concealed jealousy on their part, and one day they laughingiy demanded of her "which was her favorite?"

"None of yez!" she replied without hesitation. "I hai n't got no favorites ez I knows on. Liph Sommers thar be jes' the same ter me ez Harnsome Jack. Thar hai n't no diff'rence."

Meg had frankly chosen Liph and Handsome Jack as representing the two extremes of attractiveness to prove that they were all cronies together. Liph was lank and wrinkled, browned by sun and weather, with a shock of unkempt black hair and bushy iron-gray beard that fell ragged and yellow with tobacco stains over his soiled blue shirt. He was a typical mountaineer, rough, uncouth, quick-tempered, fond of his liquor, but kind to those who confessed themselves weaker than he. Handsome Jack was the acknowledged dude of the city, light-haired, with a thin moustache and fair complexion, he was often seen on Sundays wearing a "biled shirt" which aroused the contempt of the mountaineers to its highest pitch. But his greatest fault was in being born a French Canadian and it was only after several years of gradual conciliation that he had overcome the intense hatred of the mountaineers for all "furriners" as the rest of the world is sneeringly called.

When Meg made answer to the question of the men their slow minds failed to perceive that they were all included in her friendship but fancied that she had chosen Liph and Handsome Jack to the exclusion of the rest. "Waal, I swar, Meg war a cur'us gal!" laughed one of the men as she turned and ran out of the mill, followed by the laughter and raillery which her reply had created, till she was out of hearing far up the rough logging road.

"'Tuk the homliest an' harnsomest, cuss me if she hain't!" he cried above the roar of the saws. "Meg's got er moughty p'tic'ler taste, Meg has."

All the afternoon the men bantered Liph and Handsome Jack over their relative prospects of winning Meg for a wife, for marriage meant nothing more to them than a common existence. Meanwhile Meg was roaming innocently along deserted wood roads, over spotted trails, discovering hidden springs and noisy waterfalls, chasing squirrels and rabbits with nimble bare feet, plucking golden-rod and familiar flowers for wreaths and necklaces which crowned her tangled golden locks and transformed her ragged calico gown into veritable cloth of gold. She did not know why she did it, no one had ever taught her, and it was in no vain spirit, for she had never seen her own face in a mirror but once when she had tramped with her father to Bear Camp; yet it gave her pleasure.

That evening after the mills were closed, the men collected as usual in groups about the store to gossip and drink and play at cards. The raillery of the afternoon had created an evident coldness between Liph and Handsome for they sat well apart, Liph thoughtful over his black, broken pipe, and Handsome twirling carelessly his cigar as he drew the ace of spades as trumps.

"Thar goes Meg, Harnsome!" called one of the miners as she came down from the woods to her father's shanty and waved an armful of flowers to the men at the store.

"I say, fellers, Harnsome orter set 'em up. He's got the gal sartin. When's the weddin'?" he asked, turning to Handsome Jack, for public opinion had from the first decided in his favor. Before he could answer, however, Liph sprang to his feet with an oath.

"Shet up yer talkin'!" he cried. "Thar hain't no-un got that gal ez I kin see an' I want you ter onderstand that Liph Sommers hev got an even chance with any uv ye!"

"The gal hain't no-uns, I'll 'low," interrupted the other. "But she 'pined at the mill as haow her ch'ice lay 'tween yo an' Harnsome. I swar, *both* uv yez orter set 'em up. Whatcher say, fellers?"

With cries of "drinks!" and "all-uns in!" the crowd accepted Liph's nodded invitation and gathered about the bar. The store keeper proposed a toast to "Meg an' the lucky dog ez gets her!" and they all went back good natured to their pipes and cards, save Liph and Handsome Jack, who seemed more interested in watching each other.

It had hardly begun to grow dusk in Forest City, though far down in the valley they could see the mountain shadows creeping faster and darker across the plains, and the placid faces of the Silver and Ossipee lakes darkening slowly in the thin

evening twilight. Before them stood the broad wooded shoulders of Green mountain, and far to the north, in the opal distance, Chocorua hung like a cloud from the sky. Above them towered the successive peaks of the Ossipee range, piled one upon another like children's blocks, as if this had been the nursery of the infant world.

For some time the men sat quietly over their cards and pipes, watching the valleys fill with night shadows, while the smoke from their own evening fires rose erect and hung glittering in the last reflected rays of the persistent sun. Gradually their random talk became louder, and before long it had turned to laughter over the earnest discussion which had arisen between Liph and Handsome Jack. Every moment it became more animated.

"By Heaven! Ef ye want that gal, Liph Sommers, ye hev got ter git her moughty quick. I swar, she'll be my woman 'fore the pond freezes. I'll shoot her 'fore I see her marry an ole injun like you. Thar, I'll go ye ten to one that me an' Meg air merried 'thin a month!" and Handsome threw a handful of change on the bench.

Liph's small, dark eyes flashed beneath the wide rim of his straw hat, and he moved uneasily on his low bench.

"Cuss ye" he cried, springing to his feet. "Do ye think thet gal's goin' ter marry yo fur yer soft face 'nd silky hair! Ten ter one is it!" he muttered as he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew a revolver and fired, point blank in Handsome's face.

"Tha's one on 'em! yo Frenchie, yo!" he cried, "An' thar be 'nough more where thet come from ef yo want em!"

As if blown by a gust of wind Handsome's hat shot from his head pierced by Liph's bullet.

"So thets your game, is et? Yo mounting devil!" Handsome said as he sprang behind a corner of the store.

The crowd gathered about urging them on and in a moment the two men were shooting at each other across the front of the building, neither daring to expose more than one arm and firing much at random. Liph was at an evident disadvantage in having to use his left hand, but he had long been known as a desperate character who would risk everything and hesitate at nothing. It was on this very account that he had been elected coroner of Forest City.

"Hyar comes Meg! Hyar 's the gal!" cried the crowd, moving back as she came running down from the house being attracted by the noise.

No sooner had she caught sight of the two men than the cause of it all flashed across her perceptive mind.

"What be you-uns doin'?" she called, rushing in between the muzzles of the revolvers as they were raised for another shot. "Hain't I tole ye thar hain't no diff'runce? I hain't got no favorites, no way! Come out from behint thar both uv ye!" she commanded.

Slowly the men lowered their revolvers and stood forth openly abashed before Meg.

"I hain't fur shootin' ye 'fore the gal!" muttered Liph.

"Nor me, yo?" retorted the other.

"I'll hev the last drop o' ye furrin' blood though 'fore I through 'ith ye! Yo fish-hearted Frenchie! An' I

hain't goin' to hole no inquest over ye nuther!" and Liph's face darkened with suppressed anger and his fingers twitched nervously for the butt of the revolver still hot in his pocket.

"Ef yo ken draw my blood 'fore I kin ycurn, yor wilkim!" answered Handsome as he strode away.

Till late into the night the crowd clung about the store, gossiping over the interrupted duel and the probable result.

The next morning Liph and Handsome Jack went to their work as usual, and though they were still silent and ugly, it was evident that the first heat of their anger had cooled. The men watched them eagerly for several days expecting that one would fulfill his threat, but after several weeks of waiting the whole event was forgotten. The two men became apparently as friendly as ever, drinking and smoking together at the store, and no one ever mentioned the affair of the pistols or their rivalry for Meg who still treated them all with friendly impartiality, though Liph and Handsome Jack claimed a certain advantage over the others.

It was one of those clear, pulseless days of late October when bird songs are hushed and the fragrance of the flowers gone; when the brooks run with gentle flow, the breezes have a softer breath and the whole world seems wrapt in silent meditation; when it is so still, oh, so still that you can almost hear your own heart beat and the rustle of a late clinging leaf startles you like a foot fall; when the very thoughts of those about you are all but audible, so palpable is the noon day quiet.

The men had gone down to dinner and the mills stood dumbly in the calm, smoky glare, with the lush drip and gurgle of the water from the apron of the dam, sounding like some far off music. Slowly up the hill, Liph and Handsome Jack came sauntering back from their noonday meal, pausing a moment for Liph to light his clay pipe from Handsome's half burned cigar.

"Say thar!" called the boss, from a near by shanty, "you fellers go up the pond an' cut thet first boom uv logs. Thar hain't 'nough at the tail o' the mill to feed the saws half an hour.

"A' right!" answered the two as they tightened their belts and went for their cant dogs. Both smoked in silence as they walked up the bank of the pond to where the logs were boomed around the bend. It was but a few minutes work to break the chain and start the logs drifting slowly toward the tail of the mill. Choosing two of largest Liph and Handsome struck their cant dogs firmly into them to prevent their rolling, and, standing erect, waited to be borne back to the mill. Both stood leaning on their dogs watching silently the shadows as they darted hither and thither beneath the rippled surface of the pond and listening apparently to some strange sound, though the air was dumb and still to outward ears. Gradually the current bore them farther from the shore and farther from each other till just before the bend was reached, when the two logs began to draw stealthily together.

The men stood as if ignorant of each other's presence, attentive only to the silent voices and the shifting of the shadows. When scarce twenty

feet apart they suddenly caught each other's glance reflected in the mirror of the dark waters. Like a flash, each understood the thoughts of the other. These were the subtle voices that had filled their ears. Glancing up, the two men stood glaring at each other as if their eyes would start from their sockets. They seemed to penetrate into each other's very hearts and read their inmost thoughts and each knew that the other was was muttering to himself:

"I'll hev yer blood! I'll hev it naow!"

Handsome Jack's pent-up anger and silent contempt blanched his face and he stuck the spikes of his heavy boots so firmly into the log that it sent a shudder along its sides. Liph stood motionless, his hat drawn over his eyes and his hand resting calmly on his dog, though his lips moved with muttered curses, and he watched Handsome as a cat watches its prey before it springs. For an instant it seemed as if they were drifting apart again, and Liph measured the distance anxiously. Almost imperceptibly, but surely, the logs were drifting together, as if guided by the hand of some avenging fate. Why were they so slow? The men strode to the nearest points of their logs and stood impatient and eager like two mad men thirsting for each other's blood. There was scarce six feet of dark water between their angry faces. Handsome gripped his cant dog with clenched fingers and raised it ready to strike. A foot nearer and he hurled his whole strength upon Liph in one crushing blow. But Liph was too quick for the slow fall of the heavy dog, and as he stepped backward the handle of Handsome's dog snapped itself like glass over the log at his feet, and Handsome fell himself, dragged headlong into the water by the unresisted blow.

Liph burst out in a fiendish chuckle and knelt ready for the blow when he should rise. It was a moment of awful stillness until Handsome Jack rose with a sharp cry of fear to see Liph lying in wait for him with his cant-dog raised above his head. But vengeance knows no pity, and a moment later Liph was drifting alone down the mill pond, muttering to himself Handsome Jack's boast at the store:

"Ef yo ken draw my blood 'fore I kin yourn yor welkim!"

"Much obleeged!" he said aloud with a cruel sarcasm.

Far up on the mountain side where Meg was gathering beechnuts with the squirrels, she heard in the hushed noon air a single frightened cry, and paused to listen.

"It was thet pink-eyed chipmunk!" she said, as she chased him as far out on the limb as she dared.

The story which Liph told at the mill of how Handsome Jack had fallen among the logs and rising beneath had crushed his own life out, was plausible enough, and no one felt called upon to doubt his word. There was less drinking at the store that night than usual. They had sent down by one of the lumber teams to Bear Camp for the teacher to come "over the mounting" the next day to read a prayer at the funeral of Handsome Jack.

When Meg returned to her father's shanty early in the evening, with her lap full of beechnuts, she found Liph waiting her.

"Hello, Meg!" he called, "yo heered haow Handsome Jack ha'

gone up the fluke, hain't ye? He's gone sartin!" he added with an ugly grin that made Meg shudder in spite of her surprise.

"What be you-uns tellin'? Handsome dead?"

"I 'low he be. Ez dead ez Jim Boney's kid. 'Spose thar hain't no ch'ce 'tween me an' Harnsome naow, be thar Meg?" and he threw back his head and laughed loudly at his gruesome joke.

Meg turned without an answer. What was the trouble with Liph? She had never seen him so fierce and snake like. She shrank from his leering glance with a cringe of horror. His eyes were like those of the adder that had sprung at her that afternoon, full of hatred and deadly venom.

"Thar hain't no call fur ye ter come to ther funeral tomorrer, Meg!" he called after her. "We're goin' ter bury him easy like."

True to his word Liph held no inquest, though he did render an unofficial verdict that "the deceased dead was drownded with warter." The school teacher came at ten o'clock and the mills shut down, for this was but the second funeral that had come to Forest City. The brawny mountaineers gathered at the store, with their jean trousers tucked into spiked boots, their soiled shirts open at the throat, showing their broad, hairy breasts, and their straw hats drawn over their dark eyes that they might see the better. In front of the bar at the end of the store lay the rude pine coffin, supported by two empty soap boxes, and Liph, as coroner and pallbearer, sitting at the foot and Sim Pentock at the head. The school teacher read a chapter from Ezekiel and a brief prayer, while the men filed past the coffin and stood awkwardly in the corners of the store. There was not a woman in the company. After they had all passed, Meg darted in and followed down the store. Liph muttered a half-suppressed oath as she stood for a a moment as if tranced by the dead face whose great ghastly eyes stared openly at the man at the foot. The knit brows, the drawn lips were vocal with fierce anger and hate, and as by the mysterious contagion of some deadly ill, Meg's sensitive heart caught the hatred of the face mad in death before her. The whole secret of his death came to her as in a dream. It was as plain to her intuitive fancy as if she had been an eye-witness. Had she not heard his last cry as she gathered beechnuts with the squirrels? And her life was the cause of it all. Handsome Jack had died for her sake, and his pallid lips and dead eyes cried out for her to avenge his death.

Liph pushed her rudely aside with a, "git out, ye witch!" as they rose to bear the coffin on their shoulders to the rocky knoll where they had buried Jim Boney's baby six months before. Meg's lithe body shook like a poplar leaf as she ran out the door and toward home. The horror of the night before had become a fierce, wild hatred that kept crying out within her heart for Liph's blood. She ran on, swifter than the wind, impelled by that demoniac hatred of the man who had taken a life for her sake. No one was at the house and she snatched her father's shot gun from the wall with trembling hands and crept cautiously out of the house into the underbrush at the rear. What was she to do! She did not know. The dead face had commanded her

and the possessing demon of hate lashed her on. Through the underbrush, over stones, she sped up the hill to the little clearing on the summit.

"Blood for blood!" cried the thing within her heart, and she stumbled and fell in her eagerness. Frightened and breathless, she crouched in the edge of the clearing. The men stood silently about the half filled grave watching Liph laughing over his work with a ferocious nonchalance.

With a low cry of pain Meg heard the avenging voice shriek loud and fierce within her throbbing heart. Resting the gun over a broken limb, she fired, and Liph fell dead across the half filled grave.

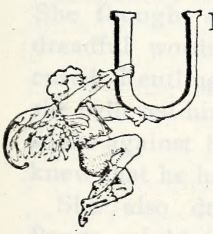
WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER XXV.



ULRIKE remained standing by the shattered gate and gazed after the rider until he disappeared beneath the branches that overhung the road.

"I love you madly!" he had cried, as he tore himself loose and dashed away. Away from her? With a cry of joy and supplication she had stretched out her hands to him and called his name, but her only answer had been the sighing of the wind through the bare trees and his horse's footsteps dying away in the distance.

"I love you!" The words rang in her ears, and little by little she centred her whole mind upon them and a storm awoke in her heart. If he loved her why did he leave her; why all this suffering? But she was his wife and could follow wherever he went. His generosity was now no humiliation to her, her flight had been a foolish misdeed, and her punishment had fallen upon her.

And now he was gone, gone to seek revenge upon his deadly enemy. She could not doubt that he would find Benno, and she could not bear to think of the result. Reutlingen might fall and then she would be her husband's murderess, that husband whom she loved and for whom she would mourn her whole life long. A terrible dread fell upon her and deadened her soul. As though pursued by fiends she flew about the garden, crying and praying in despair, until, as evening came and with it rain, she returned to the house wet, cold, tired, and sick. Oh, if Reutlingen could but have seen her then!

Her cousin, Marie Elizabeth, was waiting for her anxiously and was horrified at her condition. She had heard Reutlingen's entrance and his speedy departure, and she could not understand Ulrike's absence. She did not try to question her cousin,

however, for she seemed sick from despair and fatigue, and remained absolutely silent. With loving care Marie Elizabeth watched over her, put her to bed and made her a hot drink, and comforted her with silent sympathy. It was late when she was finally left alone, but Ulrike dressed herself again and wandered restlessly about the room. The doubt in her soul was not to be allayed. If Reutlingen really loved her why had he been silent so long like a frightened boy? Rather had it not been the passionate excitement of the moment that had put such words into his mouth; had not his feelings of sympathy and friendship suddenly appeared to his excited mind as love? She thought once more of Benno's dreadful words. Had he then accused Reutlingen unjustly? Yes; she believed him no longer, her heart spoke against his accusation and she knew that he had lied to her.

She also dreaded to think that Benno might fall in the encounter, that his blood might flow on her account. The thought was terrible, but if that were his fate it would come upon him through his own fault; lying accusations had been his work, and his attack was more than Reutlingen's honor could bear. She had seen Benno's passion for herself, and had tried to repel by constant coldness a feeling that seemed so insulting and insupportable to her. She now saw why he had lied to her about her husband. Ah, why had she ever listened to him; why had she not remained where love and duty both bade her stay! How much distress and anxiety would she have been spared had she never quitted Steinhovel!

How would the meeting between the two end? Would her whole future life be given up to remorse and doubt, or would the time come when she could once more hope for happiness? Tormented by doubt, the passion that her girlish nature had so long restrained burst its bonds and overwhelmed her.

Marie Elizabeth found her cousin in this restless state when she came to her in the morning, and persuaded Ulrike to tell her all about Reutlingen's visit. There was neither comfort nor help for Ulrike, that her cousin saw plainly, but still she persuaded her not to decide on any course of action until she heard some further news from her husband.

Several days of excitement and terrible suspense followed, and Ulrike was at last beginning to believe that Reutlingen could not find his enemy, when one evening Count Langenrode appeared and asked to see the ladies. He was Benno's friend and no doubt brought news. Marie Elizabeth and her mother left Ulrike to await him anxiously alone.

Langenrode entered, a solemn expression upon his fresh, pleasant face. He knew Ulrike already for he had seen her at the abbey when a guest there, and he remembered her as very charming and beautiful. Now, however, she seemed much changed; then she had been as a still, clear lake, and now the storm of life was swelling over the smooth waters. Pale and trembling, she advanced to meet him.

"You bring me news of my husband, Count Langenrode?"

He looked up in astonishment.

"From your husband? Certainly not, my dear lady! Still, if you wish

that first, I can tell you that he lives and is well."

She covered her face with her hands.

"Thank God! Thank God!" It was a cry of supreme joy and relief.

"My poor friend!" thought Langenrode. "She doesn't even ask for him, and yet he spoke of her love! Was that a lie that he told in the face of death, or was it a terrible mistake?"

"What I have to tell you," he continued at last, "is the sad news that my poor friend, Benno von Trautwitz, has fallen. Herr von Reutlingen killed him in a duel."

The terrible news that she had been expecting was broken to her at last. He had died for her sake, and the thought almost crushed her.

Langenrode then told of the bloody encounter and of its sad termination, of Reutlingen's slight wound, and of Benno's last message to her. He gave her the package that his dead friend had asked him to deliver, and Ulrike found in it a letter penned by Benno's own hand, as well as two notes that she had written him at different times. She ran her eye hastily over the words of farewell and then thanked the Count, who withdrew and left her to her own thoughts.

Frau von Trebenow burst into tears when she heard the news that Count Langenrode had brought, for she had been very fond of her nephew and could not believe that anyone in the world could harbor an unkind feeling towards him, and now this strange man, her own niece's husband, must seek a quarrel with the good Benno and bring him to task like a brigand. What a butcher, what a terrible man this must be into whose hands her dear gentle Ulrike had fallen! She had indeed double cause for mourning!

Marie Elizabeth was also deeply grieved, for although she had never cared very much for her cousin Benno, still his memory was now sanctified by death, and she was ready to ascribe the blackest motives to Reutlingen's conduct.

Ulrike understood their feelings, but her own were of a very different nature. There was but one doubt for her; whether Reutlingen loved her or not; but one question, would he tell her his feelings towards her; but one task, to seek him out and ask him if he loved her. That was now her right and her duty and every other resolve gave way before it. One day she told her cousin of her determination to leave them and seek her husband, and poor Marie Elizabeth was horror stricken.

"Ulrike! Will you go to your husband now, after he has killed one of our near relations?"

"Killed one of our near relations?" responded Ulrike. "Reutlingen might just as well have fallen as he, had not God's goodness averted such a misfortune. It was an honorable fight between them, and Benno was responsible for bringing it on, that is, Benno and myself, and the thought is terrible to me. We cannot blame Reutlingen, though."

"Ulrike, your husband left you in anger, he has wounded and offended you, and now it seems that you intend running after him like a little beggar to seek an impossible reconciliation."

"Yes, like a little beggar."

"And you will venture out in the winter and when the country is overrun with troops; don't you know what terrible accidents may befall you?"

"Yes, I know."

"Ulrike, do you love this dreadful man?"

"Yes, I love him; that is all there is to say."

Frau von Trebenow's sorrow reached its height when she heard her niece's determination, and with tears in her eyes she begged her to give it up and make Leitnitz her home for life. Ulrike thanked her warmly, much moved, but her mind was fixed; she would seek him out even if she had to wander over the whole earth, would ask him if he loved and would forgive her, and would offer him her love as an atonement.

Accompanied by Annette, she left the house a few days later and drove in a large carriage to the little village near Freiberg, where Langenrode had told her the Baireuth regiment was quartered. She reached her destination in the evening and was delighted to find a vacant room in the little hotel of the crowded town. Early the next morning she sent her coachman to find Captain von Reutlingen and give him a letter.

"I beg you, Herr von Reutlingen," she had written, "to have the great goodness and forbearance to come and see me at the Hotel Kurfursten. I only wish for a few moments' conversation, and I have news of great importance to you. I hope that my request will not be in vain. Ulrike."

She waited long and impatiently, not for the return of her messenger, but for the coming of him who had so often ridden on his foaming horse to her side, through darkness and storm or over sunny meadows. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of him. At last she heard a horse's steps in the street. Alas, so many officers of all kinds rode by, hussars, dragoons, curassiers. But this time the horse stopped in front of the door and a light and elastic step ascended the stairs.

"Lieutenant von Eickstadt," announced the beaming Annette.

Bitter disappointment reigned in her heart, but when he stood before her after such a long separation and she saw his kindly face and his sunny brown eyes, a feeling of hearty pleasure overmastered her and she greeted him warmly.

"My dear lady, you are disappointed to see me instead of the captain; don't let me suffer for it please," he cried, kissing her hand in greeting. "Reutlingen is not here and I bring your letter back myself. They brought the message to me to find out what to do with it, and so I have had the unexpected honor and pleasure of seeing you again."

"I am truly pleased myself," answered Ulrike. "As soon as I saw you it really seemed as if my troubles were at an end; I hope that is really the case."

He sighed, for the fulfillment of her hope appeared very uncertain to him.

"My dear lady," he began, "I intended to hunt you up as soon as possible, as I have a message for you, but the trip to Leitnitz is spared me now that I have had the good fortune to meet you here."

"A message?" asked Ulrike hastily. "From Reutlingen?"

"Yes, my dear lady. You of course know what has happened since you last saw him?"

"Yes, yes. Count Langenrode was present at the meeting and told me the awful news."

"Then you have heard the worst and will not be astonished. Reutlin-

gen sends me to say that he has kept his promise; your friend—no, how did he say it? Oh, yes. He has killed your teacher. He does not expect to trouble you by the sight of his blood-stained hand again so he will take no steps towards your separation, he leaves that all in your hands."

Ulrike was terribly pale; she listened without interrupting him, her large eyes open wide. At last she spoke, her face aflame with passionate excitement.

"Where is my husband; I must speak with him—at once?"

Wolf sighed.

"Where is he?" she whispered. "What has happened to him—I must know?"

"I can't tell you; I don't know where he is."

"You don't know where he is, Wolf? Don't torture me. Is he—still living?"

"Yes, yes; he is alive and well, don't worry about that, my dear lady, and don't be anxious. Please sit down," he continued, "you are in too much of a hurry, and I have another piece of news for you." He drew her gently down upon the sofa beside him and told her all he knew up to the moment when Reutlingen returned from his visit to the king and told his comrades his hard lot by the one word "dismissed."

Ulrike was stunned, for she knew Reutlingen and realized what it meant to him; his king's service was his life's work, and his honor as an officer weighed more with him than happiness or life itself. And she had brought all this upon him.

"And what happened further?" she asked anxiously, dreading to hear the worst.

Wolf shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing much; he didn't spend much time bewailing his punishment, but soon left. He said good bye to us and rode away, we know not whither; I asked him, but he shook his head and said he didn't know. I think probably he has gone to Steinhovel."

"We are all very sorry," he continued after a pause. "We lost much when he left—I especially."

Ulrike buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

"Oh, what sorrow I have brought upon him!" she cried in despair.

Wolf watched her with warm sympathy.

"Yes, my dear lady, but how could you do it?" he said at last in a tone of friendly reproach, at which she dried her eyes and listened. "Why didn't you find out about those charges against him? Why didn't you ask me? I knew him better than Trautwitz? And why did you believe a stranger's stories about him. You knew him yourself, our noble wild one, to the bottom of his true heart. Surely he didn't deserve that you should believe him unworthy so lightly."

"Yes, yes, Herr von Eickstadt, your reproach is just," cried Ulrike. "I feel differently towards him now from what I did at first, and you know what our relations were then. What matter all explanations, all right or wrong, against the humiliation of unreturned love? You know what I mean yourself."

He looked at her in astonishment, dumbfounded to hear such words from Ulrike's lips.

"But he loves you," he said. "I believe that you were his first passion

and he was therefore awkward and didn't tell you of it."

"He never spoke to me of it nor showed me his love," cried Ulrike. "I still don't know whether I am right or wrong in believing that he loves me."

Wolf laughed.

"That doubt will not trouble you long when you look into his eyes, Frau von Reutlingen. He is in a desperate mood, and I don't know whether he will kill himself or me when he hears what I have said to you."

"Why does n't he come to me himself?" asked Ulrike.

"But, my dear lady, he did n't get much encouragement. He told me himself that you had given him many a heartache, and the heaviest of them all was that you should run away from his home and from his protection. His sorrow over that was very deep. You owe him much."

"I know it," she said in a trembling voice, "and I will find him."

"Will you go to Steinhovel?" he asked.

"To Steinhovel or further—to the ends of the earth. Then he may do with me as he wishes."

"And you don't blame him for killing your cousin?" asked Wolf.

"How can I? I am myself more to blame than he, and although I regret my cousin's fall, still he brought it upon himself. Reutlingen only defended his honor, and how could he do less?"

"Now, my dear lady," laughed Wolf as he arose, "you have grown to be a soldier's brave wife. Go to him and tell him all this yourself. I have delivered my message."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Ulrike's heavy carriage rolled slowly along towards Steinhovel, meeting with many delays on the way. How easy and safe had been her first journey over that road under the protection of the wild Reutlingen. Fear and remorse forced the thought into her mind.

She stopped again at the little inn where she had passed the night before her first arrival at Steinhovel, and the hostess recognized her and waited upon her with zealous care, giving her the best room in the house. Ulrike had not fared too well since leaving Leitnitz, and with a sad smile she admitted the power of that once much dreaded name, now her own, which was of so much service to her.

It was the same room in which he had sat on the bench by the stove and gazed at her with laughing eyes. "You are tired; you wish me gone," he had said, and his words still rang in her ears. Ah, to-day she wished him by her side with all her heart.

The journey progressed, but so much more slowly than when the little sleigh had flown along like the wind. However, Steinhovel was reached at last. The well remembered arch of ivy over the gateway waved a greeting to her in the wind, but everything else was still; the house was dark and quiet.

"O God! He is not here," she cried, trembling.

The wagon stopped, but it was a long time before the front door opened heavily and old Ferdinand appeared. He gazed at his mistress wonderingly.

"Good day, Ferdinand. Is the captain here?"

"Oh, my dear lady, what happiness. No, the captain has been gone a long time."

"A long time? O Ferdinand; he was here and has gone away?"

The old servant helped her out of the carriage.

"If we had only known, my mistress. Your rooms are cold and nothing is prepared for you."

"No matter, Ferdinand. Only tell me when your master came, when he left, and where he went. Was he well? How did he seem? How did he look?"

"Ah, your ladyship well knows that my dear master was wretched enough. I have never seen him so before; he ate scarcely anything and drank all the time as though in a fever. He had a sabre wound on his arm, but not a bad one; I washed it and bound it up morning and evening. He was in a very moody frame of mind, uneasy, and filled with sighs and curses. He usually stays so gladly at Steinhovel, but this time he was here but three days when he said to me: 'Ferdinand, I would stay here all winter, but I cannot stand it. First my mother was here and then my wife, bnt now I am alone and my heart is full of trouble—I should go mad.' Then he rode away, taking my son with him. He was so wretched that I wept bitter tears for him."

Ulrike stood in the hall with her furs around her while the old man spoke and listened with eager attention, after which she allowed him to prepare the house for her reception. Fires soon crackled in the stoves and fireplaces but it was still cold and uncomfortable, and Ulrike sat in old Lore's warm little room; it was such a snug, cosy little place that she wished for nothing better. She made the old woman tell her again all that she had just heard from Ferdinand; how long the captain had been there, what he had done, how he had looked, and every word that had fallen from his lips.

Ah, they were not pleasant things that she heard, and yet it was a comfort and a pleasure to learn them, for his deepest pain did not seem to be for his king's displeasure; his thoughts of her had weighed on him most heavily, he had sorrowed over losing her, he had longed for her presence. This knowledge upheld her when well nigh crushed with despair.

Lore told her how he had come to her room and had sat there in the deep arm chair by the stove, his head in his hand, listening to the hum of the spinning wheel. He had often done the same as a child in the long, quiet evening hours of the winter when the ground was covered with snow and outdoor sports thus denied him, and as a man his inward grief had sent him back to his old loved place, there to sit in silence and listen to Lore as she told him of Ulrike, asking or answering only an occasional question. She had told him of the evening when Ulrike had come, with bitter tears in her heart, to speak of her determination to leave Steinhovel, and of his wife's last greeting for him, with her prayer that he would not be angry for she had not known how to do otherwise. He answered this by shaking his head in silence and covering his face with his hand.

"And he said nothing?" cried Ulrike, throwing herself into the

chair where he had sat. "Ah, Lore, why did I go away? I should have staid here as was my duty and waited until it was his pleasure to love me, but to go away, forgetting my promise when he had kept his so nobly and truly, that I should never have done."

Lore did not understand the full meaning of these words but she felt the love and self-reproach that lay in them, and so with tactful sympathy she spoke a well-meant word of comfort here and there.

How peaceful and comfortable was Ulrike in this house, the right to rule and manage which she had so lightly thrown away! How willingly she would now have stayed there! It was a sweet feeling to her, too, to know herself under the protection of her husband's roof and to feel herself dependent upon him. She no longer thought of pride, but love and gratitude filled her heart. She felt that she could not remain here inactive, she must seek him. Where could he be? Where would she find him? Her heart sank at the thought, but still she did not waver a moment. She knew her duty now and would not fail in it a second time.

Her plan was to go to Leipzig where the king had established his headquarters, the central point of the army for the winter. There she hoped to get news that would enable her to carry on her search, for there must be men there who had seen the well known Reutlingen and who would know where to find him. So she sent her aunt's equipage back to Leitnitz with her thanks and chose a carriage from her husband's stable. Had she any right to do this? She answered her own question in the negative with a sad smile.

"I shall be justified in taking it, and when he comes home he will wonder but he will not scold me. He will understand that for once I have acted naturally and rightly."

She would have loved to take old Ferdinand as a protector on her much dreaded journey, but the old man was weak and unfitted for exposure to the storms of winter, beside which he was in charge of the house and property, a post of honor that he could not conscientiously leave. So he himself suggested that she take one of the coachmen, Christian, who was devoted to the family and who would know how to protect his mistress in case of necessity. She consented. Ah, if she could but find him whom she sought she cared little for aught else!

The servants begged her to remain with them at Steinhovel until after Christmas, which she did, and then, leaving behind her a long explanatory letter for the captain, she began her journey.

The city of Leipzig resembled a great camp. The king had established his headquarters in a large house on the new square and worked hard and earnestly upon the maintenance and improvement of his army, well knowing that it would be needed for the preservation of his country. Still he found time for recreation and for the pleasures of science, and philosophers, artists, students, and men of learning all proved agreeable companions. He was surrounded by a circle of intimate friends, and learned men and professors of Leipzig university passed in and out of the royal dwelling and entertained the king during the long winter evenings. At Christ-

mas time the princes of the royal house of Magdeburg came to celebrate the holiday with their uncle, and the king was delighted with their visit. The sons of his dead brother, these two princes were especially dear to him and it was a long time before he allowed them to leave him again.

So the king lived happily in the midst of his army. Generals and other officers of all ranks came and went about him, the wounded were cared for, and Leipzig became not only a camp but a great hospital, all under the superintendence of Friedrich, who was well informed and took great interest in the practice of surgery.

Into this city, so full of bustle and life, came Ulrike and her faithful followers, alone and unprotected.

The wheels of her carriage ground wearily through the snow as before her, through the cold January night, shone the lights of Leipzig. The heavy guns above the gate frowned down upon her, and a stern soldierly voice demanded her name and errand. Her passport was correct and, as the wife of a Prussian officer, she readily gained admission.

Through the dark gate and down the roughly paved street rolled her carriage. But where should she go? Ulrike cried in anxiety and despair. She was now at her journey's end but her true goal seemed as far away as ever. Surely, though, she must find her husband here near the great commander whom he loved so well, even though he had been dismissed from his service! From street to street and from hotel to hotel rolled the carriage, all were overflowing and she asked for accommodations in vain. At last Ulrike gave up the quest in despair, allowed her carriage to be put up in one of the hotel stables, and passed the night in it. She was well wrapped up in furs, the windows were closed, and opposite her sat Annette, who tried to comfort and encourage her mistress. The lively little maid was not at all discouraged but seemed to make a pleasure of the tiresome journey, thus making it much easier for Ulrike, who had little by little acquired a strong feeling of affection towards the woman who had been so true to her.

When daylight came Ulrike made her toilet in the ladies' parlor of the hotel and ordered her breakfast, to which she sat down with Annette at a slovenly, red-clothed table in the public dining room, together with a number of noisy, tobacco scented officers who cast curious glances at the two women. She now welcomed the protection of Christian in his Steinhovel livery, for without him she could have eaten no breakfast from anxiety.

"Now we will go out and hunt for lodgings, Annette; we can't live this way," she said, rising from the table.

It was a clear, sharp January morning, the snow crunched beneath their feet, and the smoke from the chimneys rose in clouds straight up into the bright blue sky. She wandered to and fro in doubt.

"O Annette, where shall we begin?" sighed Ulrike. "How different it was when we were travelling with the captain; do you remember?"

"Yes, of course, my dear lady; but we will find the captain and then all will be well. Here are thousands of men; I never thought that the

king of Prussia could have so many officers; some of them must be able to help us find him."

"See, my mistress!" she cried suddenly. "Isn't that the old chaplain who married you?"

Ulrike saw coming down the street a benevolent old man of clerical appearance wearing a long black coat, a white stock, and upon his grey head a three cornered hat.

"It really is he!" she cried, hurrying across the street with outstretched hands to meet him.

"Dear sir, do you still remember me?"

The old gentleman gazed at her and tried to recall where he had seen her face before, and at last remembered the little chapel at Langenrode where he had first conducted a funeral and soon afterwards a wedding, as well as the anxious maiden who was compelled to marry the wild captain of dragoons.

"Can it be possible, Frau von Reutlingen?" he cried, in some doubt although clasping the outstretched hands in a warm grasp.

"Yes, of course; and I am so glad to find you, dear sir? I am a stranger and alone in the city, and I am sure you will help me."

"With great pleasure, my dear lady. But where is the captain? Is he stationed very far away from his young wife?"

"My husband is not here," explained Ulrike. "Through a series of sad events I have lost all trace of him and am now seeking him. I hope that I shall surely hear some news of him here."

She walked beside the old man and told him of her trouble in finding a place to live.

"There is still a small room in my house," he began in a comforting tone. "A young chaplain now has it, but he will give it up if I ask him."

Ulrike found that her old friend expected soon to be promoted by the king himself to be chaplain in chief of the whole field clergy, and that he already received pay and privileges as such. The little room of which he spoke was prepared and in a few hours Ulrike was settled in it. It was somewhat small for two, but warm and clean, and, best of all, a good, safe place that they could now call their own. In the fortunate and unexpected meeting Ulrike was inclined to see a happy omen for the success of her undertaking.

It was now time to begin her search in earnest, and how should she start about it?

As she was one day returning home with Annette from an aimless search she passed close to several officers who were engaged in an animated conversation. "Baireuth dragoons," she heard one of them say, and she stopped close by them with a feeling of dread. The officer who had spoken touched his hat to her in salutation and a questioning smile gathered on his face.

"Pardon me, sir, but you spoke of the Baireuth dragoons," stammered Ulrike in great embarassment.

"I was speaking of Lieutenant von Bandemer of the Baireuth dragoons, Madam. He has just been severely wounded in a skirmish between outposts and has been brought here to the hospital; I saw him yesterday."

"Do you know Captain von Reutlingen, too?" she asked with fleeting breath.

"The wild one? Certainly, madam;

who doesn't? He has unfortunately been dismissed and has probably gone home."

"Ah, yes." Thanking him for his news she went, but noticed that the men remained standing and gazed curiously after her. What must they think of such behavior, not knowing the motive that inspired it?

"We must n't go any further, Annette; we will try another way." She sighed, changed her plans, and turned the next corner.

When she reached the house she sent word to the chaplain and asked him to come to her. The old man, who gladly embraced every opportunity to do her a service, immediately came up stairs to her room.

"Now, my dear lady, what can I do for you? Have you found no traces of the missing one?"

She had long ago told the good man her whole story, he had comforted her, and now she felt so great a trust in him that her heart was warmed with the conviction that she was at last upon the right path.

"Nothing, dear sir; I must still search long and earnestly, but I must try to make myself as useful as possible during my time of waiting. I have been carefully trained in nursing the sick during my father's long illness and I also know much about caring for wounds. Can't I make use of my knowledge here?"

She told him of her encounter with the officers and of the news she had heard of Lieutenant von Bandemer. Then she told him what was in her mind; that she wished to nurse him, and her hope that among the many officers in the hospital she would find someone who could put her upon her husband's path.

"Of course you can do it, my dear lady!" cried the chaplain vigorously. "The king has issued an order allowing the burghers' wives to assist in caring for our wounded in every possible way, and if he does that for them he certainly will not refuse a like privilege to the wife of one of his officers. We will go to the surgeon-general, who is in charge of the hospitals, and he will help you to what you want."

CHAPTER XXVII.

When the chaplain and Frau von Reutlingen reached his office next morning Surgeon-General Cothenius had not yet returned from his daily visit to the king, but after a long wait he appeared, an elderly man with a refined, clever face and courtly air, a man of learning. The chaplain laid Ulrike's plan before him while she awaited the result in silence. The doctor's bright eyes gazed penetratingly at her delicate white face, and he was pleased with her appearance, her quiet demeanor, and her earnest, determined expression.

"If you understand the care of the wounded and the constant attention they require, my dear lady, you must also know whether your constitution is strong enough for the work; at all events we will give you a trial, for our lack of nurses is too great for us to refuse your generous offer."

Encouraged by his words, Ulrike told him of her desire to care for Lieutenant von Bandemer. Doctor Cothenius assented and asked her to accompany him to a hospital that had been established in the cleared rooms of a school house, where the beds

stood in long rows, bearing wounded men, some of whom groaned in pain, and others were sunk in the semi-stupor of fever. All the surgeons present gathered around their chief.

"His majesty, the king, has been here and has inquired about Lieutenant von Bandemer's wound. He was very indignant to hear that you intend to take off the leg."

"The leg to be taken off?" cried Ulrike vehemently; "O Doctor, is it absolutely necessary? Isn't it possible for the wound to heal without amputation?"

Doctor Cothenius approached her and spoke softly.

"I am not absolutely sure yet, but unfortunately the necessary cleanliness and care of the wound have already been much neglected; I fear it is too late. His majesty is very much opposed to amputation, and justly so, but it is often the only way to save life."

Carl Ludwig von Bandemer had opened his eyes and his feverish gaze rested upon the doctor, who stepped to his side.

"I will not let you take my leg off, Doctor, and if you do it against my will I will shoot myself through the head. I will not live as a cripple; I have made up my mind."

"It will not be necessary," said Ulrike, bending over him; "I will care for your wounds and with God's help heal them."

"There's no use troubling about it," he answered irritably, "it's all over with me."

"Herr von Bandemer," cried Ulrike; "you giving up this way, you, the most energetic officer in the regiment?"

His astonished gaze fell upon her face for the first time.

"Frau von Reutlingen. You here in Leipzig?" He glanced quickly around. "Is my captain here, too?"

"No, he is not here; but what would he say if he heard you speak as you have just spoken?"

"He would say I was right. He knows that I care nothing for danger or death; he knows it better than any man in the world. Oh, if my captain would only come! He would n't encourage me to live as a cripple, I who am scarcely twenty years old."

"Be easy," said Cothenius, laying his delicate, cool hand upon the fever heated brow. "You will only make yourself worse if you get excited. I will watch your wounds a day or two longer before I make up my mind."

"And until then I will care for you in my best way; I may, Doctor, may I not?"

"I shall be greatly obliged to you, my dear lady, and I will put another patient in your charge and will introduce you to the superintendent of the ward."

So Ulrike stepped into a position of responsibility, but she did it bravely, with that self-confidence which always came to her in times of need.

Bandemer was a troublesome patient, unhappy, irritable, and without hope. Anyone who had known him in his earlier days, in his youthful scorn of death, would have found it difficult to recognize him now. Ulrike often soothed and cheered him, and he was then full of gratitude for her care and friendliness.

One day as she sat beside his bed in the neat, dark dress so fitted for her

work, and which showed her blonde beauty to its fullest extent, the door suddenly opened and a crowd of surgeons and officers entered. Excitement and pleasure spread through the ward and gleamed from the faces of the patients. The king was coming, and those who did not see could feel it in the air. There he stood in his blue blouse, his three cornered hat upon his head, and leaning upon the cane in his hand, as though bent by the weight of the world which rested upon his shoulders.

"Stop here, gentlemen; so many foot steps will disturb the wounded unnecessarily. You two may come with me and Cothenius shall be our guide."

It was a strong voice that spoke, and it had in it a strange, pleasing clearness, as though he would be heard from one end of the earth to the other, as though he must be heard with respect and astonishment by all men to whom the fame of his name had spread. There he was, the great king of Prussia. Ulrike sprang up and gazed at him in awe, and Carl Bandemer, his eyes glowing with enthusiasm, tried to raise himself in bed to await his king. An expression of joyful self-forgetfulness gathered upon the faces of the wounded.

The king stopped beside the first bed and spoke to the wounded man who occupied it, a young infantry officer who had received his death wound at the battle of Torgau and who had been brought here to die. The surgeon-general had given him but a few days more to live, and the great commander stood by his side and spoke words of comfort and thanks. With folded hands and an expression of supreme contentment the dying hero listened, and the coming of death seemed sweet and honorable; he was glad to die for his Fatherland and for such a king.

Friedrich's two nephews stood behind him, filled with sympathy and sorrow, for he was accompanied everywhere by these two sons of the unhappy prince of Prussia. The heir apparent, Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, was a handsome boy of sixteen, whose large, blue eyes, typical of the house of Hohenzollern, and whose retreating profile would have much resembled his uncle, had not the gentleness of his face given him quite another expression. Not quite so handsome but with more power in face was the younger brother, Prince Heinrich, whose countenance was filled with nobility and kingly spirit. He was the favorite of his royal uncle and was as dear to him as an only child would have been, so that with his untimely death some time after, love, sunshine, and hope died out of the king's heart and the desolation of winter fell upon him.

The king passed from the side of the dying officer, first summoning the princes to give their hands to this true soldier.

"Where is the sub-lieutenant from the Baireuth regiment, whose leg you wished to amputate; I hope you haven't done it, Cothenius?"

"No, your majesty, not yet; I have suspended judgment."

"How are you to-day, Bandemer; still worrying over your misfortune?"

"No, your majesty, thank you."

He did not look worried, for it suddenly seemed a pleasure to him to be crippled in the service of such a king.

"Sire, do you notice that beau-

tiful girl?" whispered the young prince of Prussia to his uncle, who smiled.

"You did, you young rascal, of course."

The king raised his eyes to Ulrike, two large, bright, blue eyes, flashing as with the triumphant light of the sun. She saluted him with a deep courtesy and with the courage and grace of a high born woman, and no one noticed the rapid beating of her excited heart.

"What is your name, madam?" asked the king.

"Frau von Reutlingen, your majesty."

"Very good. Cothenius has told me that you wish to dabble in his trade and to cure this man's wounds in good shape. Do you understand such work, then?"

Ulrike responded firmly and respectfully.

"Yes, your majesty; I learned to care for the sick by my father's bed, to which he was confined for years, and the surgeon-general has allowed me to try my skill here upon one of your majesty's officers."

"And you hope to save his leg? That would please me greatly. It is a horror to me to think of my officers as crippled for life by amputation. Take all the care of him you can, my pretty child, and I shall be deeply indebted to you."

With a nod of his head to the sub-lieutenant and his nurse the king passed on followed by the princes, who greeted them as they went.

Ulrike's eyes filled with tears, and Bandemer saw and understood as he voiced her thought: "My poor captain!"

* * * * * *

Days and weeks went by, the hard work making them pass much more quickly for Ulrike than if she had been waiting idly. Bandemer's wound grew better daily, and Cothenius had long ago declared amputation unnecessary and had thanked Ulrike for her care and attention in many ways.

The young hero of Torgau, whom the king had thanked, had gone to rest, together with many another who had lain near by, but Bandemer was convalescent and could leave his bed at last. He now dressed himself in his uniform and sat in a large chair surrounded by pillows, with his foot propped up before him and with new life in his eyes. He looked forward impatiently to the time when he could again mount his horse and return to his regiment; it was rumored that the campaign would open in March, and the thought that he might not be in his place of honor with his men was terrible to him.

One morning Ulrike, attended by her servant, came to the hospital, visited her patients, attended to their wants, and spoke words of comfort to them. She had become dearly loved by them, patients, doctors, nurses, and all, and the surgeon-general laughingly told her that her mere presence brought new health and strength to the invalids.

Late in the morning she entered the room which Bandemer now shared with a fellow sufferer, an officer of the Zieten hussars. The sub-lieutenant was constantly bewailing the fact that he was always neglected until the last, but in his heart he was glad, for it enabled her to remain longer with him.

"Good morning, Herr von Bande-



"THE GREAT KING OF PRUSSIA."



mer, how are you this morning? And you, Herr von Arnim?"

Bandemer laughed, showing his pearly teeth beneath his blonde moustache.

"Splendid, as a matter of course. How can you ask, my dear lady, at the moment that you come to us?" He took her hand and pressed it reverently to his lips. The hussar, whose severe head wounds had been given into her care, also assured her of his improvement.

Then a third officer, who had hitherto remained unnoticed in the window, advanced towards her.

"Will not the gentlemen present me so that I can also pay my respects to you, my lady?" he asked courteously.

"Certainly, allow me, my dear lady; Herr von Zitzewitz, of the Schmettau curassiers, one of the captain's friends," said Bandemer.

She looked at him blushing, and he smiled and bowed to her.

"You will not remember me, my lady, but I was quartered for a short time at Langenrode abbey with the Baireuth dragoons, and I often had the pleasure of seeing you from afar, but was unfortunate enough to be near you but once—at the funeral of the abbess."

Oh, what memories!

"No, Herr von Zitzewitz, I can scarcely remember it at all; it was a hard and trying time for me, and I look back upon it as a dream."

"That I can readily believe. I heard with great interest that you were married soon after I left; Reutlingen told me of it himself while we were stationed at Coszdorf together."

She crushed down the pain that his harmless words had aroused.

"And can you tell me where my husband now is?" How many times had she asked that question in these latter days, always to receive the same answer!

"No, my dear lady; I am sorry to say that I don't know. The last time that I saw him was when he leaped the ditch at Torgau. Oh, it was a joy to see him then! I afterwards heard that his majesty had decorated him, and soon after that he had been dismissed in disgrace. More than that I can't tell you. Bandemer has just told me that he is not at Steinhovel. I didn't believe that our wild Reutlingen would sit quietly at home while there was fighting going on."

"Yes, that is the awful part of it; but where can he be?"

Zitzewitz bent forward.

"He may have gone abroad, and perhaps fights for the French. However, there is one place that you must search, and that is in the corps of Duke Ferdinand of Braunschweig, my dear lady."

"Certainly, I will do that; many thanks for the advice, Herr von Zitzewitz. I will go as soon as I am no longer needed here. If I could only get at his brother Heinz; you know him, too, perhaps—he belongs to the Puttkamer hussars?"

"The Dingelstadt hussars they are now called; I don't know where they are now stationed. Yes, I know Heinz slightly, but I don't care much for him; I am fonder of the wild one."

"If you should meet my husband, Herr von Zitzewitz," began Ulrike, "please say to him that I have sought for him everywhere since December, and that he must at least send

me a letter. I am always either at Steinhovel or with the Baireuth dragoons."

From her knowledge of Reutlingen's noble nature Ulrike hoped that this message would not be unwelcome to him, and that his anger against her would be neither deeply seated nor lasting. Zitzewitz promised to spare no pains to deliver her message.

She would have liked to start out the next morning on her search, but she could not give up the self-assumed duties, which were as yet uncompleted. She must stay faithfully at her post, no matter how hard it might be for her.

Ulrike once more met the king on his rounds through the hospital. He stepped out of Bandemer's room just as she was about to enter it on her morning visit. Pale from surprise and excitement she stood opposite him and courtesied low.

"Good morning, madam," said Friedrich. "I have just inspected your convalescents, and I am greatly pleased; you have proved yourself very skillful. Cothenius has also sounded your praises very highly."

"Your majesty is very kind," stammered Ulrike. "It has been a joyful and fit duty for me—for the wife of one of your majesty's officers."

"Your name is Reutlingen, you told me," the king continued. "Is your husband related to the captain of the Baireuth dragoons whom I recently dismissed?"

"I am his wife, your majesty."

"Then you are no longer the wife of a Prussian officer. But how is this? He told me that his wife had run away from him, and that he had on that account killed his rival. That was why I dismissed him."

"May it please your majesty," answered Ulrike, thoroughly aroused and determined, "I did not run away from him as he thought. I have behaved foolishly and thoughtlessly, but never wickedly. We knew each other much too slightly when we were married, and for that reason a misunderstanding has arisen between us. I have grown to love him dearly now, and he can never have a rival in my heart."

"Have you told him all this?" asked the king.

"No, I have not been able to find him since he fell into disfavor with your majesty. I don't know where he is, and came to Leipzig to find him. Now I will go on and continue my search until I find him."

During the whole time the king's flashing eyes had rested upon her face, and she had borne his gaze without flinching. She could never have done it had she not been speaking the truth and that this great student of human nature saw and knew.

"This is certainly a most wonderful affair," he remarked, "but I am persuaded that you have told me the truth. Reutlingen is a madcap, and must give a very satisfactory explanation of his conduct if he wishes to prove worthy of so lovely and charming a wife."

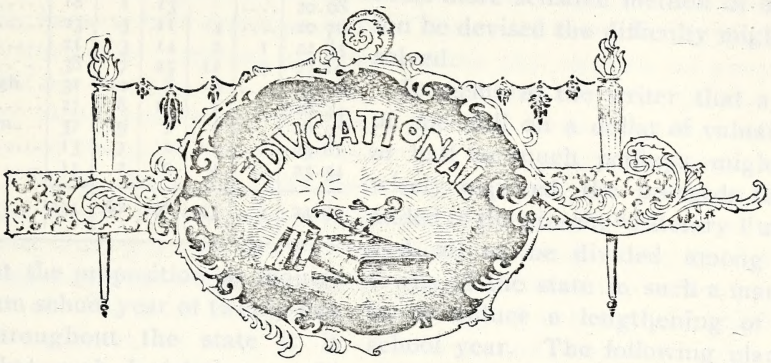
"I thank your majesty for your kind words," murmured Ulrike.

King Friedrich in his younger days had paid court to fair women, and now and then a recollection of the past would spread through the lonely hero's heart. A friendly smile beamed from his face.

"He must at least have some explanation to offer. Good morning, madam, we shall remember you with pleasant thoughts."

He graciously offered her his hand in farewell, and she bent low and pressed her lips upon it. Then she stepped respectfully aside, and slowly and thoughtfully the king passed on, leaning heavily upon his cane.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

DESIRABLE EDUCATIONAL LEGISLATION.

By Channing Folsom, Superintendent of Schools, Dover.

During the last session of the legislature more was done towards strengthening the educational interests of the state than for many years previous. Several measures which seemed wise to those identified with the schools, failed because of the governor's disapproval.

It is the object of this paper to point out some of the defects of the laws as they stand to-day, and to show wherein they fall short of their purpose to secure the proper education to the children of New Hampshire.

LENGTH OF SCHOOL.

The general reader spends but little time upon statistics. One who desires to know something of the educational condition of our state would do well to study the tables in the last annual report of the state superintendent. From these tables the following facts may be gleaned:

Of the 234 towns and cities reported, it will be found that sixty-two (62) have thirty (30) or more weeks of school per year; that one hundred and six (106) have less than twenty-five (25) weeks; forty-three (43) less than



twenty (20) weeks; six (6), less than fifteen (15) weeks.

By counties, the record stands as follows:

County.	Number of towns.	No. having 30 weeks or more.	Less than 25 weeks.	Less than 20 weeks.	Less than 15 weeks.	Average number of weeks.
Belknap	11	2	5	2	...	26.12
Carroll	18	1	13		....	20.68
Cheshire	23	3	11	4	....	20.76
Coös	21	3	14	7	1	22.85
Grafton	38	7	25	11	4	23.19
Hillsborough	31	10	8	6	....	27.18
Merrimack	27	8	12	1	1	26.44
Rockingham	37	19	7	1	....	28.98
Strafford	13	7	1	1	....	29.81
Sullivan	15	2	10	4	....	23.54
Total	234	62	106	43	6	24.95

Against the proposition to require a minimum school year of twenty-five weeks throughout the state it is argued that such legislation would entail a hardship upon the rural towns, already overburdened with taxation. Two small towns report but eight weeks of school each during the year, the cost per pupil being $4.16 and $5.16 respectively.

This seems a very small per capita, until we look farther and discover that one of these towns reports its rate of school assessment as $.0067, while in Manchester it is $.0022 and in Nashua, $.0016. It is evident, however, that very many of the towns raise but a small amount of money for school purposes, relatively and absolutely; and that this small amount is raised simply because the law requires it.

How can the school privileges of the country towns be increased without unduly increasing taxation? Under the old district system a similar inequality frequently existed between different parts of the same town; the adoption of the town system placed the farmer's boy on an equality with the village boy of the same town. Why can not this principle be applied in some manner to the whole state? Why should not the wealthy communities assist their less favored brethren? If the "literary fund" could be enlarged, and some more sensible method of division be devised the difficulty might be solved.

It seems to the writer that a tax of one mill on a dollar of valuation, or half as much perhaps, might be wisely required, the proceeds to be added to the present "Literary Fund," and all to be divided among the towns of the state in such a manner as to induce a lengthening of the school year. The following plan of distribution is suggested:

The state treasurer shall divide the literary fund into two equal parts, which he shall assign and distribute as follows, in November of every year:

One of said equal parts, he shall assign and distribute among the towns and places, in proportion to the number of teachers who shall have actually taught in the public schools of such towns or places not less than twenty-five weeks during the preceding school year, the successive teachers in any one school being counted as one teacher; he shall assign and distribute the other of said equal parts among the towns and places according to the total number of days' attendance of all the pupils of the public schools of the town or place during the preceding school year, such attendance to be ascertained from reports made to

the state superintendent of public instruction.

The distribution of a portion of the fund, based upon the number of teachers, is advised for the assistance of such towns as are compelled by physical features to support small schools. The second method of distribution would operate towards securing regularity of attendance; under the present plan of distributing the fund, a town draws as much for a two weeks' pupil as for a ten months' one.

Very likely some better plan may be devised than the one above outlined; but I think few will deny that the trouble is real, and that in the near future it will demand the thoughtful and patriotic consideration of all who have the welfare of our state at heart.

Until some method of assistance is devised, it is useless to fix a minimum length of the school year. Without such assistance the school year will not be materially lengthened in the towns which most need such lengthening; if the average shows an increase, it must come mainly from the villages and larger towns.

Should any plan of state aid be adopted, a provision like the following should form a part of it:

When the State Superintendent of Public Instruction has reason to believe that a town has neglected to raise and expend the school money required by law, or the additional amount voted by the district, or faithfully to expend the school money received from the state, he shall direct the state treasurer to withhold further payment to such town from the literary fund, until such town shall have satisfied him that it has expended the full amount of said school money according to law.

SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

"Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives in general court convened:

"Sec. 19. The school board of cities shall have sole power to select and purchase land for school-house lots. When said board has secured, by vote of the city councils, an adequate appropriation for the purchase of a specified lot at a specified price, then said board may make the purchase.

"Sec. 20. No school-house shall be erected, altered, remodelled, or changed in any school district, unless the plans thereof have been previously submitted to the school board of that district and received its approval, and all new school-houses shall be constructed under the direction of a joint special committee, chosen in equal numbers by the city councils and the school board.

"Sec. 21. Upon the completion of a new school-house, the city councils shall, by vote, transfer it to the care and control of the school board for public school purposes exclusively. Whenever a school-house shall no longer be needed for public school purposes, the school board shall re-transfer its care and control to the city."

The foregoing is the text of a bill which was enacted by the house and senate during the last session, but which failed by reason of Governor Busiel's disapproval.

The bill may have been imperfect, and there may exist reasons for an honest difference of opinion relative to it among citizens devoted to educational interests, but the statesman (?)

who characterized it as the "infamous school-house bill" must be at a sad loss for means of excitement.

Schools and school buildings are but one of many interests which the city councils have to consider; they form the single interest which the school committee are called upon to deal with. The bill looks innocent; it appears to have been an attempt on the part of the legislature to enlarge the powers and duties of the city school boards in a direction in which they are peculiarly competent to act. Who so well qualified to judge of the needs of a school as to location, needed room, ventilation, and sanitation as the board chosen by the people for the special purpose of making themselves familiar with such matters? The general student is not supposed to know more of a specialty than the specialist who devotes his life to that specialty.

Education would be well served should a bill of the tenor of the foregoing become the law of the state.

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE.

The state demands that its children shall be educated, on the theory that general education is for the benefit of the state; that universal intelligence is the chief bulwark of free institutions.

It has been well said that "the corner-stone of our system of public schools is the fact that, though an ignorant people may be governed, only an intelligent people can govern themselves."

Though the state of New Hampshire acknowledges this principle in its legislation, its provisions for effecting the desired results are utterly inadequate and puerile.

Section 14 of chapter 93 of the Public Statutes provides for the attendance of every child between the ages of eight and sixteen years twelve weeks annually, six weeks of which shall be consecutive.

The majority of children who need such a law need more than six weeks of consecutive instruction during a year. This section should be reconstructed and brought into harmony with the employment laws, which form a part of the same chapter. Up to a certain age, say twelve years, every child should be required to attend school the whole time it is taught in the town or district in which he resides; from twelve to sixteen he should be under the same limitations as if he wished to work in a manufacturing establishment; that is to say, employment at any industry should require a certificate of school attendance.

It goes without saying that no language but the English can properly be permitted in *common school* instruction, whether in public or private schools.

If to advocate a legislative enactment to this effect is to place one among those who favor "class legislation," write me down as such.

But is this not New Hampshire? Are we not citizens of the United States of America? Is it "class legislation" to enact a law for our own preservation and the stability of our institutions?

Let New Hampshire legislate for New Hampshire and not for Canada.

EMPLOYMENT LAWS.

The laws relating to the employment of children seem to have been made mainly in the interests of labor,

rather than based on the broad principle already enunciated, that the interests of the republic demand a thorough diffusion of education and intelligence. This appears from the fact that only "manufacturing establishments" must demand a certificate of school attendance as a pre-requisite to employment.

With the addition of mercantile, mechanical, and other industrial employments, and some provision for their enforcement, these laws are sufficiently stringent. In their present state, however, their enforcement depends entirely upon the goodwill of the employer. In many towns, notably the smaller manufacturing places, they are a dead letter, and will probably always remain so, until some provision for their enforcement is devised other than by local authority. In the cities and larger towns, however, they would be more likely to be observed if requirements were incorporated in them to the following effect:

1. School boards, or their duly authorized agents, should be legally authorized to visit all manufacturing establishments in their districts at all times; and it should be made their duty to make such visits periodically.

2. Employers of child labor should be required to keep sworn lists of children in their employ, under sixteen years of age. All certificates of school attendance should be preserved. These lists and the certificates should be open to the inspection of the school board or its agents at all times. Refusal on the part of an employer to show the required certificate should be considered as *prima facie* evidence of illegal employment.

These amendments would make it possible to carry out the law where school boards desire to do so.

Where employers of child labor themselves constitute the board, or exercise a paramount influence in it, a state inspector would be a necessity.

The law prohibits the employment of any child under sixteen years of age in a manufacturing establishment unless he can "read and write." If our laws are made for the benefit of the people of New Hampshire and in the interests of republican institutions, this reading and writing should be in the *English language*. I am unable to understand how any unselfish patriotic American can oppose this amendment. I am very far from know-nothingism; place of birth or religious belief are nothing to me in considering a man's sphere of action; but as a measure of safety to our institutions, immigrants must be assimilated and converted into American citizens.

Upon this point I quote the words of Supt. D. L. Kiehle, of Minnesota:

"The school must teach thoroughly the English language as the language of the country. This is the language of our business and social life. It is the language of our history, our laws, and the only vehicle of American ideas. Other languages are necessarily un-American—not anti-American,—carrying with them the traditions, associations, customs, and national spirit of other governments and civilizations; hence, if the youth of this country are to be Americans, they must think and speak in the language of America."

We can insist upon this with the children; with adults it is impossible.

Let not the greed of parents or the avarice of corporations bar the way to patriotic legislation.

TRUANCY.

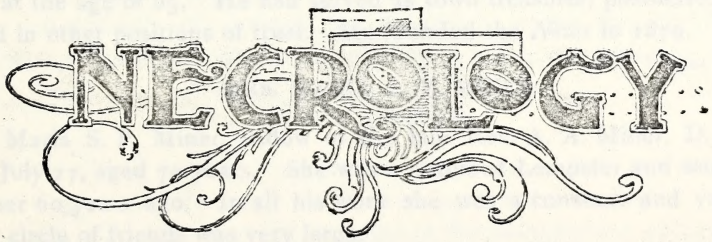
Under our present law truancy or regular absenteeism becomes an offence only when the town has adopted a by-law making it such. It would seem that some less cumbersome plan might be devised. At any rate the term of allowable confinement at the industrial school should be increased to five years at the discretion of the judge. Truant officers should be given more authority. Their duties should lie in the direction of preventing rather than punishing truancy. An amendment like the following would accomplish this end:

Truant officers shall have authority without a warrant to take and place in school any children found violating the laws relating to the employment of children or to the compulsory attendance at school, of children between the ages of six and sixteen years.

These suggestions incorporated into the law, and the appointment of this officer as the agent of the school board in enforcing the employment laws, would largely increase his efficiency and usefulness.

Something might be said in favor of omitting useless and impossible statistics, such as reporting the number of persons between twenty-one and fourteen years of age who cannot read and write, as now required by the statute, but I have already advised more than is likely to be done at one session of the legislature.

In light of the criticisms made last winter upon the number of educational bills presented, by persons high in honor and authority, while no unfavorable comment was made upon the numerous sawdust bills or fish and game bills, it would seem that the perfecting of our school law is of minor importance in their minds.



BENJAMIN PIERCE CHENEY.

Benjamin Pierce Cheney, Senior, was born at Hillsborough, August 12, 1815, and died at Wellesley, Mass., July 23. At the age of 16 he became a stage driver and was soon regarded as one of the most trusty men on the great through line from Boston to Montreal. In 1842, when the Boston & Lowell Railroad was extended to Concord, he engaged in business as a local express agent. From this humble beginning he rose to positions of responsibility and trust in the management of some of the greatest express lines and railroads in the country, among them the



Overland Mail, Wells & Fargo's Express, the American Express Company, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Northern Pacific, Mexican Central, Vermont Central, and Northern railroads. One of Boston's half dozen wealthiest men, Mr. Cheney was generous in his success. His native state owes to him the bronze statue of Daniel Webster in her state house yard, and a chair at Dartmouth College was endowed by him with $50,000. Mr. Cheney was deeply interested in horticulture and under his personal direction his home at Wellesley was made one of the most beautiful country places in America. His business interests are left to the care of a son, B. P. Cheney, Jr., whose ability for their management has already been proven.

REV. JAMES K. PIKE, D. D.

Rev. James K. Pike, D.D., died at Newfields, July 26. He represented the first New Hampshire district in the 34th and 35th congresses, was colonel of the Sixteenth New Hampshire regiment during the Rebellion, and had been for more than 20 years a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church.

ROBERT C. THOMPSON.

Robert C. Thompson, for 53 years a business man in Exeter, died in that town July 28, at the age of 74 years. He was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, and very prominent in Masonic circles.

COL. GEORGE W. GOFFE.

Colonel George W. Goffe, a lineal descendant of the regicide Goffe, died in Bedford July 31, aged 67. He was a leading lumberman until he retired from active business, was twice a member of the legislature and for 20 years was moderator of the town of Bedford.

JAMES E. FERNALD.

James Elliot Fernald, proprietor of the Farmington *News*, died in that town July 27 at the age of 65. He had served as town treasurer, postmaster, bank official, and in other positions of trust. He founded the *News* in 1879.

MRS. MARIA S. P. MINER.

Mrs. Maria S. P. Miner, widow of the late Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., died at Boston July 27, aged 79 years. She was a native of Lempster and was married to Dr. Miner 60 years ago. In all his work she was a constant and valued helper and her circle of friends was very large.

MRS. MARY A. STEARNS.

At her home in Concord, July 27, at the age of 76, died Mrs. Mary A. Stearns, widow of the late ex-Governor Onslow Stearns. She was born in Athol, Mass., and married Mr. Stearns at Lowell in 1845. Since 1847 her residence had been in Concord. She was prominent in philanthropic and benevolent work and during the lifetime of her husband a social leader, entertaining at her beautiful home many of the most prominent men of the time. She is survived by one son and four daughters.

LUCIEN B. CLOUGH.

Judge Lucien B. Clough, born at Northfield, April 17, 1823, died at Manchester July 28. He graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1850 and was admitted to the bar in 1851 at Albany, N. Y. From 1853 to the time of his death he practised his profession in Manchester. He was judge of the probate court in 1874-5. At the time of his death he was a trustee of the city library, a director in the Amoskeag National bank, trustee of the Amoskeag Savings bank, clerk of the Manchester Gas Light company, and treasurer of the local board of fire underwriters. He was a member of the Episcopal church and a Democrat in politics. He is survived by a daughter and a son.

JOHN G. KIMBALL.

John G. Kimball, a native of Concord, 62 years of age, died at North Andover, Mass., July 29, of apoplexy. He was a successful Lawrence business man for more than a quarter of a century and was a prominent leader of the Prohibition party.

THOMAS STUART.

Thomas Stuart was born in Henniker, September 1, 1823, and died at Concord, July 30. He purchased the Columbian hotel in 1848 and was its landlord for many years. He was a director of the First National bank from 1873 to the time of his death and was also a director of the Union Guaranty Savings bank from the time of its organization.

PROF. WARREN T. WEBSTER.

Professor Warren T. Webster was born at Kingston and died at Brooklyn, N. Y., August 3, in his 65th year. He was a graduate of Brown University and a prominent and lifelong educational worker. He resigned the principalship of the high school at Auburn, Me., in 1866 to accept a professorship in the Lockwood academy, subsequently the Adelphi, of Brooklyn. At the time of his death he was professor of Latin and Greek and superintendent of the collegiate department there.

GERRY MORGAN.

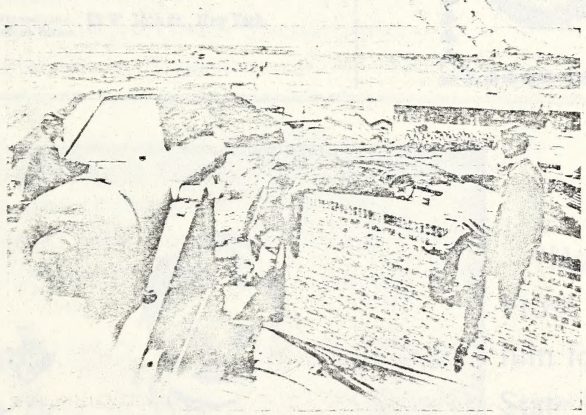
Gerry Morgan was born at Francestown, August 10, 1828, and died at Fryeburg, Me., August 3. He was a California '49er and remained on the Pacific coast 17 years. On his return he engaged in the manufacture of shoe and box pegs. He was a member of the New Hampshire legislature for several years and introduced and carried through that body a bill giving to schools free text-books, this state being the first in the Union to adopt such a measure.

GEORGE W. HAVEN.

George Wallace Haven died at Portsmouth August 7 at the age of 88 years. He was for many years a director of the Rockingham National bank and had also served as trustee of the New Hampshire Insane Asylum. He is survived by a widow, a son, and a daughter, the wife of Chief Justice Doe.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



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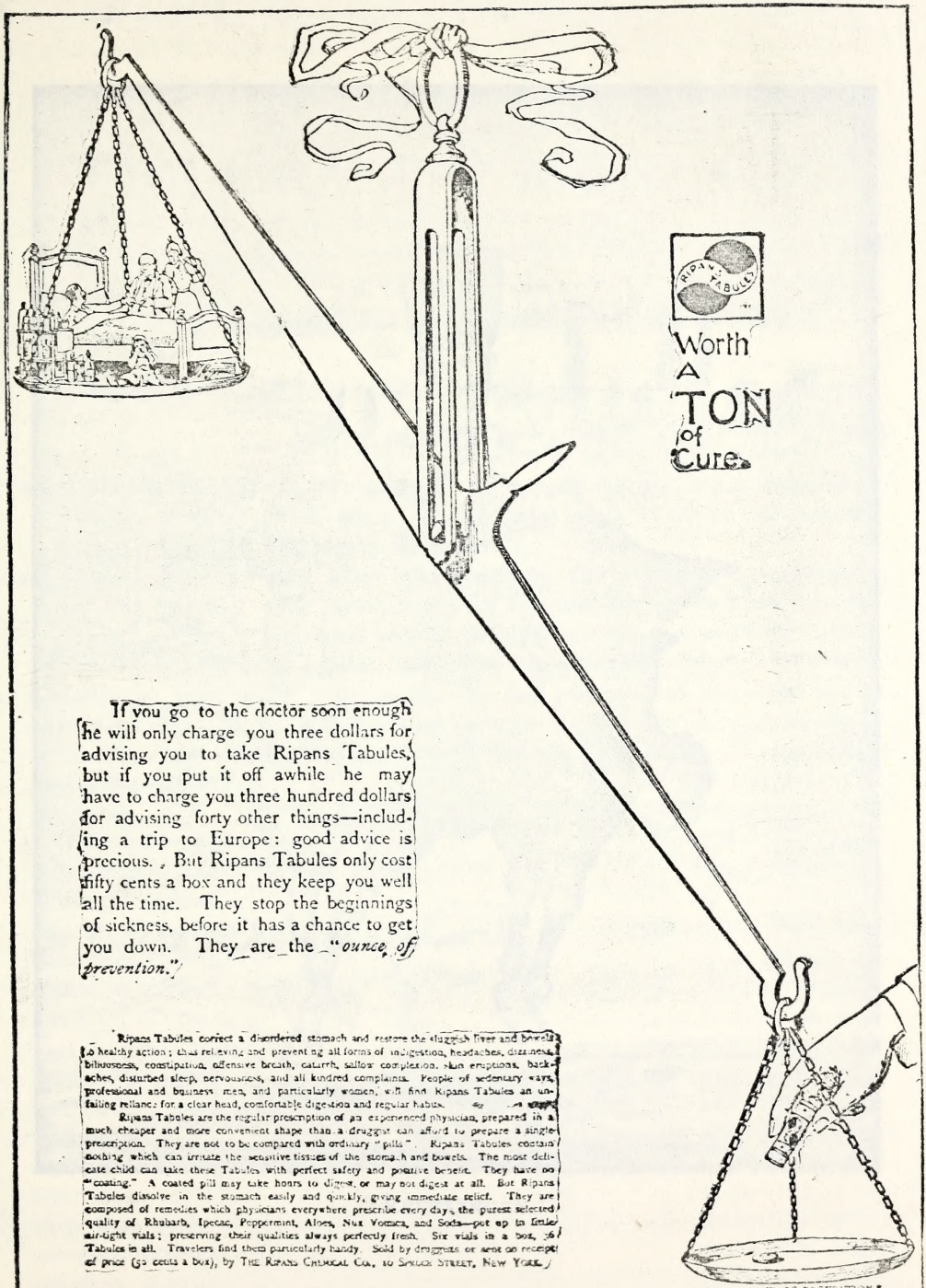
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MISS IDA G. ADAMS will describe the town of WEARE with many illustrations in the November GRANITE MONTHLY.

Subscription: $2.00 per year; $1.50 if paid in advance; 20 cents per copy.
Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.
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If you go to the doctor soon enough he will only charge you three dollars for advising you to take Ripans Tabules, but if you put it off awhile he may have to charge you three hundred dollars for advising forty other things—including a trip to Europe: good advice is precious. But Ripans Tabules only cost fifty cents a box and they keep you well all the time. They stop the beginnings of sickness, before it has a chance to get you down. They are the "*ounce of prevention.*"

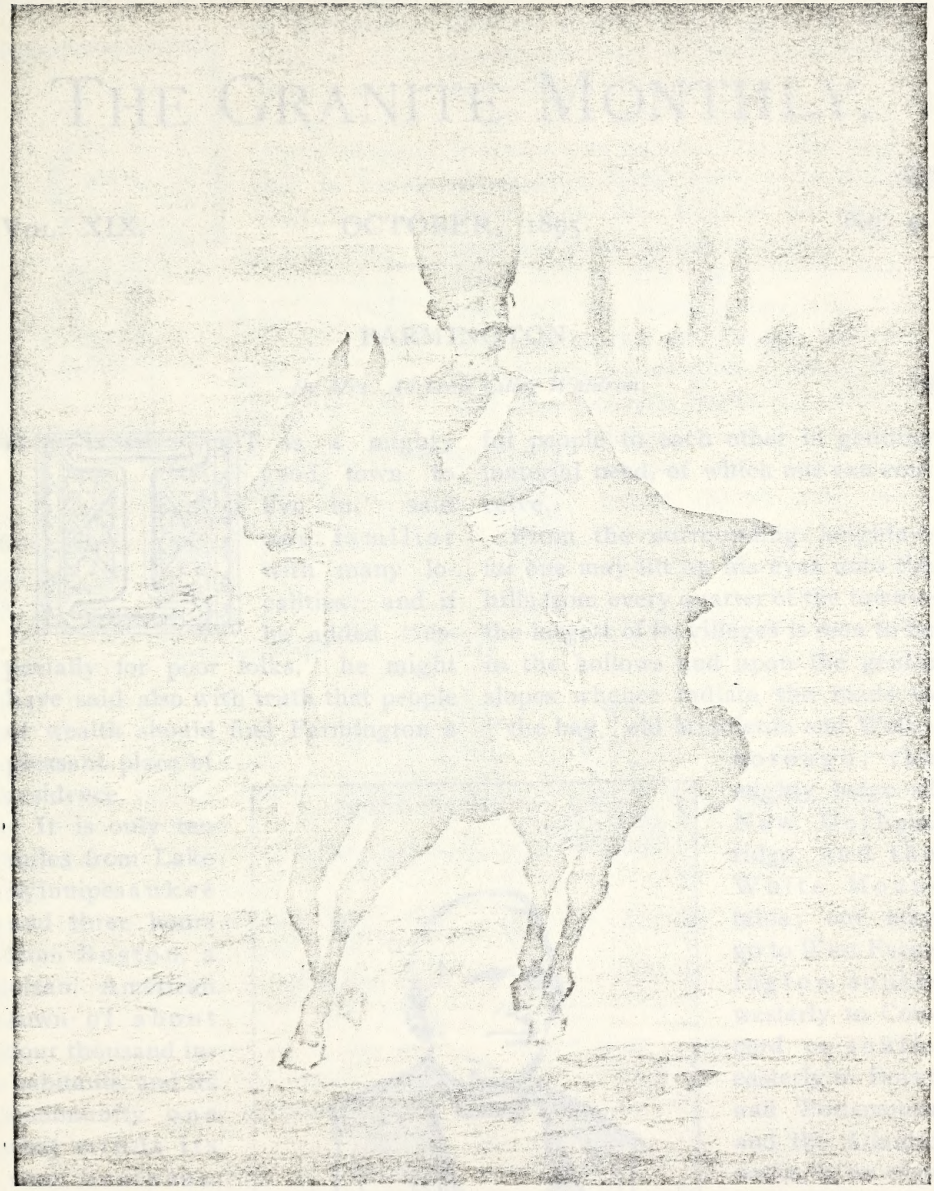
Ripans Tabules correct a disordered stomach and restore the sluggish liver and bowels to healthy action; thus relieving and preventing all forms of indigestion, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, offensive breath, catarrh, sallow complexion, skin eruptions, backaches, disturbed sleep, nervousness, and all kindred complaints. People of sedentary ways, professional and business men, and particularly women, will find Ripans Tabules an unfailing reliance for a clear head, comfortable digestion and regular habits.

Ripans Tabules are the regular prescription of an experienced physician, prepared in a much cheaper and more convenient shape than a druggist can afford to prepare a single prescription. They are not to be compared with ordinary "pills". Ripans Tabules contain nothing which can irritate the sensitive tissues of the stomach and bowels. The most delicate child can take these Tabules with perfect safety and positive benefit. They have no "coating." A coated pill may take hours to digest, or may not digest at all. But Ripans Tabules dissolve in the stomach easily and quickly, giving immediate relief. They are composed of remedies which physicians everywhere prescribe every day, the purest selected quality of Rhubarb, Ipecac, Peppermint, Aloes, Nux Vomica, and Soda—put up in little air-tight vials; preserving their qualities always perfectly fresh. Six vials in a box, 36 Tabules in all. Travelers find them particularly handy. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price (50 cents a box), by The Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

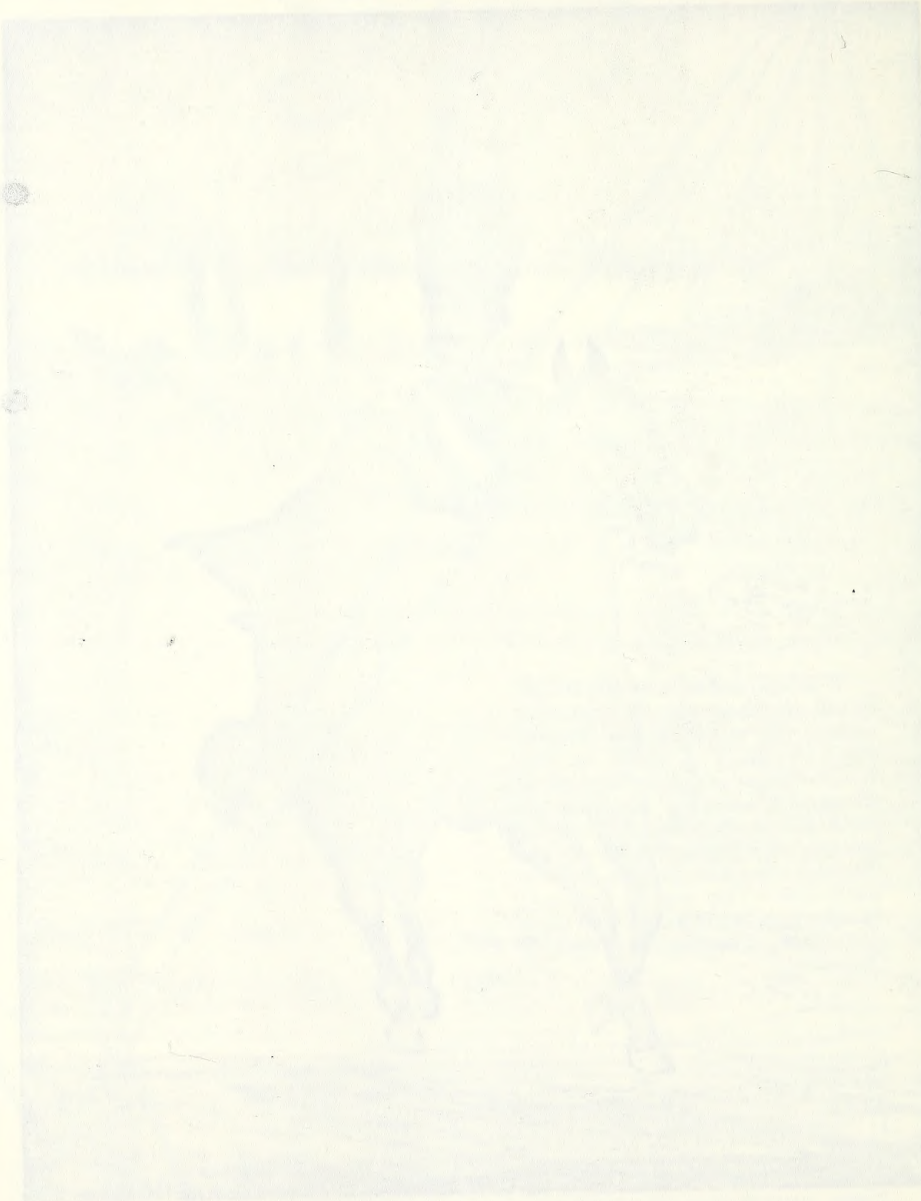
THE "OUNCE OF PREVENTION."

Advertisement Designed and Executed for The Frontier Ad Illustration Bureau, 9 Spruce St., New York.





"Reutlingen."



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX. OCTOBER, 1895. No. 4.

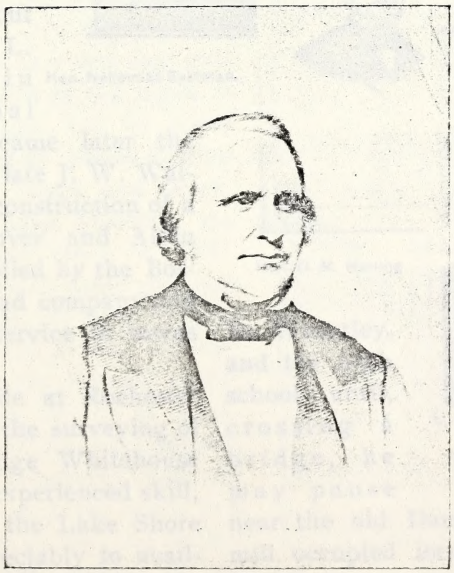
FARMINGTON.

By Mrs. Adelaide Cilley Waldron.

"IT is a mighty good town to live in," said one familiar with many localities; and if he added "especially for poor folks," he might have said also with truth that people of wealth should find Farmington a pleasant place of residence.

It is only ten miles from Lake Winnipesaukee and three hours from Boston, a clean American town of about four thousand inhabitants, and its community one that minds its own business. But a part of that business, accepted without question, is to be the kindest and most quietly helpful people to each other in genuine material need, of which one can conceive.

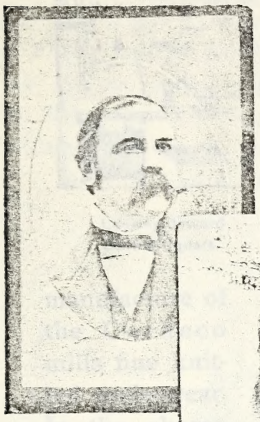
From the surrounding heights—for one may lift up his eyes unto the hills from every quarter of the town—the largest of its villages is seen to be in the hollows and upon the gentle slopes whence radiate the roads to "the bay," old Middleton and Wolfeborough, the mighty ledge of New Durham ridge, and the White Mountains; one may go to West Farmington, southwesterly to Concord or southeasterly to Dover and Portsmouth and the Atlantic ocean, in an easy drive of thirty or thirty-five miles, or he may wheel five miles to Milton, on the Conway road, whence



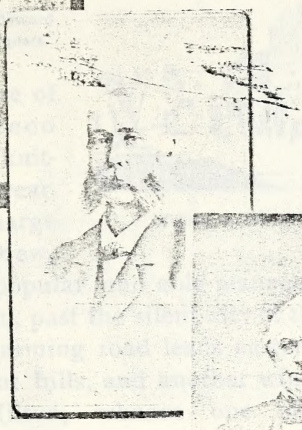
Henry Wilson.



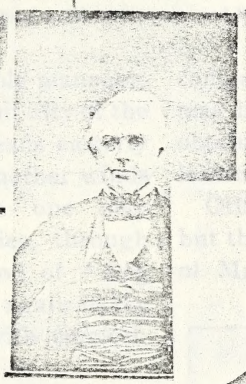
he can step across the bridge which there connects New Hampshire with Maine, and go to the fine old place in Lebanon where Ole Bull made a summer home which is used still in warm weather by Mrs. Bull and their daughter.



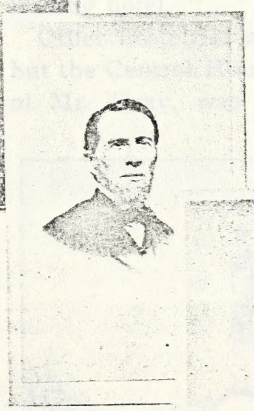
Hon. Alonzo Nute.



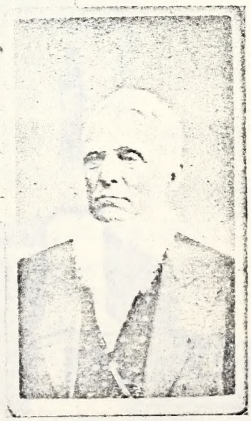
Hon. C. W. Talpey.



Hon. Nehemiah Eastman.



Hon. G. M. Herring



Hon. George L. Whitehouse.

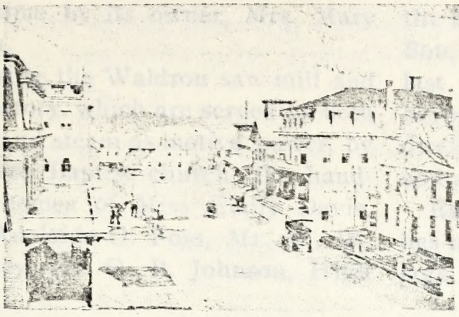
Up to the fifties only stage roads kept Farmington in touch with the world outside, but the Hon. George L. Whitehouse, who in 1839 built the canal and mill which became later the busy property of the late J. W. Waldron, forwarded the construction of a railway between Dover and Alton Bay, which is controlled by the Boston and Maine railroad company and has been of great service to towns along the line.

Connection is made at Rochester with other roads, in the surveying of which the late Judge Whitehouse gave the aid of his experienced skill, and the opening of the Lake Shore line has added appreciably to available means of travel.

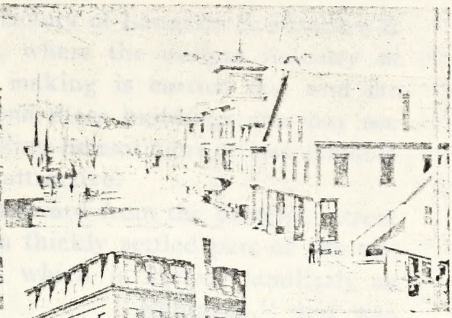
Picturesque scenery awaits the wayfarer in highway and byway, and it has been said by many people that nowhere in the settled parts of the country can more delightful drives be found than in Farmington.

One may follow the mile long course of the famous Pearl sled as it coasts down North Main or Province street, past the Edgerly Memorial park and many pretty residences, the Jones factory, the opera house and town hall, the Nute factory, and the business blocks, to Central square and South Main street. Then by still other business blocks, the ancient Edgerly and Eastman houses, the Congregational church and the Strafford House opposite, the H. B. Edgerly house and factory, the picturesque homes of F. E. Edgerly and Dr. Wheatley, and the high school, until, crossing a bridge, he may pause near the old Dame place, and the mill occupied formerly by the late W. W. Hayes, and now used for the

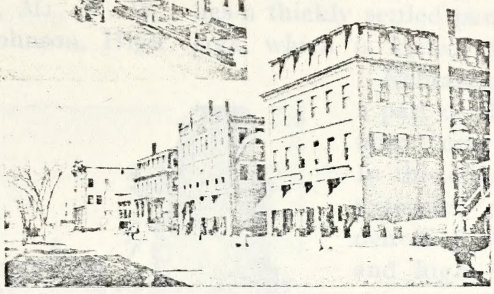




Looking toward Central Square.



View on North Main Street.



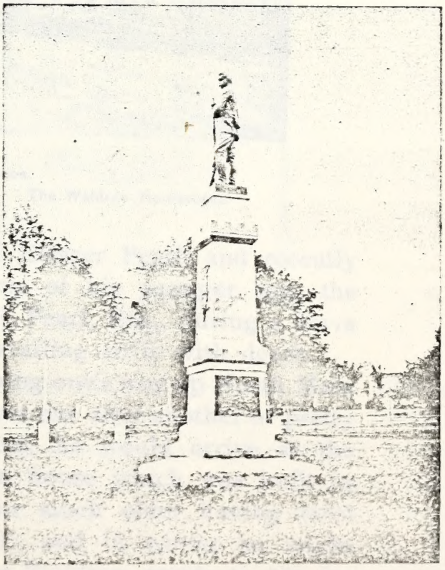
Wallace & Elliott Factories and Wilson House.

manufacture of the Cocheco mills fine knitted underwear. in the charge of C. E. Drew, a skilled, popular, and able manager.

Going on, past the silent city of the dead, a charming road leads easterly to Chestnut hills, and another winds toward Milton, whence one may return, seeking pond lilies, through the odd little neighborhood of "Dog hollow," and soon arrive again in the village by streets lined with comfortable homes.

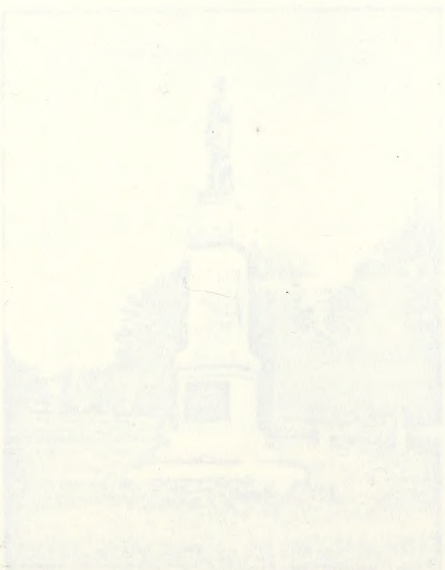
From Central square one may pass the landmark known in old times as the Steamboat Hotel, but for many years the property of James E. Fernald; the Barker, Small, and Shackford blocks, the bank building, the M. L. Hayes factory, the J. W. Waldron house, and many other pleasant residences; crossing bridges, passing the stoneyard of the Prides, he may leave behind him the Fernald lands, and meet, perhaps, Mr. S. S. Amazeen, who served for an exceptionally long period as a selectman, and can tell the valuation of every estate to a dot. Or one may go into the Boston and Maine railway station to see George W. Wood, who has been for many years the efficient agent of the company, from whose office telegrams may be sent, telephonic service being obtained at the Wilson House, a leading hotel.

Other hostelries are kept by men, but the Central House, now in charge of Mr. Gray, was conducted for a



Soldiers Monument.

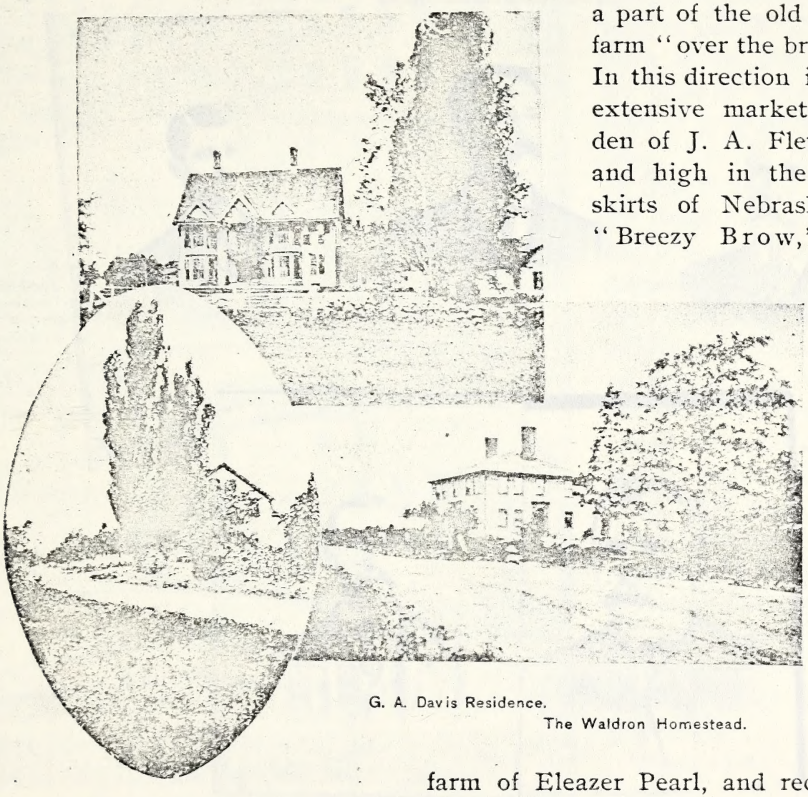




long time by its owner, Mrs. Mary Welch.

Passing the Waldron saw-mill and box factory, which are served by both water and steam as motive power, by the Free Baptist church, the handsome homes of Miss Emily Davis, Mrs. Adelaide O. Foss, Mr. W. W. Whitney, Mr. G. B. Johnson, High Sheriff James E. Hayes, and by other pretty houses, and the big Hayes factory, one will go through East Grove street, past the long side of the Nute factory, by the fine place of F. E. Mooney, which was the home of the late Dr. Hammons and Dr. D. T. Parker, glancing at the Jenness mills, the Marston machine shop, and the factory of Langdon S. Flanders & Son, where the unique industry of last making is carried on; and far beyond these buildings one may see dwelling-houses more or less valuable and attractive.

Eastward from the principal street lies a thickly settled part of the village, which is known familiarly as "Nebraska," and was a part of the old Ham farm "over the brook." In this direction is the extensive market garden of J. A. Fletcher, and high in the outskirts of Nebraska is "Breezy Brow," the farm of Eleazer Pearl, and recently the home of his younger son, the late I. E. Pearl, Esq., during a brave but unavailing strife with death.

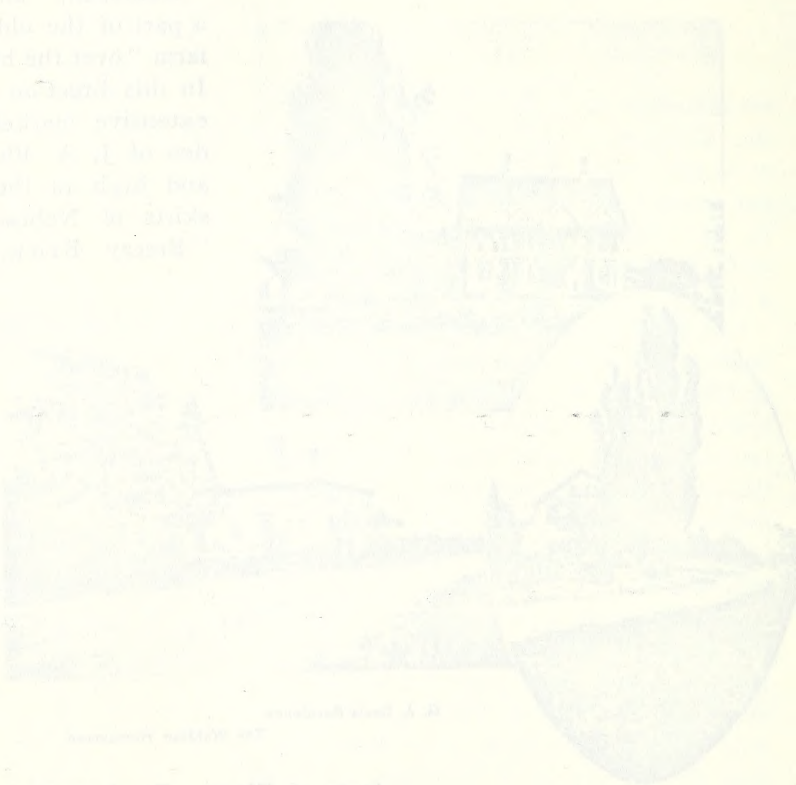


G. A. Davis Residence.

The Waldron Homestead.

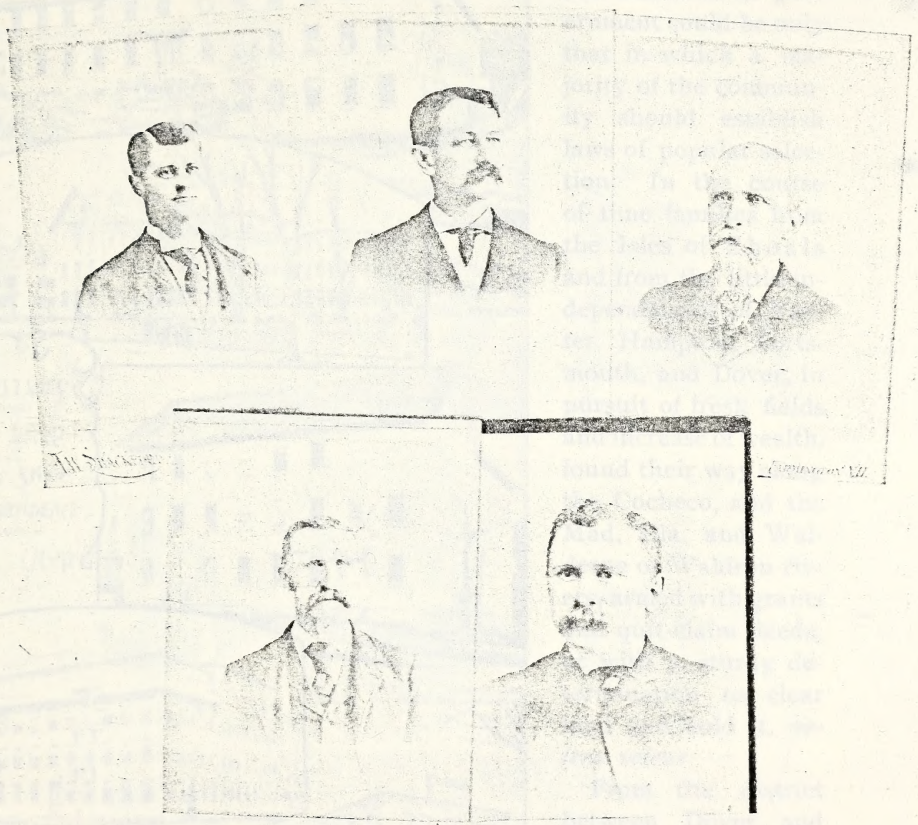
Old Pearl Place.

Pursuing one's way up North Main street past one after another of pretty residences, he would arrive at the Waldron house which was built in 1812, one much older having been removed; and in winter he might visit the Waldron ponds to see ice cutting by F. L. Johnson, or to skate



in the light of the moon, or of torches and fires, with a merry party of young and old.

In places situated like Farmington there is likely to exist that variety of climate which is an attribute of a large extent of country; but one endures not unwillingly a few days



William T. Hayes. Henry S. Davis. Daniel W. Kimball.
George W. Gray. William F. Thayer.

of tropic heat in summer, or a similar period of biting cold in the opposite season.

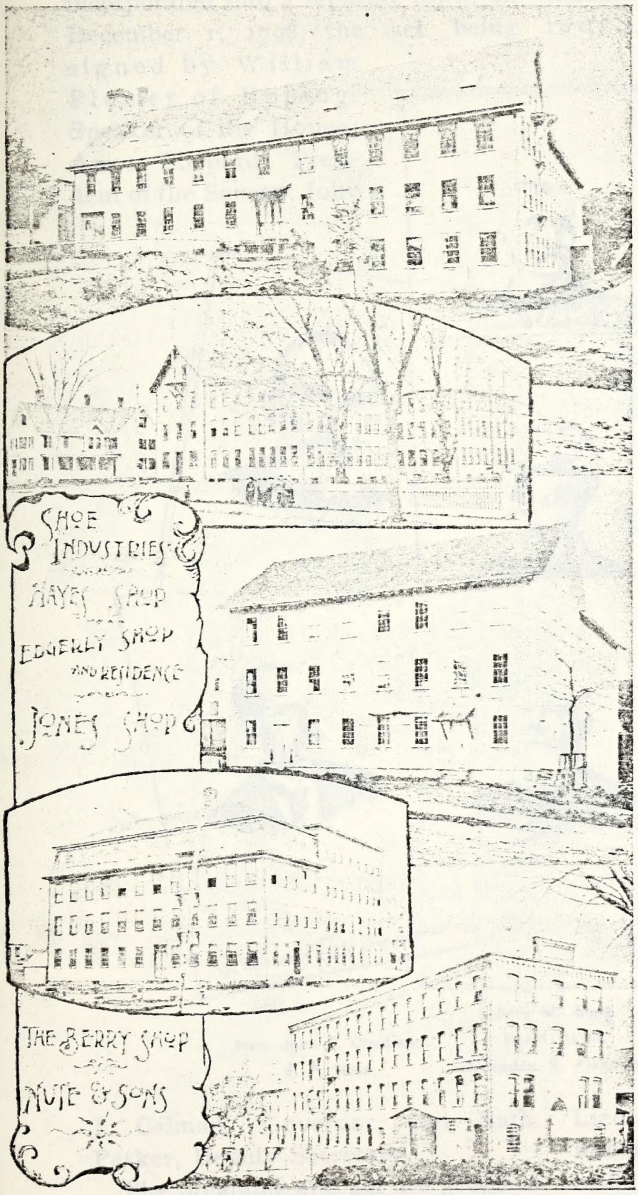
The mean temperature is unobjectionable, and no grave damage from elementary disturbances has been known to occur.

Not only does situation, but origin also, determine largely the characteristics of a town, and when the latter is an offshoot of one of the earliest settlements in a country, it has a more than common interest for the student of history, be his horizon wide or narrow of circumference.

Let us therefore remember that the first white settlers of New Hampshire, of whom we have definite knowledge, were adventurous sailors and merchants, many of whom were of good family, although few were men of large fortune. Among the seamen were those whose fathers had sailed with Drake, Hawkins, Fro-



bisher, Raleigh, Argal, Somers, or Cabot, and more than one of the bold mariners had ploughed the main with



Captain John Smith or had fought with him in the Old World.

After these pioneers there followed a few "for conscience sake," but the prominent characteristics of the former were avarice and romance, energetic independence and dauntlessness.

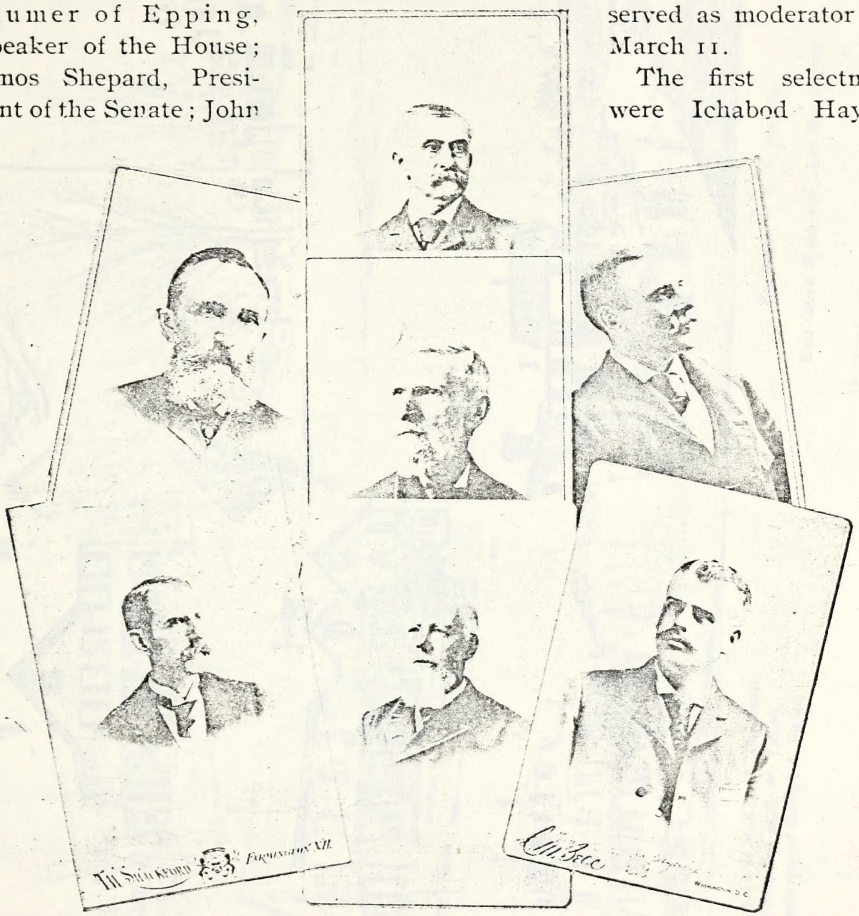
They had their own notions of caste, but they seem to have agreed that the ideal and safe form of government could be only that in which a majority of the community should establish laws of popular selection. In the course of time families from the Isles of Shoals and from the little independencies of Exeter, Hampton, Portsmouth, and Dover, in pursuit of fresh fields and increase of wealth, found their way along the Cocheco, and the Mad, Ela, and Walderne or Waldron rivers, armed with grants and quit-claim deeds, or with a sturdy determination to clear land and hold it, *nolens volens*.

From the district between Dover and Laconia were formed certain towns of which Rochester was one, as mentioned in the interesting article by Mr. Willis McDuffie in the June number of this magazine.

The increase of population made it difficult to assemble the people from so large an area, for civic purposes,



and the General Court was petitioned to divide Rochester into three parts. "The prayer appearing reasonable," the Northwest Parish was set off and incorporated into a separate town, on December 1, 1798, the act being signed by William Plumer of Epping, Speaker of the House; Amos Shepard, President of the Senate; John J. Gilman, Governor, and Nath. Parker, Deputy Secretary.



Hon. John F. Cloutman. John M. Berry. A. Irving Nute.
E. P. Nute. Israel Hayes. Frank E. Edgerly.
Langdon S. Flanders.

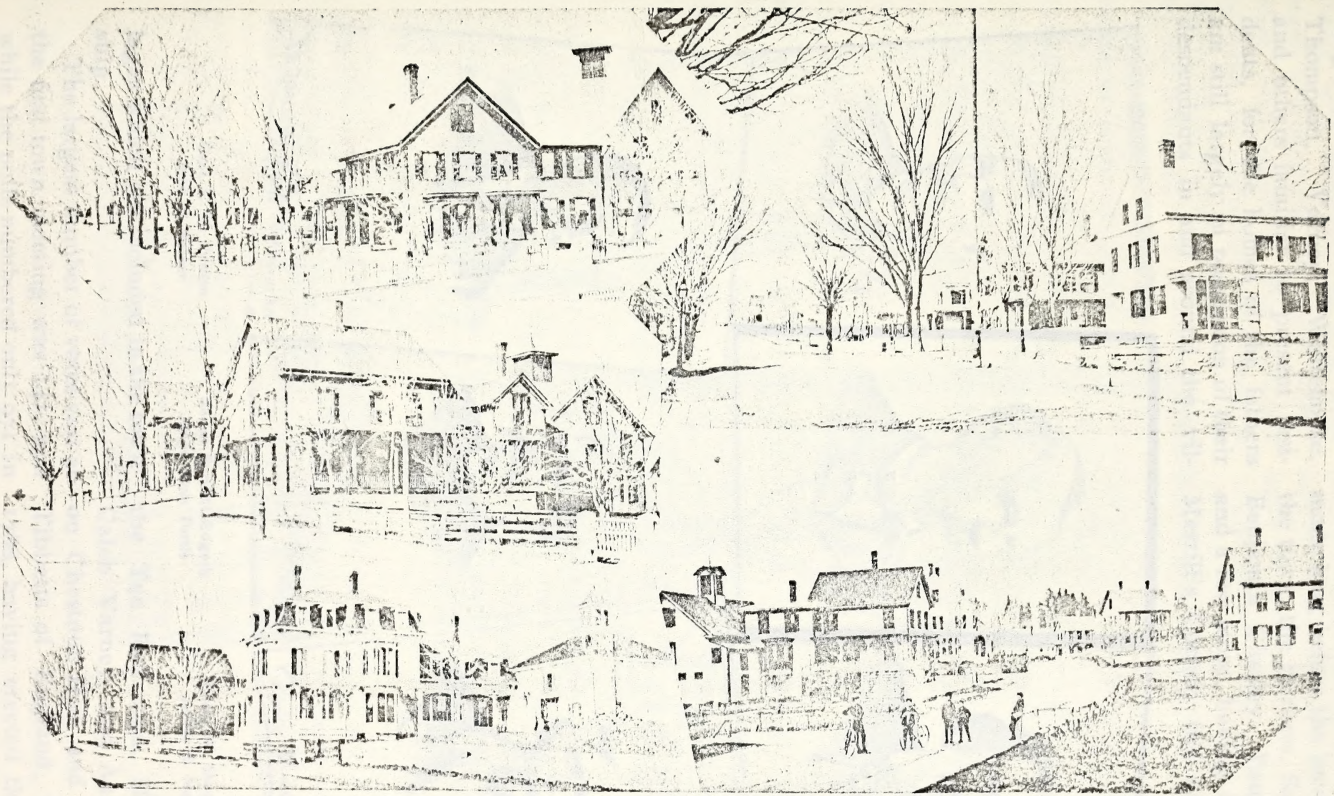
The preamble and act are given in the opening pages of the first volume of town records, a book bound in calf and marked "11 March, 1799," on which date the first town meeting was held, at the house of Simon Dame.

The notification for this meeting was made to the freeholders and inhabitants of Farmington on February 23, 1799, and signed by Judge Aaron Wingate who served as moderator on March 11.

The first selectmen were Ichabod Hayes, Lieut. Ephraim Kimball, and David Roberts, and Jonas C. March was made town clerk.

Among the names of other officers are Berry, Dame, Davis, Chesley, Demeritt, Emerson, French, Furber, Ham, Holmes, Horne, Jones, Knight,



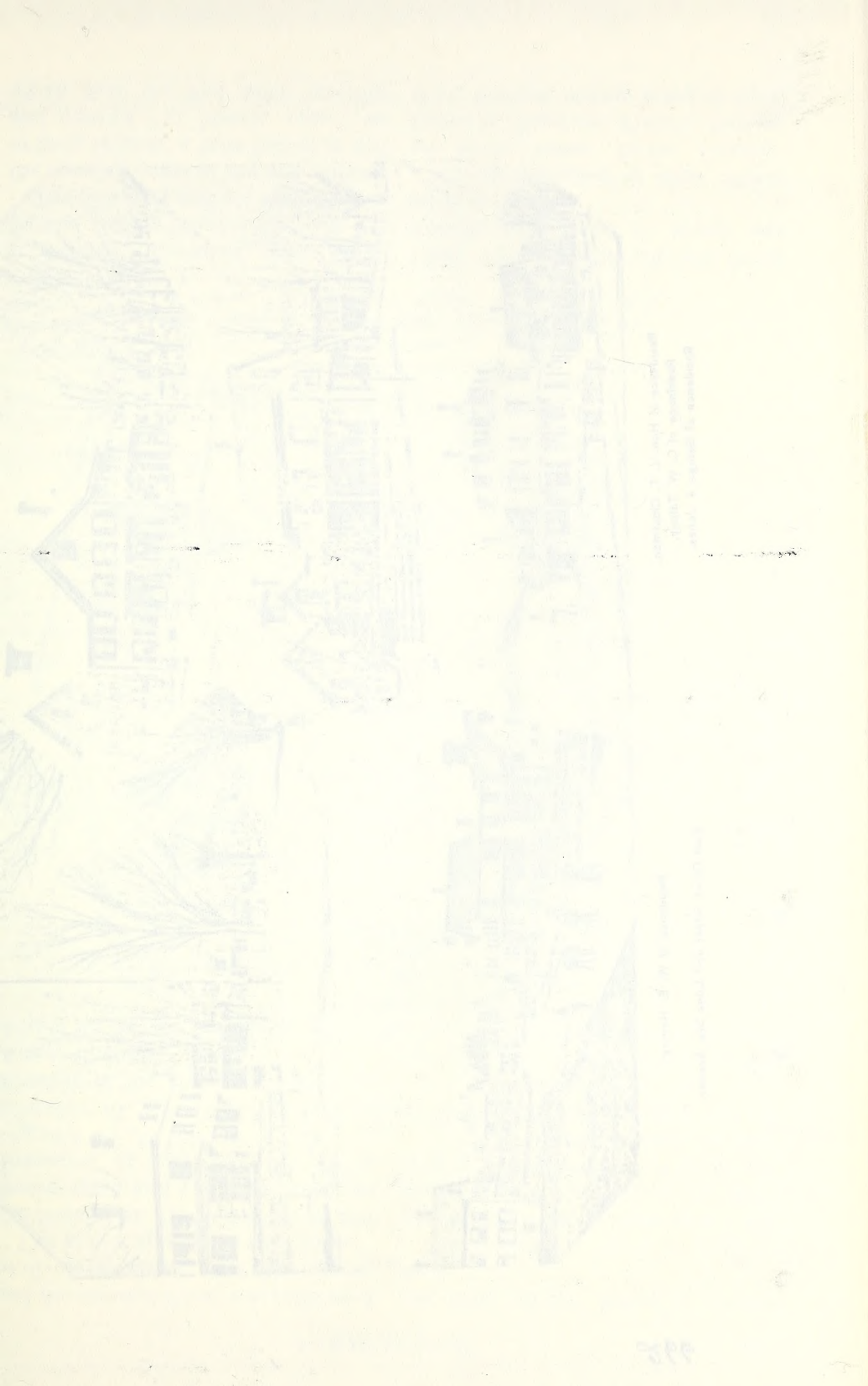


Residence of Hon. J. F. Cloutman.
Residence of C. W. Talpey.
Residence of George A. Jones.

Residence of W. E. Herring.

East Grove Street and Lone Star Avenue.

2996



Leighton, Meder, Pearl, Peavey, Thompson, Varney, Whitehouse, and others familiar to present residents, for the homes of the fathers are still largely in possession of their descendants in and around the villages which are included in the township.



Capt. C. H. Pitman. John H. Barker. | James Bartlett Edgerly Judge Jonn Tuttle. | Amasa W. Shackford. James E. Hayes.

The largest number of votes cast at the first town meeting was 141, and while the polls numbered only 971 in the elections of 1895, over a thousand names have been counted on the check-list in other years.

Settlement of the vicinity had been made long before the incorporation of the town, the Furbers, Samuel Jones, Benjamin Chesley, Paul Demeritt, and a few more, having located near Merrill's Corner, the Leightons on the Ten Rod road, Moses Horne, Caleb Varney, and Aaron Wingate on Chestnut Hill, and Mr. William Tibbetts of England, who died in 1788, having erected the first frame house on the New Durham Ridge road, near the site of the fine residence of his descendant, George A.



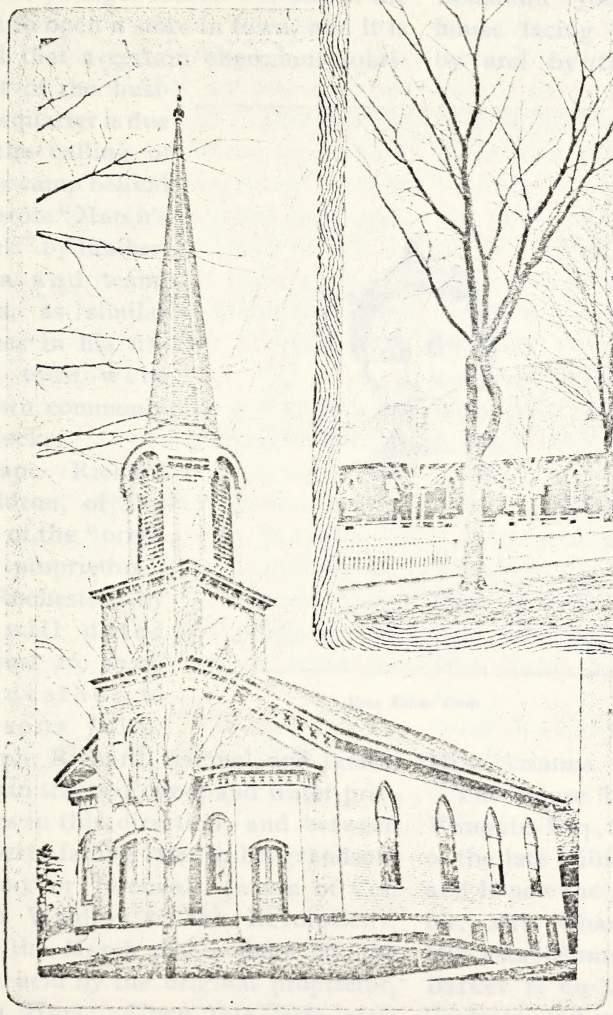
Davis, who inherited the farm thus made a homestead. Ancient poplar trees, still standing like sentinels between the Davis and Pearl–Roberts places, were brought there by Mr. Tibbetts.

"One Berry" built a log house as early as 1770 at the southern end of the principal village, and nearly opposite it, in 1781, the first frame house in the neighborhood was set up for John Roberts, who came from Dover Neck, and moved into his new home in 1782, upon his marriage.

The second frame was erected by



First Congregational Church.



Free Baptist Church.

Jonas C. March, a native of Portsmouth, whose first wife was Sally Wingate, a daughter of Judge Aaron Wingate, his second wife having been her sister Lydia.

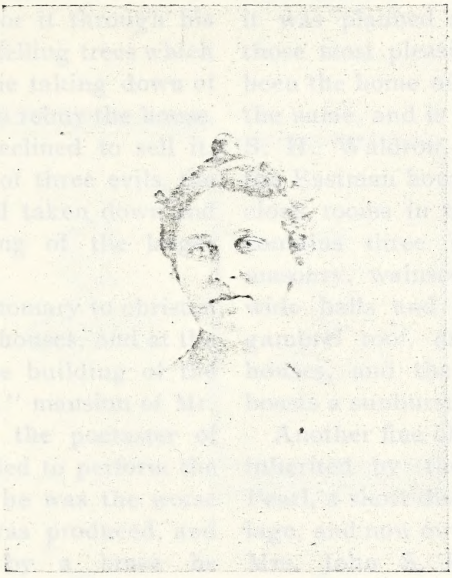
Mr. March was a son of Clement March, who was six and a half feet high and of a commanding presence; it is told of him that on occasion of





undue disturbance in his house or in a public place, he would say to one of his sons, "Nat, take my cane there." When the boy appeared with the long and significant stick upon his shoulder, quiet would ensue at once, without the speaking of a word.

The younger March was one of the first to open a store in town, and it is said that a certain obnoxious sobriquet of the business quarter is due to the calling of the swamp behind his store "March's Dock" by lumbermen and teamsters, as similar places in his native town were known commonly as docks.



Miss Ethel Dow.

Capt. Richard Waldron, of Dover, of the "original proprietors" of Rochester, by his will dated August 26, 1777, bequeathed to his sons John, Joseph, Richard, Samuel, and James, certain tracts of land, and water privileges in this direction, and between property falling later to his grandson, Jeremy or Jeremiah (a son of Col. John Waldron of the Revolution), and the March place, there lay the farm held by the original proprietor, John Ham. Upon this farm rests the principal village of Farmington, one beautiful knoll being owned by Mr. Ham's granddaughter, Mrs. M. A. Bunker, who removed thence a pleasant old cottage to make way for her present handsome residence. Land in the vicinity of the Boston and Maine railway station, now owned by Mrs. Laura Whitehouse Fernald, was known in the eighteenth century as the Thomas Ham farm.

Following the March store and house were built a half-house by Benjamin Jones; Eleazer Pearl's house facing Central street, where by and by the Odd Fellows will erect a fine hall; and a house whose third occupant was Dr. Benjamin Libby, the first resident physician, who located here in 1800, and married Sukey Demeritt in 1802.

Upon the site of the Lemuel Rand house is the charming residence built by the widely known late manufacturer, M. L. Hayes, and now occupied by his only child, Mrs. Arianna Pearl Davis.

The house built in 1800 by John Wingate, Esq., became later the home of the late millionaire, Hiram Barker, and is now the property of his daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Berry. The fine establishment of the son of Mr. Barker is on the east bank of the Cocheco, and includes one of the best stables in the state.

Capt. Josiah Edgerly, a skilled cabinet-maker from New Durham, who had married a daughter of Col. Thomas Tash of the Revolution,

bought a lot of land touching upon Main street, and built a shop upon it about the year 1807.

The Hon. Nathaniel Eastman, a native of Gilmanton, whose wife was a sister of Gov. Levi Woodbury, had bought the March place, and being about to build a new dwelling-house, he sold the old building to Mr. Edgerly; but when the latter proposed moving it to his own premises Mr. Eastman could not bear to think of making a way for it through his fine garden, nor by felling trees which he prized, nor by the taking down of a shed. He tried to rebuy the house, but Mr. Edgerly declined to sell it. Choosing the least of three evils, the squire had the shed taken down and a successful moving of the larger building followed.

It had been customary to christen the frames of new houses, and at the proper stage in the building of the beautiful "colonial" mansion of Mr. Eastman, in 1813, the poetaster of the village was called to perform the ceremony. Alas! he was the worse for rum; but he was produced, and being supported by a brace he began:—

"As for Nehemiah, he is both lawyer and squire,
But the moving of his house he did dread;
Without due discretion he fell into a passion,
And swore he would tear down his shed."

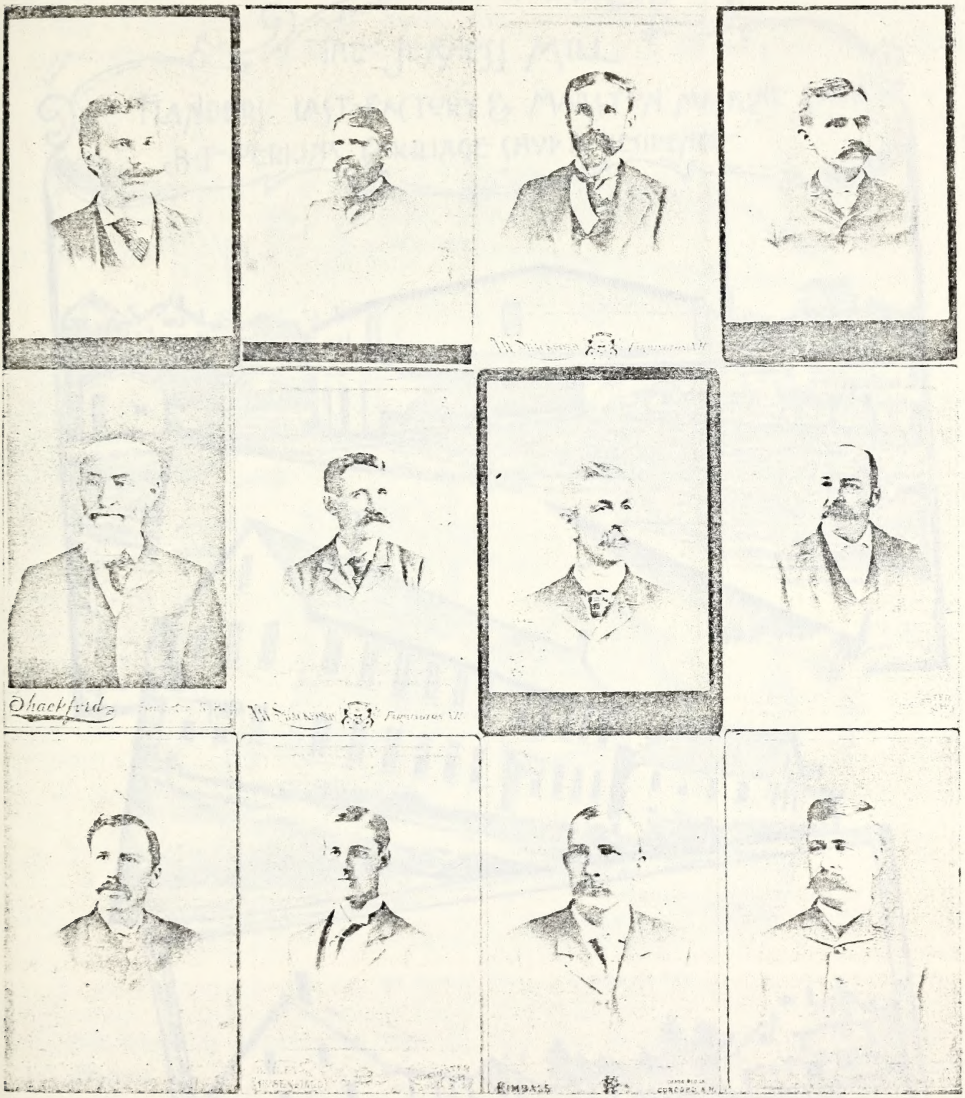
Just then the irate squire appeared with a green hide whip in his hand, and the poet found discretion decidedly the better part of valor. With this summary conclusion of the performance an absurd custom of the district came to a timely end.

The northern part of the village also had its man of affairs in the person of Squire Waldron. He found his bride, Miss Mary Scott, in Machias, Maine, whither he was in the habit of going in the interests of his large lumber business, and in the course of his journeys he had admired various houses of colonial architecture that stood in the towns through which he passed. Being about to build a new dwelling house, in 1812, it was planned after the fashion of those most pleasing to him. It has been the home of five generations of the name, and is now the property of S. H. Waldron. Larger than even the Eastman house, it has eight spacious rooms in the main part, and contains three brick ovens. Fine masonry, wainscots, inside shutters, wide halls and staircases, and the gambrel roof, are features of both houses, and the front door of each boasts a sunburst.

Another fine old homestead is one inherited by the late Mr. Daniel Pearl, a short distance out of the village, and now owned by his daughter, Mrs. John S. Roberts, who is the first woman chosen in Farmington to serve as a member of the town board of education. Others upon the board are the Messrs. H. H. Tanner and Owen Varney.

Farther outside the village are places more or less ancient, such as that of Joseph L. Demeritt, who is one of the most notable Farmingtonians; those of the Amazeen, Dame, Hayes, Roberts, Leighton, Varney, and Wentworth families; and there stands also the birthplace, and until recently the home, of a very talented, shrewd, and successful writer known as Clara Augusta, as Kate Thorn,

Hero Strong, and by other pseudonyms, the first name being her own. It is doubtful if any woman contributor to current periodicals has received larger returns for her work than has Mrs. Clara Augusta Trask, with the exception of those who own royalties on plays. She is the daughter of Jeremiah Jones, who died in the house mentioned, in 1871, leaving a name which was a proverb of integrity. He was descended from the family of an Earl of Surrey, on the distaff side. For him was named, in 1812, the first child of Winthrop and Abigail Colbath, but when the son



G. A. Jones, 2d.
Levi L. Pinkham.
B. F. Perkins.

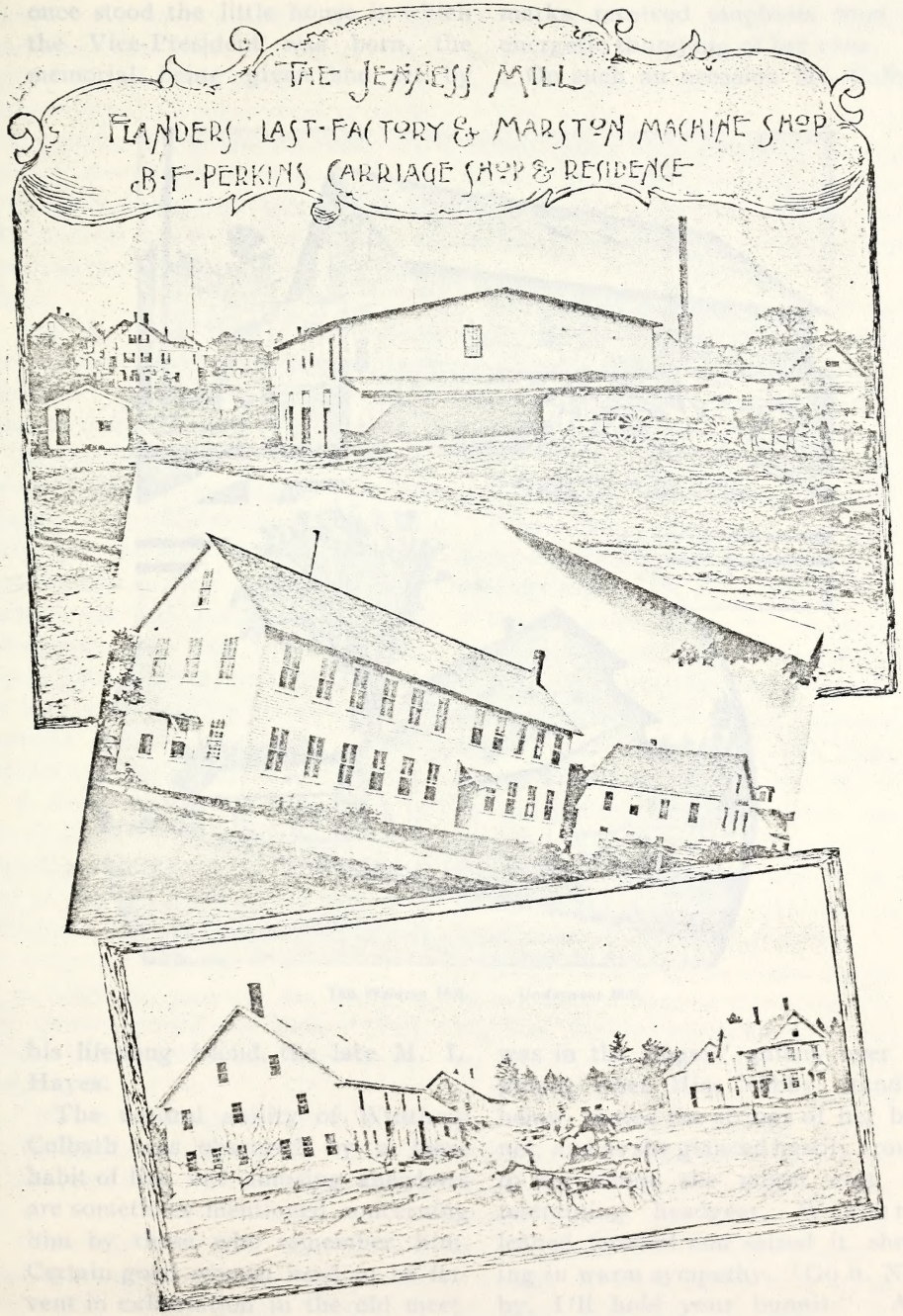
J. P. Tibbetts.
A. E. Carter.
W. Dean Allen.

John Perley Bennett.
Albert Endicott Putnam.
E. T. Willson.

Herman O. Mooney.
W. W. Roberts.
John F. Hall.

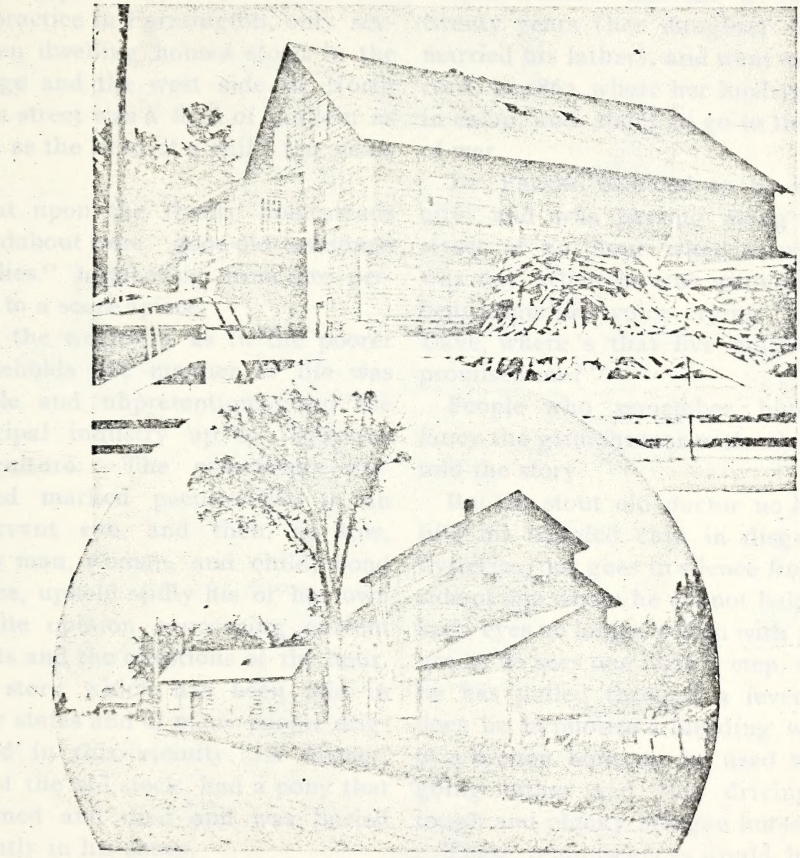


approached manhood, and after consultation with Mr. Jones and other friends, he changed the cumbersome "Jeremiah Jones Colbath" to the easily spoken Henry Wilson; as a Senator from Massachusetts and a Vice President of the United States, Mr. Wilson's career is too well known





to need repetition here. Several years ago a big boulder weighing twelve tons, inscribed suitably, was placed just below the village, where once stood the little house in which the Vice-President was born, the memorial being given and set by



The Waldron Mill. Underwear Mill.

his life-long friend, the late M. L. Hayes.

The natural ability of Winthrop Colbath was obscured by a loose habit of life, but amusing anecdotes are sometimes mentioned concerning him by those who remember him. Certain good women used to be fervent in exhortation in the old meeting house on Peavey Hill, and Miss Nabby Hodgdon would go from seat to seat and even to the pulpit, in the excitement of speech, while her remarks received emphasis from the energetic thumping of her cane.

On such an occasion Mr. Colbath was in the singers' gallery over the pulpit, when Miss Nabby, standing below, untied the strings of her bonnet, and as she glanced hastily around to see where she might cast the restraining headgear, Winthrop leaned forward and seized it, shouting in warm sympathy, "Go it, Nabby, I'll hold your bunnit." And



Nabby "went it" freely and eloquently.

In the year of Mr. Wilson's birth the population of his native town could have been counted in a few minutes, and even so late as 1837, when the late Dr. David T. Parker entered upon fifty-one years of medical practice in Farmington, only seventeen dwelling houses stood in the village and the west side of North Main street was a field of mullein as high as the head of a child ten years old.

But upon the thrifty homesteads roundabout were "good old-fashioned families" numbering from two persons to a score apiece.

In the wealthier as in the poorer households the manner of life was simple and unpretentious, and the principal industry up to 1836 was agriculture. The community presented marked peculiarities to an observant eye, and then, as now, every man, woman, and child, bond or free, upheld stiffly his or her own definite opinion concerning current events and the questions of the hour.

A story which has been told in many states and of many people originated in this vicinity. A farmer, one of the old stock, had a pony that sickened and died and was buried decently in his shoes.

A neighbor, passing the place of his owner, paused and said, "Well, Uncle Love, ye've lost your pony, haint ye?"

"No—o," replied the old man, in an inimitable quaint drawl; "No—o, I haint lost him. I know right where he is."

There was for many years an odd settlement of people just across the town line, whose history would be read with incredulity. In a period of epidemic disease one of the women, a tall creature of barbaric air, known as Old Fifty, was engaged by "old Dr. Parker" to do nursing for which he promised to pay, should the town fathers neglect to do so.

The woman married a lad of twenty years (her daughter having married his father), and went to Concord, in 1862, where her husband was in camp, and about to go to the seat of war.

Dr. Parker chanced to be in the city, and was passing along Main street at an hour when everybody was out, when he was astounded to hear a familiar voice crying "Dave, Dave, where's that five dollars you promised me?"

People who remember him can fancy the grim humor with which he told the story.

But the stout old doctor no longer lifts his bearded chin in disgust at hysterics, nor goes in silence from the side of one whom he cannot help; his keen eyes no longer soften with pleasure as he sees one walk a step, whom he has pulled through a fever, nor does he hypnotize a bleeding wound or a broken bone, as he used to do, going hither and yon, driving his tough and plucky Morgan horses.

These reminiscences would hardly be complete without a word concerning Mrs. Parker, whose medical skill on occasion was only less than that of her husband and son, whose calm face and tranquil manner carried confidence to suffering women, and whose heart of tender maternity gave reason enough why the whole community called her "Mother Parker."

People of Farmington live to an advanced age; the late Hon. J. B.

Edgerly was eighty-eight years old at the time of his death; John Barker, Benjamin Wingate, Robert Grace, Jonathan Fernald, and several women, lived to be long past the age of fourscore and ten years, and Miles Scruton lived to be one hundred and one years old.



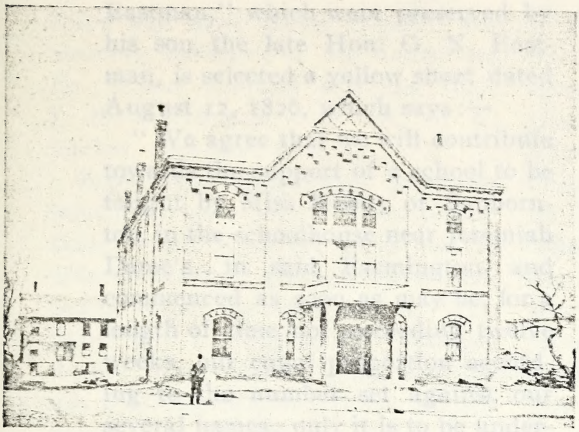
H. L. Cate.
S. S. Parker, Esq.
George W. Fernald.
Isaac E. Pearl, Esq.
J. F. Safford.

John S. Parker, M. D.
Dwight E. Edgerly.
Capt. W. S. Edgerly.
Dr. H. P. Wheatley.

Frank E. Mooney.
James E. Fernald.
Dr. Albert W. Garland.
Harry C. Waldron.
Hon. George N. Eastman.

The first meeting-house in Farmington stood in the Roberts district south of the village, on "Meeting-house hill," but the second house of worship was placed on Peavey hill, nearer the present business section, and in 1844 a Congregational church building was dedicated, which had been erected in Central street on land given in trust by the late Hon. G. L. Whitehouse, to be held by the parish so long as used for such a purpose. Upon the outgrowing of this structure a large church was built, in 1870, in Main street, which, in 1875,



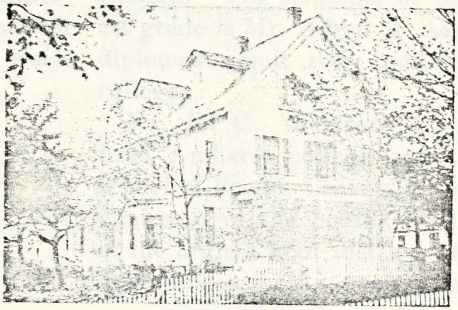


Opera House.

was destroyed by fire, and was followed by a picturesque brick building in whose tower is the town clock.

The First Congregational church was organized, in 1819, under the pastoral care of the Rev. James Walker, with a membership of eight other persons. Among the thirteen good men who have ministered to the parish have been several especially notable, and the longest pastorates have been those of the first incumbent, and of the Revs. D. D. Tappan, D. D., and Walter E. Darling of blessed memory, and of the Rev. Roger M. Sargent, who now resides with his son, the Rev. Clarence S. Sargent, of the Central Congregational church in St. Louis, Mo. The Rev. S. H. Goodwin was called to the church in 1893, and preaches sermons which are marked by original thought, and of classic simplicity and force.

The first Free Baptist church was organized in 1854 under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dexter Waterman, whose successors number ten, the present efficient minister being the Rev. J. S. Harrington. Like the "First church" of the Congregationalists, this too has been favored with excellent pastors, among whom have been the late Rev. Thomas Spooner; the Rev. G. L. White, now of New Hampton, who has an exceptionally fine literary sense; and the Rev. C. A. Bickford, D. D., the very able editor of the denominational or-



Residence of S. H. Buzzell.

gan, the *Morning Star*, published in Boston, while others, in both denominations, have been equally earnest and beloved in their parishes, and valued as towns-people.

The Adventists have enjoyed during the past year the ministrations of the resident pastor, the Rev. Albert L. Hill, a young man "of excellent parts."

There was in early days a Quaker meeting-house, but the number of Friends is too small at present to call for a renewal of accommodation for services.

The first schoolhouse was built in 1791, at Merrill's Corner, and where no other place was available for the holding of schools, a room in a private house served for the purpose.

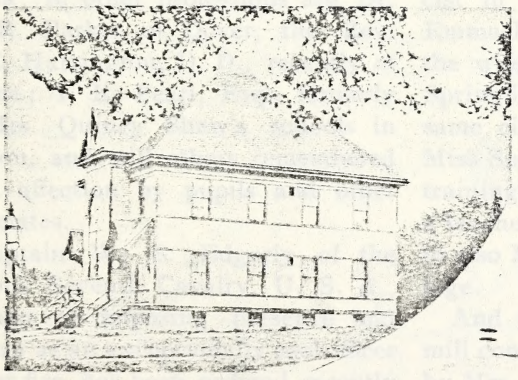
From the papers of the late "Squire



Eastman," which were preserved by his son, the late Hon. G. N. Eastman, is selected a yellow sheet dated August 12, 1826, which says:—

"We agree that we will contribute towards the support of a school to be taught by Miss Moody of Sanbornton, in the schoolhouse near Jeremiah Dame's, in said Farmington, and commenced as soon as may be, for a length of time not exceeding twelve weeks, our equal proportion according to the number set against our several names; only it is to be understood that the expense of said school shall not exceed nine pence per week for each scholar.

Nehemiah Eastman, three.
Ebenezer Wentworth, one.
John Wingate, Jun., two.
Paul Peavey, one.
Jeremiah Dame, two.
Thomas Plumer, one.

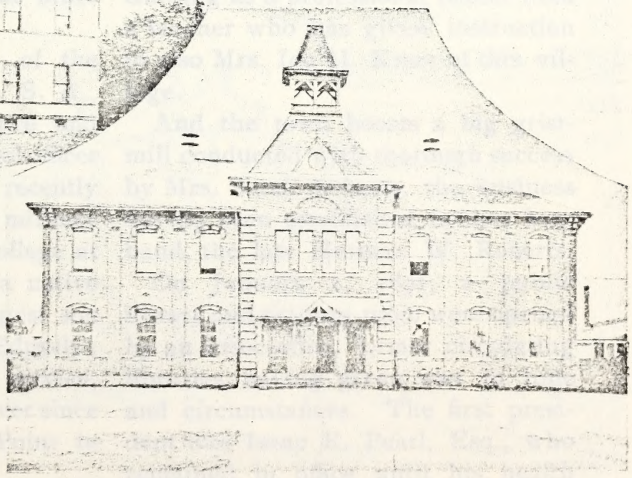


Glen Street School.

Joseph Hammons, two.
Eleazer Rand, one.
Simon Dame, one, and one conditionally.
Isaac Roberts, two.
William Knight, I agree to send three.
Jeremiah Waldron, one.
Eliza Warren, one.
Richard Leighton, two.
Sarah Walker.
Hannah Hayes."

From primitive benches to those of the last lustrum of the century is a far cry. The present Farmington high school is housed in a substantial and well furnished brick structure, and fitting buildings have been provided for other grades, while the corps of instructors is able and experienced. The principal of the highest grade is Mr. Albert B. Allen, and diplomas admit their possessors to colleges.

Mr. H. C. Waldron, a graduate from Amherst college and the law school of Boston University, who was chairman of the board of education of the high school district, of which he had been for six years a member, removed in September to Westborough, Mass., whither he was called to be principal of the high school and superintendent of schools. His native town is deprived thus of a cul-



High School.

tured and most useful citizen. Remaining members of the board are Dr. Albert Garland and the Rev. J. S. Harrington with Dr. J. C. Parker, appointed recently.

From local desks and platforms have gone many others to do educational work in divers ways and in different towns. Of these have been, in the pulpit, the Revs. W. H. Waldron, C. L. Pinkham Ephraim Ricker, J. E. Dame, D. D., and the son of a Congregational pastor already named; in schools are Edward J. Goodwin of Newton, Superintendent Charles E. Hussey of Wakefield and Reading, Charles G. Ham of Watertown, A. E. Tuttle of New Bedford, in Massachusetts; Prof. H. B. Knox of Providence, and Principal F. W. Doring of Woonsocket, in Rhode Island; Henry C. Fall, the well known entomologist of Pomona, California; in other professions are Dr. H. R. Parker of Dover, the Rev. C. E. Harrington, D. D., recently of Keene; I. E. Pearl, Esq., formerly of Mrs. Quincy Shaw's schools in Boston, and still others remembered with affection by pupils and other associates.

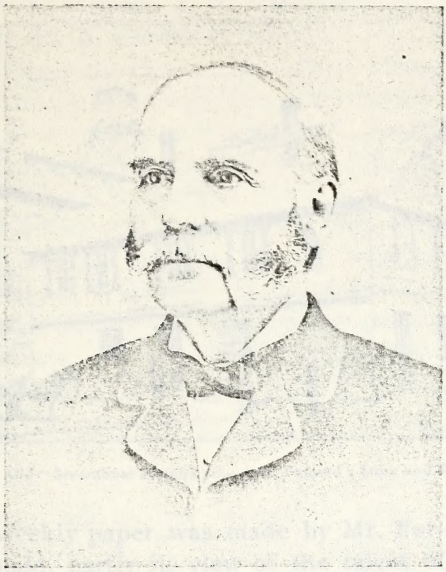
Captain W. S. Edgerly of the famous Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., a man of imposing presence and known as an exceptionally cool officer under fire, has been ordered recently to duty as instructor in military science in the Maine State College at Orono. Captain Edgerly is a native of Farmington and the youngest son of the late Hon. Josiah B. Edgerly; he has seen much arduous service, having been on the frontier ever since his graduation from West Point in 1870.

While many bright young women of Farmington have done admirable work as teachers, bookkeepers, stenographers, or in trade, a few have given attention to special lines of labor in study or education. Among these are Mrs. F. L. Patch, class of '96 in the medical school of Tufts college; Miss Addie Gray, in training as a nurse; Miss Winifred H. Berry, who has devoted herself to primary school teaching and has a genius for portraiture; Miss Ethel Dow, a graduate from the Lowell, Mass., Kindergarten training school, and Miss M. K. Hanson of the Emerson College of Oratory, Miss Charlotte R. Davis, a well known contralto singer, with Mrs. I. E. Pearl and Mrs. Frank Pearl of the same profession, are resident in town, while the pipe organ of the Free Baptist church is played by Miss Eva Browne.

The first registered female pharmacist in New Hampshire was Miss Emma L. Parker of Farmington, now the wife of Dr. W. P. Blake of Springfield, Mass.; a resident of the same city is Mrs. Willard, who as Miss Small of this town received fine training as a professional reader from a teacher who has given instruction to also Mrs. Ida M. Knox of this village.

And the town boasts a big gristmill conducted with thorough success by Mrs. Sarah Roberts, the business having been established by her husband, the late Herman W. Roberts.

On January 1, 1891, a public library and reading room were opened by an association, former circulating libraries having given way to time and circumstances. The first president was Isaac E. Pearl, Esq., who remained in office until his health and necessary absence from town



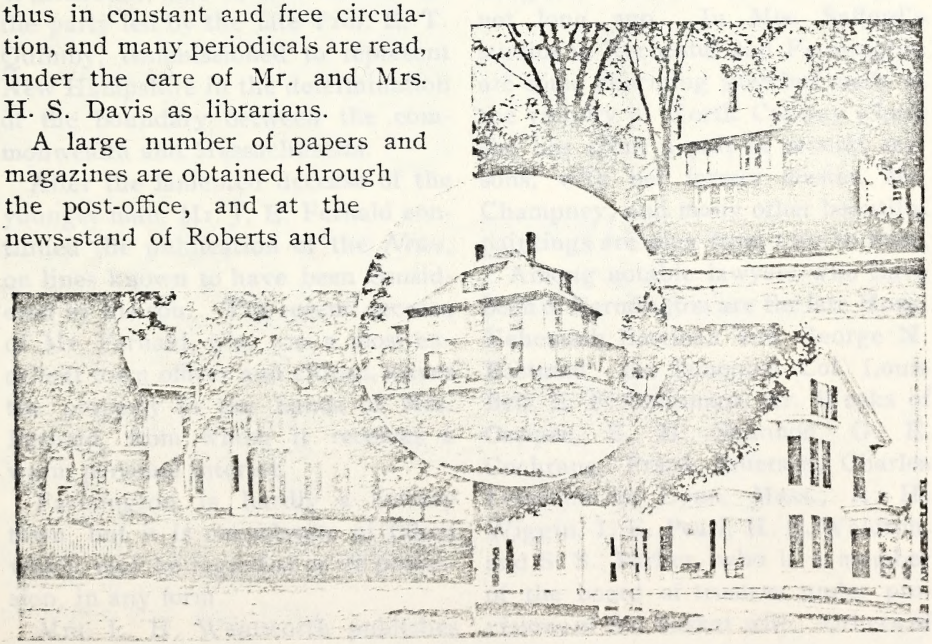
Hon. Alonzo Nute.

caused his resignation, when S. S. Parker, a leading lawyer, was chosen as his successor.

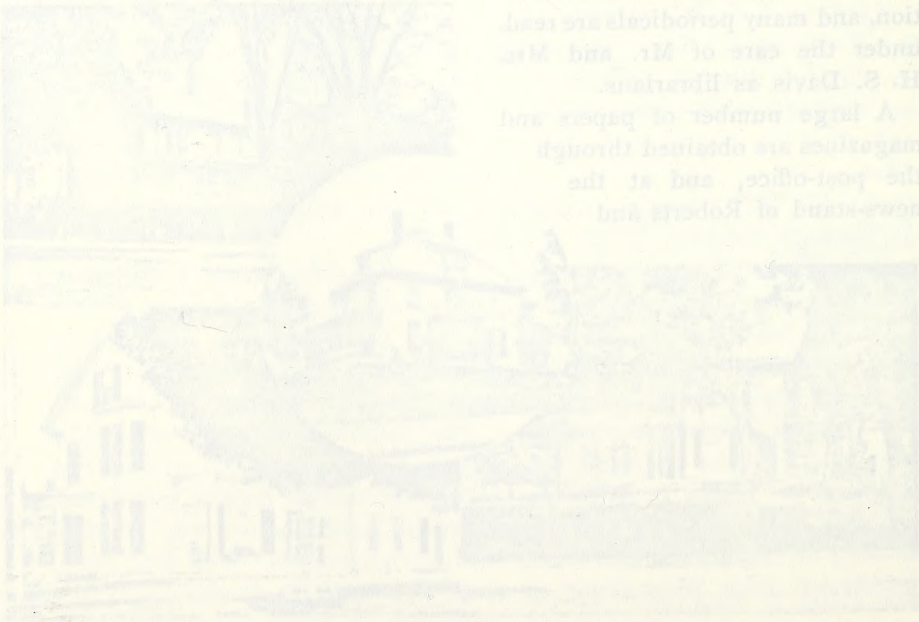
About two thousand volumes are thus in constant and free circulation, and many periodicals are read, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Davis as librarians.

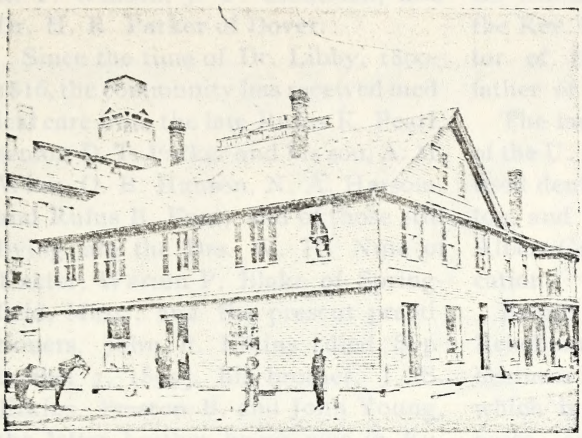
A large number of papers and magazines are obtained through the post-office, and at the news-stand of Roberts and Peavey in the Hanson block. As is natural, no newspaper is in greater local demand than is the Farmington *News*, the clean sheet whose first issue was made on March 14, 1879, by the firm of J. E. Fernald & Son. The *News* has a circulation excellent in quality as well as quantity, in not only its immediate vicinity, but in many states and in several foreign countries where former townspeople, or friends who wish to keep informed of the common welfare, have residence. The managing editor is Mr. H. L. Cate, formerly of a Rochester paper, whose experience and excellent literary, as well as practical, sense are shown to be of sterling worth in both the *News* and the large business of the printing-house whence the paper is published; the latter is in the Fernald block mentioned as the Steamboat Hotel.

The establishment of a purely local



Residence of Mrs. A. P. Davis. Residence of Mrs. M. A. Bunker. Residence of the late Alonzo Nute. Residence of H. F. Barker.





Old "Steamboat Hotel," now J. E. Fernald's Store and Printing-house.

weekly paper was made by Mr. Fernald, partly in view of the talent of his only son, which promised success in the editing of the sheet. Mr. George W. Fernald was a skilful civil engineer, having been trained with care by his grandfather, Judge Whitehouse, and was a member of the party led by the late Prof. E. T. Quimby, commissioned to represent New Hampshire in the determination of the boundary between the commonwealth and Massachusetts.

After the lamented decease of the younger man, Mr. J. E. Fernald continued the publication of the *News*, on lines known to have been considered by his son. The recent decease of Mr. Fernald, who was a most excellent town officer and citizen, leaves the property in the hands of Mrs. Fernald, from whom it receives a warm personal interest.

Farmington is hardly a literary town, but it is considerate of talent which may be regarded as its possession, in any form.

Mrs. L. H. Wentworth publishes pleasant occasional letters of travel, and others contribute verse, or letters upon topics of the day, to the press, while very charming letters are found in private correspondence. The writer, Virginia C. Hollis, known to many appreciative readers, lived formerly in Farmington.

There are many talented amateurs in the pursuit of art, but excellent professional work is done by Mrs. A. B. Allen, teacher of music and drawing in the schools; by Miss Marion Waldron in oils, pencil, and pen and ink; Mrs. A. P. Davis in water color, and Mrs. Safford (M. A. S.) in oils and in crayon portraiture. The latter three named are natives of the town. Mrs. O. W. Price, now of Manchester, a successful artist and designer, removed from Farmington not long ago. In Mrs. Safford's studios in Rochester and Farmington are some charming sketches made in the vicinity of North Conway where she has spent a part of several seasons, with her former master, Mr. Champney, and many other beautiful paintings are seen from time to time.

Among notable lawyers who have been of Farmington are the late Hons. Nehemiah Eastman and George N. Eastman; the lamented Col. Louis Bell, E. F. Cloutman, Mr. Weeks of Ossipee, E. H. Shannon, G. E. Cochrane, Frank Emerson, Charles Leighton of Lynn, Mass., A. H. Wiggin, I. E. Pearl, H. C. Waldron, and S. S. Parker, who is a member of the board of trustees under provisions of the Barker will. Others of the board, in the celebrated case, are James B. Edgerly, C. W. Talpey,



E. T. Willson, J. F. Cloutman, and Dr. H. R. Parker of Dover.

Since the time of Dr. Libby, 1800–1816, the community has received medical care from the late Rufus K. Pearl, senior, D. T. Parker and his son, A. M. Winn, O. B. Hanson, N. A. Hersom, and Rufus B. Foss; and of those still living are the Drs. W. H. Nute of Exeter, Warren P. Blake of Springfield, Mass., and the present practitioners, John P. Elkins [died September 7, 1895], his brother, J. S. Elkins, Preston B. and John Young, the latter brother being now in Europe, John S. Parker and his elder son, all of the allopathic school; and Dr. H. P. Wheatley, who was trained in both the allopathic and homeopathic methods but practises largely in the latter. Dr. Wheatley and Dr. J. S. Parker are presented as standing for the two schools, the latter gentleman representing also the work of his late brother, David T. Parker, in a half century of practice in Farmington. [A sketch of the deceased Dr. Parker was given in the GRANITE MONTHLY for Jan., 1883.]

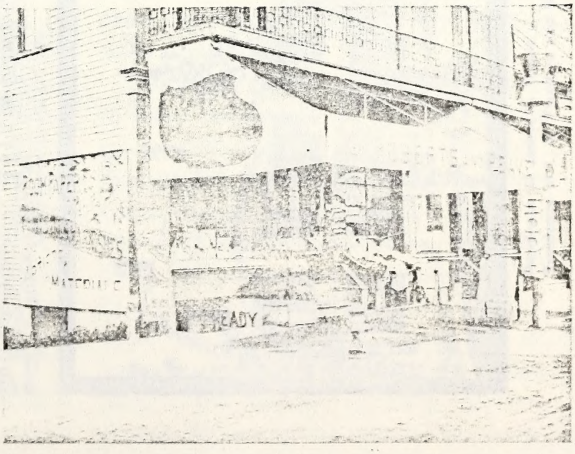
Formerly of the town but in practice elsewhere since their graduation are the two Yorks, G. H. Gray, E. P. Huntress, and Daniel P. Cilley, who was a native of Boston and practises in his own state.

The medical profession seems to be a real vocation with many of the local members of it, several pairs of brothers, and two instances of the association of father and son, being counted among them.

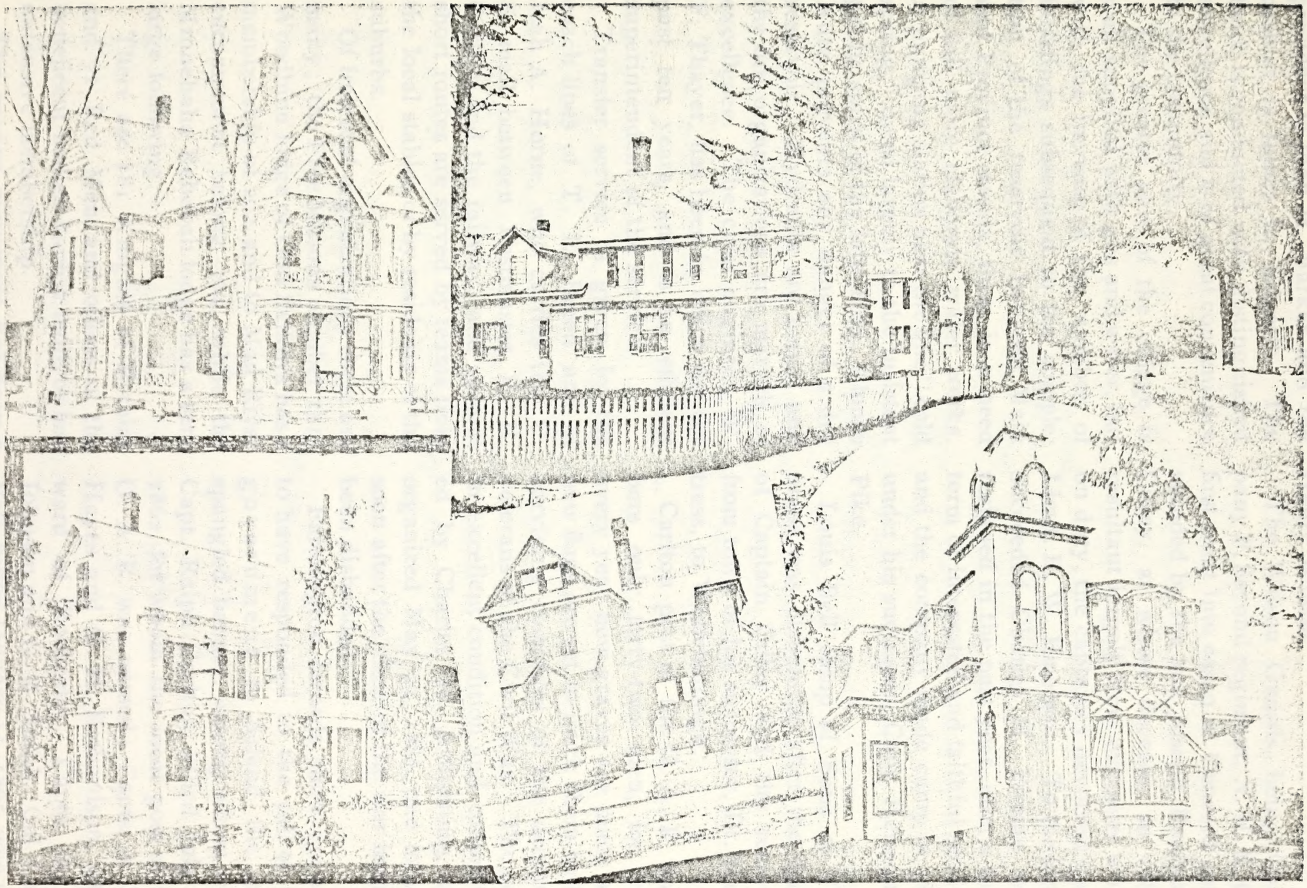
The father of the brothers Elkins also was a physician, and the Rev. Clement Parker, second pastor of the First church, was the father of the elder Parkers.

The lamented Dr. D. W. Edgerly, of the U. S. pension department, practised dentistry formerly in Farmington, and the resident dentist is Dr. Albert Garland of the board of education.

Before and during the War of the Rebellion a state bank was in active business in the strong brick building which is used still for similar purposes, and the cashier or treasurer was the Hon. John D. Lyman, now of Exeter. In 1868 the Farmington Savings Bank was chartered, with the late Hon. G. M. Herring as president and Thomas Farrington Cooke as treasurer, who remained in office to the time of their decease. The positions named are now occupied by the Hons. John F. Cloutman and Charles W. Talpey. In common with other worthy institutions this bank suffered from the extreme financial depression of the past two years, but it is recovering its earlier prosperous condition and is managed with great care.



Roberts & Peavey's Drug Store.



Residence of James E. Hayes.
Residence of L. S. Flanders and Son.

Congregational Parsonage and Pleasant Street, looking East to Main.
Residence of Dr. H. P. Wneatley.

Residence of Mrs. L. A. Small.



The first Farmington National Bank was organized in 1872; its president is John H. Barker and the cashier is James B. Edgerly. The bank is conducted with distinguished excellence and is of great convenience to the community.

The greater part of the village is well supplied with gas and water, but with the increase of the number of buildings subsequent to the completion of the reservoir between Main and Province streets, there is a need of still more elaborate water works. A pumping station near the fine "cold spring," owed largely to the insistent public spirit of the late Hon. Alonzo Nute, prevents any danger of a dry reservoir. Hydrants are many, and the fire organizations are marvels of excellence. The chief engineer, W. F. Thayer, has been in office for the past ten years, and is an efficient superintendent of the service.

Transfer service is given by the coach lines of T. E. Breen and of Izah A. Horne, who carries the U. S. mail between Postmaster E. E. Carlton and the railway, and several short routes are served by teams from the local stables or by residents of the suburbs.

Of fraternal organizations there are many; the Free Masons number 121; Woodbine lodge of Odd Fellows has a membership of 202, and to Mad River encampment belong 104, while the Minnehaha Rebekah lodge has a very large following.

There are 181 Knights of Pythias and 72 Red Men, and others of the beneficent bodies have a more or less extensive membership.

The grange movement has been a favorite in the vicinity and is believed to be of definite advantage to the community and the state. The local society was named for Vice-President Henry Wilson.

The Wilson Guards, being Company F, Second regiment, N. H. N. G., first went into camp at Concord commanded by the late Joseph Bradbury Cilley, at whose decease, in 1886, resultant largely from exposure while on duty, the captaincy devolved upon Lieut. E. W. Emerson. To the latter succeeded Charles H. Pitman who resigned in the past year, after a long term of interested and faithful service, and the company made camp in 1895 under his successor, Capt. Herman J. Pike.

Louis Bell camp of Sons of Veterans was disbanded after the death of Captain Cilley and the removal from town of his successor, Dr. Huntress, to Wolfeborough.

Carlton post of the G. A. R. numbers only forty-two men, for with every year new graves are made and new flags are set to mark them by the surviving comrades of the deceased veterans of the Civil War. The post, in excellent condition and commanded by Charles M. Armstrong, was organized May 24, 1882, one formed soon after the close of the war having been disbanded.

Farmington records show 232 men to have responded to the call of the government to defend the star-spangled banner, among whom were Capt. Ralph Carlton, killed July 17, 1862, for whom the local post of the G. A. R. was named; Capts. A. W. Hayes and G. H. Richardson, afterward of Rochester; Capts. G. B. Johnson and G. H. Smith; Col. Louis Bell, killed January 15, 1865, who was practising law in the town at the opening of the war, and the Rev. Daniel

Plumer Cilley who served as chaplain from 1861 until mustered out in 1865. As the Northwest Parish was a part of Rochester during the war of the Revolution, Farmington may not claim the patriots accredited to the parent town, but in the lesser wars of the nineteenth century were C. B. Roberts, Timothy Davis, J. G. Watson, G. L. Whitehouse, and Asa and Jeremiah Willey, whose graves are honored by the G. A. R. and other citizens, on Memorial day.

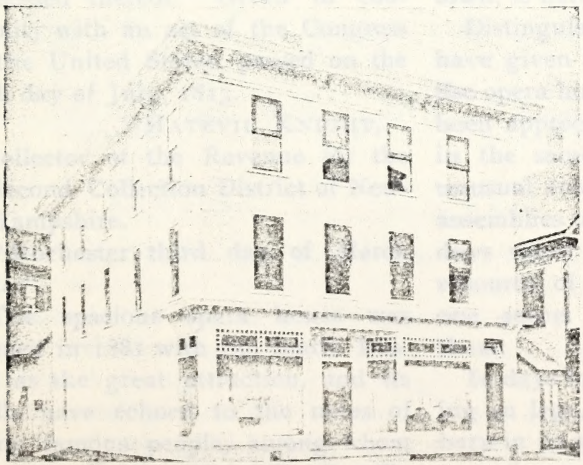
Upon the raising of funds, largely through the efforts of the Women's Relief Corps, for the purchase of a soldiers' monument, Mr. James Bartlett Edgerly, a descendant of Cols. Thomas Tash and John Waldron of the Revolution, and a member of the G. A. R., presented to the town one of the most valuable lots in the village, as a site for the memorial shaft. A beautiful flag, given to Carlton post by its generous auxiliary, flies from the pole set just north of the handsome monument, on occasions of national interest and upon the decease of comrades, and a convenient stand has been built around the flagstaff, to be of service to the Carlton band and to speakers, whenever it is needed.

The fine figure surmounting the monument was modeled from a brother of Seth Low, the president of Columbia College in New York, and faces southward, as did the soldiers of the Granite State in 1861.

In view of the immense amount of good accomplished in work auxiliary to church and state and to the fraternal societies, special mention in terms of unqualified praise is due to the several organizations of Farmington women; and while it would be a pleasure to speak of every individual member thus helpful in the welfare of the community, space can be allowed for reference to only Mrs. L. H. Palmer, Mrs. L. A. Small, Mrs. Knox, and Mrs. Thayer, of lodges, and to Mrs. C. W. Talpey, Mrs. J. F. Cloutman, Mrs. A. W. Shackford, Mrs. E. F. Eastman, and Mrs. Laura A. Fernald, of the W. C. T. U. and societies auxiliary to religious bodies.

Extravagance never has been apparent in the dwellings of the town, but a certain degree of comfort and delicate living is the rule in nearly all of them, and there are few marks of destitution. When business was at the flood, as undoubtedly it will be again, it was common to hear from travelling men, in journeys here or there, such words as these:

"Farmington is the liveliest and most thrifty little town on my route; every man owns his home, and almost every man drives a decent horse."



White Store of D. E. Edgerly.



And the tale was true.

Fortunately not all carriages call for the tax of two dollars demanded of "Squire Eastman" in 1814.

"Certificate of a Carriage chargeable with the yearly rate of two dollars. No. 72.

"This is to certify, that Nehemiah Eastman of Farmington in the County of Strafford, in the Second collection district of New-Hampshire, has paid the duty of two dollars, for the year ending the 31st day of December next for and upon a two wheel carriage for the conveyance of persons, hanging on Wooden Springs called a Chaise owned by said Eastman.



Eastman House—Built in 1813.

"This certificate to be of no avail any longer than the aforesaid carriage shall be owned by the said Eastman unless said certificate shall be produced to the Collector by whom it was granted, and an entry be made thereon, specifying the name of the then owner of said carriage, and the time when he or she become possessed thereof. Given in conformity with an act of the Congress of the United States, passed on the 24th day of July, 1813.

"HATEVIL KNIGHT,

"Collector of the Revenue for the Second Collection District of New-Hampshire.

"Rochester third day of March 1814."

The spacious opera house was opened in 1881 with Sol Smith Russell as the great attraction, and its walls have echoed to the notes of many famous people, among whom have been Mr. Blaisdell, Camilla Urso, Walter Emerson, Emil Liebling, Miss Hall, the Fiske Jubilee singers, and excellent orchestras secured by the fire company and the hook and ladder company for the annual balls, the latest of the latter given by "Hercules 1" having been its thirty-sixth.

Mr. Tompkins brought hither the leading people of his Boston theatre in a presentation of "The World," and the late lovely old Mrs. Vincent of the Museum came to play with her associates in the Cause Celebré, while the minor work of the stage, seen in town, is hardly to be reckoned.

Distinguished men and women have given lectures and speeches in the opera house, and local talent has been appreciated by large audiences in the same hall. Recent need of unusual economy has caused similar assemblies to be less frequent than in days when Farmington was a sure resource of advance agents, but no one seems to mind being without them.

In days long gone by a red building on legs, in Main street, like a barn in its space unbroken from floor to roof, was the scene of early efforts

to entertain the people, and of town meetings. It was incorporated in the old shoe factory operated by Mr. Cloutman, was sold later to D. E. Edgerly, and destroyed by fire. In its place stands a new "white store" completed recently by Mr. Edgerly and used for his dry goods business.

Between the time of the old structure and the completion of suitable rooms in the opera house building, town meetings were held in the hall in the Barker block, which is now used as an armory by the Wilson Guards, and there were held many fairs and "levees," and neighborhood dances of a sort which none need condemn.

To-day well built blocks accommodate merchants, and large factories are provided with modern machinery.



Mrs. W. F. Thayer. Mrs. L. A. Small. Winnifred H. Berry.
Mrs. M. A. Safford. Mrs. Ida M. Knox. Mrs. L. H. Wentworth.

The Barker block contains the store of the expert and reliable jewelers, J. F. Safford & Son, the former being a trained and careful optician; he was the chairman of the Farmington delegation to the legislature of 1895, and a veteran of the Civil War. Others of the representatives of the



town in the general court of the year are W. E. Herring and J. E. Seavey. In the same block are the store of J. P. Bennett, the legging manufactory of Bennett & Drew, the Farwell market, and the Parker law office, the post-office, clubrooms, and the Armory.

In the Talpey–Willson block are insurance offices, the big grocery and crockery store of the Hon. E. T. Willson, and a tenement house.

The J. F. Hall building contains the Hall grocery, and offices of Dr. N. P. Wheatley and Dr. Albert Garland, and south of the block is one in which are the stores of L. L. Pinkham, dealer in shoes; of Thayer & Fletcher, who do a large business in stoves and other hardware, and of the Ferrettis, who sell fruits and candies.

In the Bueldoc block are the Parker pharmacy, a fruit stand kept by the Rumazzas, and the hall of the G. A. R., with other apartments.

The Buzzell block is used by the Smith tonsorial work.

The large Hanson block is used by the Perkins market, the stores of H. S. Davis, W. D. Allen, S. A. Leavitt, and the pharmacy of Roberts & Peavey, who carry an immense stock of drugs, paints, oils, wall paper, stationery, and fancy goods, and conduct the news-stand where the GRANITE MONTHLY is on sale. In the same block are tenements, medical and law offices, and the rooms of Mrs. E. H. York, who is a successful business woman, as are also Mrs. Small and Miss M. A. Waldron in blocks called by their names.

The pharmacy of W. J. Evans is in the Star store, which was formerly owned by the late Dr. Parker, and the wood and coal yards of F. E. Mooney are on the same estate.

In Main street, also, are the Nutter, Wingate, and Wedgwood buildings, the furniture business of H. O. Mooney with whom Mr. Carter formerly of Concord was for several years associated, J. H. Barker's store in his block, and the Fernald building which faces Central street, in the latter thoroughfare being the bank, the grocery of Marcus Small, and halls used by lodges, with Mrs. L. A. Small's rooms in her large block, the dry goods business of E. D. Roberts, the shoe store of A. E. Putnam, the bakery, "Shackford's," and other buildings previously mentioned, with the Wedgwood and McGibbon tonsorial rooms. Carriages are made and repaired by J. P. Tibbetts and B. F. Perkins, both of whom are also undertakers.

Stables and blacksmiths, the coal and wood business of Preston Pearl, and the trucking of Frank Haynes and F. O. Nutter, with the many other occupations incident to village and farm progress, are in active business and operation, and one may build and decorate a new house or store with the aid of Frank Copp, Simon Knox, Eben Frye, S. S. Cloutman, the Fosses, E. J. Avery, Frank Leighton, the Gilmans, or the Pearls.

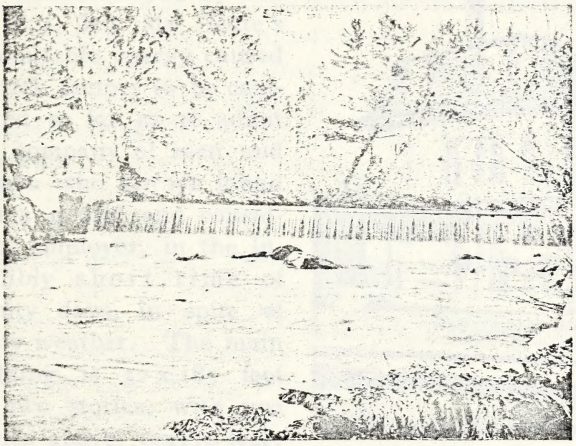
Like other towns, Farmington suffers from the fallibilities of human nature, and resorts sometimes to the legal authorities, High Sheriff Hayes, and Judge John Tuttle, who has been on the bench for nineteen years, an associate justice having been appointed recently; and to the officers Linscott and Pinkham.

Thus, and in other ways, the community earns a living.

But it is as the pioneer town of New Hampshire in shoe manufacturing that Farmington is most widely known.

Of men at the head of shoe factories in the village in years long past, only Israel Hayes and John F. Cloutman remain, and to their recollection is due much of that which it is possible to say concerning the beginnings of an industry which has added largely to the valuation of the pleasant town.

E. H. Badger came to Farmington in 1836, to engage in what was called Natick sale work, the Massachusetts town in which Henry Wilson made his home having been the centre of such manufacture. But Mr. Badger was not successful, and he gave way to Martin L. Hayes, a native of the town, who was ready to undertake the business. He was eminently successful in the enterprise, and advanced not only thus the welfare of the town, but encouraged increase in its beauty, making of himself a capable "village improvement society" whose example is needed in even the present hour.



"The Turn" on the Cocheco River.

Mr. Hayes had a most worthy fellow laborer in the person of the late Hon. G. M. Herring, who came from Massachusetts to embark in a similar venture, and was enthusiastic in the promotion of every good cause, working not only for the material but for the mental and moral growth of the community.

Following these were the Roberts brothers, Israel Hayes, Luther Wentworth, Hosea B. Edgerly, N. T. Kimball, William Johnson, John L. Platts, John H. Hurd, the Jones brothers, C. W. Thurston, E. C. Kinnear, John M. Berry, John F. Cloutman, and Alonzo and Jeremy O. Nute, and C. W. Nute.

The great H. B. Edgerly factory has been operated successfully for many years and is now the property of F. E. Edgerly, the only son, and the efficient partner of its late owner, the original proprietor.

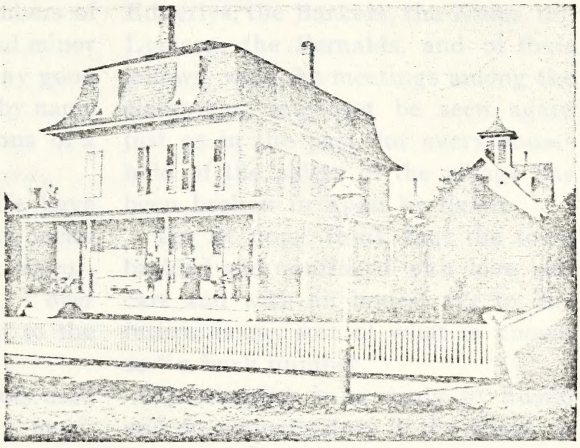
The Berry factory is in constant operation, and the brick buildings erected in Central street by Mr. Cloutman having been sold by him to Wallace and Elliott, his work is carried on in the great Nute factories in Main street, which accommodate both Mr. Cloutman and the Nute firm.

The M. L. Hayes building in Central street has been occupied of late years by Mr. J. R. Hayes and by the heel business of J. E. Hayes & Son, other heel work being done by the representatives of the late Stephen Nutter, in upper Central street.

It is regretted that death and financial changes outside of Farmington

have caused the Hayes factory in Grove street and the Jones factory to be at present idle, but such well-placed and well-equipped buildings should attract reliable industries and the men who need room, motive power, and skilled and intelligent labor.

Alonzo and Jeremy Nute opened their factory in 1849, the former alone conducting the business from 1857 to 1875, after which his sons, Eugene P. and A. Irving Nute, became his partners. The building previously in use was destroyed by fire in 1874, but Mr. Nute's indomitable energy caused a brick factory to be completed so far as to admit the company of men and women who always found him a genial and considerate employer, in the incredibly short time of twenty days, in spite of frosty weather. The main building is 32 x 185 feet for two stories, with two stories above, 32x110 feet; a wooden extension is 36x 90 feet and has two wings each of which measures 30x36 feet.



Residence of Jared P. Tibbetts.

The recent general depression in business, and the decease of men for whom the factory did a large amount of work, preceding the death of Mr. Nute, caused a lessening of the customary output, but the machinery has been kept in operation and means for a steady increase of the monthly shipment are in immediate, if not already completed, consideration.

In the natural friction of strangers and unfamiliar methods of work there will be occasional disaffection, but strikes are infrequent in Farmington, persons employed by fellow townsmen being generally as desirous as are the superintendents to send out good work, and they have at heart as a common interest the welfare of the village which is their home.

In days of old a great deal of shoe work was done by women, in private houses, and nearly all the surrounding farms held a little "shop" where men were diligent in labor when not needed in the cultivation of their land. But at present every department of the manufacturing is housed in the great factories built for the purpose, and, save for a very little hand work, the many processes required in the making of shoes are done by marvels of invention in intricate machinery.

In the producing of the many thousands of cases worth several millions of dollars, such as are the usual annual shipment from Farmington, more than a thousand persons have found employment, and their pay-roll has amounted to more than a half million of dollars.

The first wax-thread sewing-machine used in New Hampshire



was brought to Farmington by the Hon. J. F. Cloutman, who began the manufacture of shoes in 1854, and has been a favorite employer of an army of people.

The political opinions held in town are as many as there are citizens; sometimes the majority of votes is on the Democratic side, and again it weighs down the Republican side. The latest elections have been emphatically Republican.

Dr. Joseph Hammons, the Hon. Nehemiah Eastman, and the Hon. Alonzo Nute have been members of Congress from this district, and minor offices have been filled by many good townsmen, mention of whom by name is forbidden by the limitations of a magazine.

The amenities of social life have not been forgotten; one may recall charming teas, little parties, excursions to Pok o' Moonshine, "over the lake," or in picnic trim to the Bunker or Waldron woods.

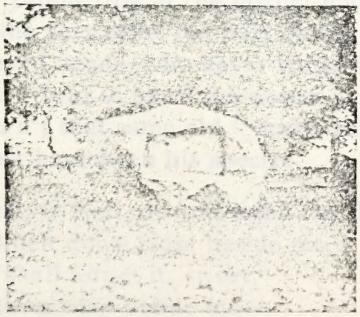
Spelling and singing schools used to be common, but nowadays musicians assemble at the Weirs, on occasion; sleighrides and coasting have been rather popular in '95, and cottage parties on the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee are innumerable.

In old times a lively Fourth of July celebration was not disdained, and in the autumn Deacon Herring would give an occasional lecture upon the starry heavens. When Senator Wilson was in town a little talk on politics was in order, and once in a while there was a clever discussion of some question, in lyceum fashion.

The old-school courtliness and suavity, the bright ebullition of wit, the play of humor, the friendly debate, and the cheerful "golden gossip" which were features of the gracious hospitalities of the Eastmans, the Edgerlys, the Barkers, the Nutes, the Lymans, the Fernalds, and of their fellows, with the meetings among the clergymen, may not be seen again just as in the past, for every household of the elders of the village has been broken in upon by death.

Yet let none think that the town builded and nourished with love and care and with an honest eye to the future, is any sort of what is known as "a back number."

Farmington is as ready to hustle and do a town's duty in the world as it ever has been, and in the years to come as in those which are past it will make—not simply get—its honorable and generous living, good old home of the fathers that it is, a human, typical American town.



Henry Wilson Boulder.

IN A CURIOUS TWIST.

By Edward A. Jenks.

In a curious twist of the grass-grown road,
  Just over beyond the spruces,
Lies a moss-embroidered watering-trough,
  Brimful of the limpid juices
Distilled from the heart of the hill above
  By the gnomes that toil thereunder:
I can hear the rush of their elfin feet,
  And their echo-gnome-ic thunder.

This watering-trough is the quaintest thing!
  'T was carved with an axe or hatchet
In the crudest way, with the rudest blows—
  I doubt if the world can match it.
The tooth of time, or the axe, has made
  A notch in the farther corner,
Where many a barefoot girl has drank,
  And many a Jacky Horner.

The dear old log is a twisted thing—
  But it holds the sweetest water
That ever was drank by beast or bird,
  Or quaffed by son or daughter:
And yesterday, after forty years,
  I searched until I found it—
A doubtful chance, for the grasses' arms
  Were lovingly clasped around it.

A face looked up from the mimic sea—
  Alas! 't was not the old one!
But the yellow frog at the farther end
  Was the very same old bold one—
A pop-eyed fiend—who never winked
  When I bent to quaff the nectar:
If it was n't that same old "crazy quilt,"
  It must have been his spectre.

And Nell, O Nell, do you mind the day
  You knelt down close beside me—
I never shall forget it, sweet,
  Whatever may betide me—

And we bent above this tell-tale cup,
  Reflecting untold blisses,
Where we saw two faces looking up,
  And kisses chasing kisses?

A brown-faced, blue-eyed, barefoot girl—
  The angels—how they love her!
A barefoot boy with bleeding feet,
  Her constant, gray-haired lover—
Will search the paths of heaven some day
  For such a nook as this is,
And find, perchance, this very pool,
  With all its treasured kisses.

THE TWO PATHS.

By Helen Soule Stuart.

IT is the story of a beautiful girl who was walking along life's path so quietly and so confidently; the path all smooth and filled with sunshine and bordered with flowers—flowers so white and so pure, all the way along, that they brought to her only the best thoughts and the purest intentions.

The way she had come was straight, and the path as it stretched before her was straight as far as the eye could reach; and as far as thought could go, even to the very end, it still seemed to move on without a curve; and so she walked on and on in all light-heartedness and confidence, until, one day, when her hands were full of flowers and she was humming a sweet little tune to herself, the branch of a noble and upright tree swayed and touched her arm.

It was unexpected and she was startled, and she paused for a moment only to see what had interrupted her on her way—then, smiling, she started on; but the branch swept lower and touched her hand, and then she looked, and just at her feet was another path branching off from her own, and it was bordered with flowers and the sun was tracing beautiful lacy patterns on it through the fluttering leaves on the trees above.

It looked bewilderingly beautiful! She took one step in its direction, then paused, and was about to turn back, when just before her she saw a pair of deep, dark eyes full of sadness and which seemed to "glow with a mystic spell;" she turned towards them—step by step they allured her on—and whenever she would turn back to find her own old path again the eyes held her.

Sometimes there was a voice too, so full of rich cadences and musical pathos that she was never afraid when she heard its tones—and she glided along with an easy step and a light heart; only, occasionally, when a shadow would fall across her and

hide the eyes for a time, and when the voice was silent—then she would hesitate and stand trembling, as on the verge of a precipice.

Then the shadow would pass away, and the eyes would shine out once more, and in them she thought she read only truth. Then she trusted again, and the eyes led on.

Often she would glance over her shoulder with regret that she had left the old path—but this one was bewitchingly new, and she had heard of a beautiful white flower called Love, and she thought she might find it if she would only follow to the end.

This path was not straight—it had many curves; so she could only see a few steps beyond—but there were the eyes and they almost always looked kind; but once they changed: then they glittered and pierced to the depths of her soul—and she was afraid and held back, and she thought they were going to vanish and leave her in darkness with that look, almost of hatred. But she reached out towards them and in a moment the glitter was gone—the hatred was gone — and there were the same tender brown ones looking into hers.

It was too late to turn back now! The old path was irrevocably lost, and this new one was so full of bends and curves that she could not tell whether its general direction was the same or not.

Sometimes in her bewilderment she stumbled; then, for a time she would proceed more cautiously, watching every step, and always she had the great hope in her heart that soon the crookedness of it all would pass away, and she would only find the new path a parallel to the old one, leading her at last out into the broad, sunlit way, with no trace of anything, not even "dust upon her wings," to show that she had strayed.

But there came a time when her steps grew more unsteady.

The flowers which bordered the path were still very beautiful and very sweet; but amongst them now were some tangled vines, and they were troublesome, and she would have grown discouraged but for the eyes that were always near her. She wondered why the path grew narrower as she went along, and why the curves did not straighten out; and one day while she was thinking about these things, the eyes came nearer—the voice was a whisper in her ear.

It spoke words she had never heard before. She paused to listen, and when she would move on again she could not,—her feet were caught in the tangled vines—*she fell.*

She was too tired to rise again, but the path had not ended yet.

It was dark now—the sunshine was gone and she could hardly find her way, but she must move on.

Did she follow the path to the end? Yes.

Did she find the beautiful white flower called Love?

She found a casket, and she was so tired that she lay down in it and fell asleep, and on her breast rested a little golden-haired baby, and it was asleep too, but the deep, tender brown eyes were not there to watch for their awakening.

WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ABOUT a fortnight later, March 17, 1761, the king left Leipzig with his army and moved into Schlesien. The winter rest was at an end, the lion rose and shook himself, and all Europe, watching the turn of fate, trembled in anxious expectation. Three mighty powers were combined against Prussia and her king.

In a few days Leipzig was quiet once more, the troops were gone and there only remained the wounded, among them Carl Ludwig von Bandemer, who hobbled about with his stick, not yet being able to return to duty and the saddle. "From four to six weeks is the shortest convalescence that you can possibly allow yourself, and you must be very careful even then, Bandemer, for your future health depends upon it," had been Cothenius's last words as he prepared to follow the king. The good old chaplain had left, too, and now Ulrike was free, and she and Bandemer quickly planned to continue her search. A ride in a comfortable carriage could not hurt him and he firmly declared that she could not be allowed to undertake the journey to the Duke of Braunschweig's camp alone, and that she must accept his escort, something that she was very glad to do, for she had become very fond of him, and his protection was thus doubly welcome. His general health having been but little injured by his wound his bodily strength soon returned, so that he was a very efficient escort. His great common sense was as well known and appreciated by his friends as were his true and noble character and his charming and agreeable manners; the "Pomeranian," he was always called, and he was an honor to the youth of the country he thus represented. It was under his protection then that Ulrike started on her drive to Duke Ferdinand's headquarters.

When they had at last reached the town of Braunschweig, after a long and tiresome journey, and had secured comfortable quarters, Bandemer announced that he would leave her and go on alone to the duke's camp. Ulrike protested vigorously against being left in idleness for even that short time, but her protests were of no avail.

"I can't allow it, my dear lady," he said. "It wouldn't do for a charming young woman like yourself to go roaming about in the camps and on the field of battle. We would be very near the enemy's outposts

and nobody can tell what might turn up; perhaps something terrible might happen to you, and how could I ever face the captain then? Besides, why should we both go when I can find out what we want to know just as well alone?"

Ulrike saw that he was right, and so Bandemer went on his way without her, leaving her in Braunschweig to a tiresome period of inactivity and waiting. At last Carl Ludwig returned and she greeted him with feverish excitement, but the look upon his face told her that his search had been in vain.

"My dear lady, he isn't there," said he, "and I am terribly disappointed, for I certainly thought that Zitzewitz was right and that I should be able to bring you good news. By a happy accident I met Duke Ferdinand himself—Ah, there is a man. If there is a leader in the world besides our own king he is the one."

"And what did he say?" asked Ulrike sadly.

"He has never heard of Reutlingen as being one of his officers, and he knows them all well. He was very gracious and kind and gave me a letter to all his officers telling them to help me, but my captain was nowhere to be found; no one had seen or heard anything of him. We must search elsewhere. Don't look so unhappy, my dear lady, for we will find him yet."

Their journey had been fruitless, and without consulting his charge Bandemer turned his steps towards Steinhovel. He and Annette had decided that a long rest and watchful care were necessary for Frau von Reutlingen after her hard winter's work. Ulrike resigned herself silently to her fate; her hopes had been too high and her disappointment too bitter; she had fought the fight of the weak and helpless, and now had lost heart and felt herself unequal to new plans and undertakings.

She was in this frame of mind when old Lore welcomed the young mistress whom she had so unwillingly seen depart. Reutlingen had not been home, nor had they heard anything from him.

Bandemer had now done all in his power to aid her and there was nothing to keep him from joining his regiment, so he left Steinhovel, glad to return to active duty and yet sad over the parting with his friend.

The Baireuth regiment was now in Schlesien with the advance guard of General von Zieten. The king was again opposed by the combined Russian and Austrian forces and for once in his life was anxious to avoid a battle, for the enemy's strength was so vastly superior to his own that "Old Fritz" himself even had lost spirit and dared not attack. While the combined armies were preparing themselves for the struggle, at a time when they should have been attacking, and when they could easily have overwhelmed and destroyed the king and his little force, Friederich, by a sudden and unexpected movement, took up a position on the heights of Bunzelwitz and thoroughly fortified his position, a masterpiece of strategy. It was done with such lightning rapidity that his enemies could not believe their eyes and stood in wonder. Three short days before the Prussian army had lain helpless in their grasp and now an impregnable fortress stood before them from which Friederich looked calmly and quietly

down. Discouraged by the opportunity that had thus slipped away the foe lost heart for the attack and hesitated before the almost superhuman genius of the king.

In the enemy's force was Laudon, the greatest leader of them all, one whose name had become famous as being one of the few generals worthy to oppose Friedrich the Great. Himself a man of the highest ability, Laudon appreciated fully the masterly strategy of his royal opponent.

Fortified as well as possible, the allied armies remained motionless before the little stronghold for more than a month, during which time the Prussians underwent all the privations of a siege. The king had not believed that his adversaries would treat him with so much consideration and was hourly expecting an attack, so he was forced to be watchful and ready to defend himself, and in consequence it was only in the daytime that the weary troops could take a little sleep. In all the fatigues of this life Friedrich was foremost, sharing all privations with his soldiers; a small tent was the only refuge that served to shelter him during his few hours of repose, and many weary, sleepless hours he passed therein, weighed down by the work, the cares, and the fatigue. At all hours of the night he would pass about among the pickets and, wrapped in his cloak, would warm himself at their fires and enjoy here and there a few mouthfuls of the coarse food which they offered him in true-hearted comradeship, and would speak kindly words of encouragement to them all. "Stop smoking," once grumbled an old soldier to his comrades, "you know he can't bear it." But the king smiled in his kindly way and said, "Don't disturb yourselves, my children, smoke on." In his evening orders he once said, ". . . and don't forget a bundle of straw for my tent, or else I shall have to sleep on the bare earth again as I did last night."

It was for such things as these that this great king was the idol of his troops; it was for such actions that they would follow him to the cannon's mouth and die for him like heroes. But battle and death were not the worst things that they were called upon to endure for him,—far worse were these weary days of waiting, of fearful heat and pouring rain, of hunger, and of terrible privations. Once, on September 8, General von Bulow made a sortie and brought back several herds of cattle and sheep as a welcome booty. With faces happier than had been seen in that hungry camp for days before, the soldiers that evening sat about their fires and enjoyed their meal. They felt that after that they could gladly welcome the attack, and were once more disappointed when the enemy failed them.

The Baireuth dragoons had been detailed under Bulow and were proud of their leader, and were happy in being all together again, these stately gentlemen with their confident air and their thirsty throats; all were there save Reutlingen, and his absence was felt by them all.

An officer from the Zieten hussars came over that evening and was joyously welcomed.

"Hello, Arnim; why this honor?" or "What do you want here?" were his greetings from all sides.

"I have come over to repay you by my company for the good supper you have given us," laughed Arnim,

"and besides I want to see Bandemer; where is he? It was nearly time that we had something to eat again, I couldn't have stood it much longer. Isn't Bandemer here? I have some news that will interest him, and the rest of you fellows too—there you are, are you, you rascal? Why do you let me ask for you twenty times without answering?"

Bandemer laughed.

"Of course I'm here; I've answered you nineteen times already," he responded dryly.

"Nineteen times isn't enough, then," cried Arnim. "Bandemer, you must give me Frau von Reutlingen's address, I have news for her."

"Not by a good deal, I shan't. Give us your news; it belongs to us here."

"News of Reutlingen? What is it? Where is he?" they all cried.

"I have been talking with a scout," continued Arnim, "who brought dispatches from General von Seydlitz, and he spoke of one Reutlingen who has spent the winter in command of one of the troops of Kleist's free hussars. Can that be your wild one?"

"Of course it is," cried Eickstadt, springing up. "There are no other Reutlingens in the army except himself and Heinz; it can be no one else."

Bandemer scratched his head.

"Why didn't I think of that before? Of course it is he; where else should he be?"

"Well, comrades, if that is what you think about it you must at least give me Frau von Reutlingen's address; I want to send her the news."

"Poor man, you will have to leave that to me," said Bandemer jokingly, yet in a decided voice.

"Hold on there. As though you had charge of Frau von Reutlingen," growled Eickstadt. "Do you think you are going to get ahead of us all in that way? If you do you are mistaken. I will look after this matter myself, you may be sure of that."

"Certainly, Lieutenant, but you must tell me her address and let me write to her first," said Arnim.

And write he did, as soon as he found out where Ulrike had gone. The letter went through the field post-office; would it ever reach its destination?

CHAPTER XXIX.

While the king commanded the army in Schlesien personally, Prince Heinrich was left in Saxony to oppose Field-marshal Daun. Neither Daun nor the prince would be the first to give battle, so they lay in idleness and watched each other, frequent skirmishes furnishing occupation for the troops. A master in this kind of warfare was Colonel Friedrich Wilhelm von Kleist, commander of "Old Kleist's green hussars" and of a guerilla regiment organized by himself. Being thus in command of twenty-one troops of horse he was one of the most prominent cavalry leaders of the day, and Prince Heinrich, in speaking to the king, often referred to him as his right hand, a right hand that inflicted deadly wounds upon the enemy. "Green Kleist" was the terror of his foes, but his noble character and winning manners made him a model to his troops, a leader for whom his men would undergo any danger or suffering.

Throughout the entire summer Kleist had kept up this petty warfare against Daun's outposts, and now his men were encamped at Dobeln. Late one warm summer evening, the glare of the camp fires flashed upon the overhanging clouds, the tired horses stood in long rows beneath the tall white poplars, that shimmered ghost-like in the gathering darkness, while a thick fog lay upon the meadows and covered the busy scene. The camp was divided by a babbling brook, on the right bank of which were encamped the green hussars, while on the left lay the tents of the guerilla regiment. A bridge spanned the stream, but it could furnish no bond of intimacy between the king's officers in the hussar regiment and those of the guerilla troops, the latter gathered from all ranks in life and including in their number all sorts of men. Nothing but the tact and skill of such a man as Kleist could make an efficient force from such unpromising material, but Prince Heinrich himself had declared the "Kleist free corps" to be blameless of the faults usually found in such an organization.

The customary noise and disorder was to be heard around the camp fire of the guerilla officers, while from their kettle rose the steam of a hot punch, a welcome draught on such a damp night. A black-bearded Pole and a light-haired Irishman were brewing the punch, the latter filling the mugs that were so frequently passed up to be replenished. The flames of the fire threw a red glare over the surrounding figures, upon faces, some covered with sabre cuts, bold, bearded, and hardened by wild adventures, while others bore the inextinguishable stamp of vice so that they could meet no honest man's straightforward gaze; all attracted here by the love of adventure or by the freedom from the consequences of past sins that this wild life ensured.

In this company sat Jobst von Reutlingen, once a Baireuth dragoon, the hero of Hohenfriedberg and Torgau, the man who had been decorated by the king. Why was he in such company? That question he daily asked himself again and again.

When the king gave him his curt dismissal he had returned to Steinhovel, expecting to spend the winter there and thus live down his unhappiness. After a few days, however, the fever of despair forced him into activity. Where should he go? He did not know. Should he go into service under Duke Ferdinand or should he apply for a post under Seydlitz, or should he end his miseries by a bullet?

"I have no use for such officers in my army—" had been the words with which the king had sealed his fate, and they rang in his ears by day and by night. He longed to hear something else, and repeated over and over again to himself the words of commendation that Friedrich had spoken to him after the battles of Hohenfriedberg and Leuthen, and recalled the day when he had ridden to Freiberg to ask a favor of his king and had been invited to dine at the royal table. He remembered every word, and he could still hear the king's voice speaking to Colonel Kleist: "Reutlingen would be valuable in your hussars."

Reutlingen drew himself up. That was it; "Green Kleist's free hussars."

"That was my king's wish, and I will abide by his decision; he will

not have me in his army but he can't keep me from serving him."

He soon after presented himself to Colonel von Kleist, who was speechless with astonishment at being asked for a place in his corps of outcasts by Captain von Reutlingen, whom he had known when he was in high favor with the king. However, he gladly granted the request, with the assurance that it was an unhoped for honor to number the wild Reutlingen among his officers. At first Jobst was made an aide to the colonel, but soon he was given command of a troop of the guerillas and once more assumed his dearly loved duties. He was still his old dashing self, and had shown in May in an expedition against General von Zedtwitz that he still deserved his name of the "wild one," but the fresh, cheery laugh and the gay spirits that had once been his had deserted him. His laugh was now sharp and seldom heard, and a dark frown, hitherto unknown, habitually clouded his brow. In his intercourse with his comrades Reutlingen appeared quiet and reserved, and in service he was exacting and impatient with himself and with others, being in consequence feared by his subordinates and but little loved by his associates. He could not feel at home in such company after having served as an officer in the Baireuth dragoons, in a corps which only men of spotless character and blameless life could enter, where officers passed their whole lives and were promoted in turn, thus forming out of the many who entered, a group of officers worthy of such a regiment. Now he was stranded here in this motley crowd; men from different countries and of doubtful descent without honor or *esprit de corps*, and he shuddered at his surroundings. He had doubtless been often noisy and disorderly as a young dragoon but never really rude or coarse, and now rudeness and coarseness seemed the characteristics of all this rough company. Perhaps he judged too harshly, for he had once sung the very song himself that the hussars now pealed forth to the accompaniment of clanking mugs, and had found it hearty and full of fun, but that had been among his friends in the dragoons, and now he did not join in the chorus but only pushed up his mug to be refilled. His eyes wandered watchfully over the circle and rested upon a young fellow who passed back his mug, a man who had formerly been a lieutenant in an Austrian hussar regiment, and who was thought to have deserted. At any rate his past was under a cloud and Reutlingen distrusted him on that account, but nevertheless he was of a kind and cheery disposition, and the captain liked him better than he did most of his comrades.

The wild song was at an end and the young fellow refilled his glass.

"Your health, Captain," said he. "But why are you always so gloomy?"

"You couldn't understand if I told you, my son, and besides it wouldn't interest you if you could," was the indifferent response. However, Reutlingen started a conversation with him.

"Sing us a song, Falieri?" cried one of the officers, and the camp resounded with noisy shouts of approval, and the man addressed arose with a flattered smile. He was a young adventurer of Italian descent

with the face of an Abruzzi brigand and the lithe figure of a Tuscan, and was now a sub-lieutenant in Reutlingen's troop. The captain had but a few days before rebuked him for some misdeed with the flat of his sword, a proceeding which turned the half-concealed aversion between them into open hate. The Italian now arose with his mug in his hand and in a soft musical voice sang a music hall song of undoubted shamelessness, which was received with hearty applause by the half-intoxicated assemblage. Reutlingen surveyed the singer with a disdainful frown.

"Don't make a clown of yourself, Falieri," he shouted.

A venomous glance from the small, dark eyes was the only answer, and the Italian threw himself upon the grass and glided like a snake into the shadow of a tent where the captain could not see him. Reutlingen was disgusted with his associates and rose and sauntered down the line of camp fires; everywhere he found the same revelry and noise. He finally stopped near a group of Kroaten, that daring troop that Kleist had so often used to harass the Austrians and who always interested the captain wonderfully. He now seated himself upon the tongue of a wagon and in a preoccupied manner watched the figures moving about before the camp fires. Little by little his head sank upon his breast and he heaved a long drawn sigh; grief gnawed at his brave, soldierly heart and he could not be happy nor light hearted.

The king's displeasure; his wrecked life—he could not conquer his sadness. In the still, dark hours of his loneliness a passionate longing for the wife whom he loved and who was lost to him surged over him and would not be repressed. His thoughts were not so much of her being lost to him as of her being alone and unprotected in the world.

He drew himself up. Had she not called his name? Had she not grasped his hand with trembling fingers? Ah, no. It was the screech of an owl in the distant forest and a bat that had lightly touched his hand in its flight. With a deep sigh Reutlingen sank back into his silent revery.

A heavy grasp fell upon his shoulder; he took the hand without looking up, and a smile of recognition passed over his face.

"Colonel."

He sprang up and saluted his chief.

"Well, well," laughed the colonel, "have I the hairy hand of an Esau that you know me by its grasp?"

"His enemies know the 'Green Kleist' by the weight of his hand; why should not his officers do the same?"

Kleist laughed pleasantly, much flattered by the captain's words. The great cavalry leader was but a few years older than Reutlingen, and a deep feeling of friendship had sprung up between the two.

"I knew you from afar, too, Reutlingen," continued Kleist, "and I am sorry to say that it was by your melancholy appearance and by your shunning your comrades. It becomes a gay hussar to be wild in the saddle but not to be sad when dismounted."

"Has the colonel ever found me a laggard in service?" asked Reutlingen shortly.

The colonel sat down upon the wagon tongue and gazed at the man who stood before him.

"In other words I am meddling with matters that do not concern me; perhaps so, my friend, but we hussars have an old and true adage: 'To be always happy is dangerous, to be always sad is painful, to be always jolly is illusory, but a mingling of all is agreeable.'"

"The saying is a true one, Colonel, and I will remember it, but do my moods incommode anyone? Have my comrades complained of me?"

"Yes, they have," responded Kleist. "You know, Reutlingen, how much I should prefer to have you in the green hussars, but unfortunately that can't be managed. You can't expect such comrades in this free corps as you would have in my other regiment or in the Baireuth dragoons; there are many here to whose faults we must shut our eyes, that I know well, and on that very account I must ask you to handle your under officers with a little more good fellowship."

"What have I done to them, then?" asked Reutlingen.

"That I don't know and don't want to know," answered the colonel. "It is enough for me to tell you that a leader must make himself loved as well as obeyed if he wishes to be successful. However, we two are comrades and will remain so," and, with a strong grasp of the hand, the two men sealed the compact.

"Colonel," said Reutlingen, "there is much that I might say in answer to you but I will not say it. Your example shows me best how an officer can be loved and obeyed at the same time; I will try to please you."

"I know that, my wild one. But now sit down beside me, this pole will easily hold two, for I have an order for you that will please you." He went on to speak in a low tone of a wagon train of flour for the Austrian army that he wished to cut out and capture, an undertaking that would be for many reasons an unusually dangerous one, and one that would require very skillful leadership. "Will you take several troops of the Kroaten with you?" he continued. "Suit yourself about that, of course, but I thought they would be good men for the service."

Reutlingen's eyes sparkled with joy over his difficult task.

"I thank you heartily, Colonel, but if you will permit I will take only my own troop."

"As you will; you must give your orders now though, and start before sunrise. When you return I shall be with General von Seydlitz."

"Very well, Colonel."

They separated with a warm grasp of the hand.

CHAPTER XXX.

Before sunrise the next morning Reutlingen rode away with his troop and late in the forenoon returned, bringing with him the coveted wagon train. The capture had been even more difficult than he had expected, and his success filled him with joy. Without waiting to rest or refresh himself, he mounted a fresh horse and set out to find his colonel, who had told him the night before that he would be at General von Seydlitz's headquarters. He found Kleist there and was given a hearty welcome.

"What news do you bring, Captain; good, of course?" said the colonel, shaking Reutlingen's hand heartily. "Tell me how your attempt turned out, I am anxious to know."

Clearly and concisely the captain told his story, and while he was speaking there came into the room an officer in the white uniform of a cuirassier, yellow breeches, and riding boots. He remained standing and Kleist turned to him.

"Tell me, your excellency, ought I not to give Captain von Reutlingen command of my free corps?"

Reutlingen stood erect and met the general's glance. The two had never before met face to face, but Reutlingen recognized him at once nevertheless; the clear blue, sparkling eyes, the cleanly cut features, the short blonde mustache, the firm mouth that inspired his troops to victory or to death, and the fascinating smile against which no woman's heart was proof. Such was Seydlitz, the victor of Roszbach and Zorndorf, the hero of the Prussian cavalry. He was rather small in stature, slender, and delicately though firmly built, an ideal soldier's figure and one which always led his troops to victory. He was no longer what he once had been, however, for the long sickness that followed the wound received at Kunersdorf had weakened him terribly; he had given his whole strength and genius, almost his life itself, in that battle without avail, for in spite of all the day had been lost. Two years had passed since then and he was still known as the greatest cavalry leader of the day. The king, however, fearing to lose the life of so efficient a general, had since then kept him off the field of battle as much as possible. Seydlitz now ran his searching glance over Reutlingen's figure, scanning him from head to foot.

"I am delighted to meet the wild Reutlingen; I have often heard of him," he said in a deep voice. "Will you honor me by being my guest at dinner to-day, Captain?"

Reutlingen thanked him for his kind invitation.

"Make yourself at home in my room, Reutlingen," said the colonel, "and wait for me there, I will soon be with you."

"I like his look," said Seydlitz as Reutlingen left them. "What brought him here?"

"He came to tell me of the capture of the provision wagons, and I am greatly pleased with his work," answered Kleist.

"His appearance is very attractive," continued Seydlitz, "and I congratulate you upon your acquisition, Colonel. It seems to me, though, that his majesty was a little severe upon him; he gave him the order of merit as he deserved, and then dismissed him for a trifling offense."

"Reutlingen sees nothing severe in it himself," responded Kleist, "but looks upon it as a well-merited punishment. A fight with deadly results and two days absence without leave following so soon after his marriage were serious offenses enough. Our leader is a great student of human nature and must have thought it necessary to let the wild man feel the weight of his anger even if it did cost him his services. I have often thought the king unduly harsh in his actions but have afterwards found him to be right in every case."

"That is possible," answered Seydlitz thoughtfully.

"Believe me, your excellency," continued Kleitz, "our king of Prussia, yes, all the Hohenzollerns, know those under them too well, particularly the nobles, to make any mistakes in handling them or to suffer their trust to be betrayed."

"God bless our Hohenzollerns," answered Seydlitz.

There gathered at the table of Lieutenant-General von Seydlitz that day, as often happened, a large number of officers whose duties had brought them to headquarters, but Reutlingen was the only one among them who wore the uniform of the free corps. He dressed himself carefully, and the red cape set off his soldierly figure to the fullest advantage, but what did he really care for it all? It was not the king's uniform that he wore, and the very thought filled him with grief. His glance wandered around the table and finally rested with astonishment upon a well known form; at the other end of the board sat his friend Zitzewitz of the Schmettau cuirassiers, who was looking at him wonderingly. Reutlingen could not avoid a nod of recognition and a silent drinking of healths across the board. As soon as they arose the two friends approached and greeted each other, and retired into a window to smoke and drink their coffee together.

"I see you have become a captain, Zitzewitz; I congratulate you."

"Yes, in May last his majesty promoted me. But you, Reutlingen, what has happened to you?"

"Never mind me; don't talk about it for the subject is disagreeable to me."

"I can't help it, wild one. The last time I saw you was when you were leading the charge on the Domitscher field amid a rain of shot, and now I find you dismissed and in the free corps."

"It was my own fault. Do you know about it?"

"Only partly; young Bandemer told me what he knew and that was certainly enough. Why did you follow that poor devil so relentlessly and finally kill him? What had he done to you?"

"I can't talk of it now; later, perhaps, I may," answered Reutlingen, an expression of pain crossing his face. Zitzewitz changed the subject.

"I bring you a greeting from your wife," he continued heartily.

"From my wife? How does that happen?"

His glance darkened and his friendly manner disappeared, for he could not bear to hear a third person speak of her. Zitzewitz looked around to see that no one was listening and lowered his voice.

"I met your wife last winter in Leipzig———"

"When were you there?" interrupted Reutlingen, thinking that his friend had said Leitnitz. Thus believing that Ulrike was still in that place of safety he was anxious to let the subject drop.

"That's a strange question, Jobst; I saw her there in the course of the winter, and she wished me, when I next saw you, to ask you to let her know where you were. She had not heard from you for a long time and seemed greatly worried."

"Really? Is it possible? Now when you see her again give her my kindest regards."

He turned away and Zitzewitz gazed at him in astonishment, for he vividly remembered the evident happiness with which Reutlingen had first told him of his marriage, and the longing with which Ulrike had afterwards inquired after him. He now saw that there was without doubt some misunderstanding between them.

"Reutlingen, what does this mean?" he asked earnestly and anxiously. "Have you already become tired of your charming wife?"

"No; I haven't had a chance. Let me alone, Zitzewitz. I can't talk about it now, perhaps later———"

Zitzewitz was just beginning to put two and two together and to understand how matters stood, when unfortunately Kleist and his adjutant interrupted the conversation.

"Shall we go, Reutlingen? I count upon your company."

They took their leave and rode away. The way was long and dusty, the sun hot, and the three men rode silently side by side, each occupied in his own thoughts. As the day sank and the shadows of the tall forest trees lengthened, the sound of rushing water fell upon their ears; the road turned suddenly as it crossed the brow of a hill and they saw before them a little mill overshadowed by the forest, the water gushing over its great wheel.

Reutlingen knew this spot and its surroundings well; he had ridden by it at a gallop that morning, and he also knew that the road that turned off to the right of the wheel led to Leitnitz. But a quarter of an hour's ride and he could be there, could see Ulrike, could speak to her and beg for her love once more. Should he do it?

The colonel stopped. "Let us give our horses a rest. A cool drink for ourselves wouldn't be amiss either."

The adjutant was very willing and Reutlingen said nothing. It seemed as though he could not leave the place. He dismounted and seated himself upon a comfortable bench beneath the linden trees; the sinking sun glistened before him upon the reflection of the wheel in the water, and the birds twittered in the branches above him, while the miller's wife brought him a mug of cool, foaming beer.

"Have you noticed that there is something wrong with your horse's right forefoot, captain?" asked the adjutant.

"Yes, I saw it, and I will take another look at it."

"I suppose it is useless," he said to himself as he thought of Zitzewitz's message. "If I find her with another of them I'll kill him too, I've had practice at it. I'll go, though, in spite of everything."

He approached the others.

"My horse has cast a shoe and has split his hoof slightly and I am afraid to go any further with it in that condition." He seated himself with a sigh.

"There is a blacksmith's shop near by; will the colonel allow me to ride there and see what can be done?"

"I don't like to, Reutlingen; is it really as serious as that? The delay will make me later in reaching my command than I wished."

"You must leave me, Colonel, of course; I didn't expect you to wait for me."

"But I will wait willingly, for it is too bad that we should be separated; the journey to the camp is still a long one."

He walked up and down for a while, but at last gave in and started on his way with his adjutant. Reutlingen was left alone.

"It is childish and weak; what shall I do after I get there?" he asked himself, stroking his horse nervously.

"But I want to see her again; she has asked for me. Is it not my right? Is she not my wife?" He swung himself into the saddle and disappeared at a trot down the bushy lane to the right of the wheel.

Soon the estate of Leitnitz lay before him, and he rode past the pretty garden down the long lane under the seemingly endless rows of trees. There was the gate that he had broken open; Ulrike had stood there and it had separated then. It had now been repaired and formed a strong barrier, but Ulrike was no longer behind it.

Twilight came on; the white flowers and blossoming shrubs loomed up ghost-like in the blue gray shadows of the tall trees, but not a soul was in sight. The rider's heart beat fast from emotion and expectation. He passed the garden and reached the smithy, which stood, half hidden in the trees, but a short distance from the village. The fire shone bright through the open door and the bright sparks flew from the hot iron beneath the lusty blows of the hammer that rang loud and clear on the evening air. Leading his horse by the reins the hussar entered the smithy.

"Good evening. Will you look at my horse for a moment; he has cast a shoe from his right forefoot? I think that you can help him."

The smith let his hammer fall, wiped his damp brow with his grimy hand, and approached the horse. The foot was examined and the shoe replaced.

As the man worked Reutlingen held his steed by the bridle and tried to calm his impatience. While thus engaged he noticed a hunter in livery who was engaged in a lively conversation with the smith.

"Are you a servant of Herr von Trebenow, my friend?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, and have been for many years. Do you know my master?"

"I was encamped here for a short time. How is your master?"

"Very well, sir, I thank you. He is in Warschau now and is seldom at home. The ladies are alone, and since our young mistress has been engaged they seldom leave the house?"

"To whom is your young lady engaged?" asked Reutlingen.

"To Count von Langenrode of Neuserbnitz."

"What! But you speak of but two ladies; is the young Frau von Reutlingen no longer here?"

"No, sir; she has been gone a long time, almost a year."

"Impossible; you must be mistaken, my friend."

"Certainly I am not; I see the ladies every day. Last autumn—It was soon after the battle of Torgau, I believe—her husband came and found her; he is a Prussian captain of dragoons; I don't know him; he isn't often seen. Soon after he left the young lady went away and has never come back.

"But that certainly can't be true."

"Believe me, sir, it is true."

"But an officer in the Prussian cuirassiers saw Frau von Reutlingen here last winter and spoke to her."

"He must have been mistaken

for she was not here; besides there has been no cuirassier officer here within the last year."

"Where is she then, can you tell me?"

"No, and my mistress can't either. The ladies often speak of her and regret that they have no news from her. I think beyond a doubt she has gone to her husband, the captain."

"Yes, yes, undoubtedly."

The brown horse was ready again. Reutlingen rewarded the smith for his work and the hunter for his news and rode away into the dusk. Suffering and anxiety burned in his heart and he realized only too truly how passionately he longed to see her again. He had felt that she was so near him, and now she seemed at an infinite distance again. Where had she gone; what had become of her?

"But she still belongs to me—even if she did love him he is dead now and his love with him. She shall atone for all she has done to me. When this war is over I will find her even though I go through hell itself to do it."

So he muttered to himself as he rode like the wind over hill and dale.

Soon the camp fires of the Kleist hussars shone before him; it was night and he was back at his post.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GRANITE STATE.

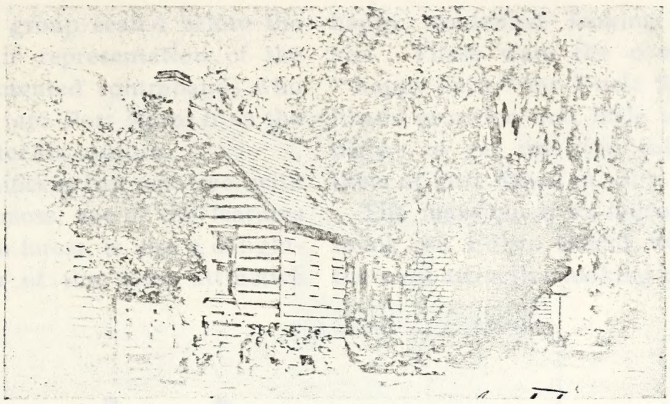
By George Bancroft Griffith.

When Summer's royal robe of evergreen
Upon New Hampshire's hills mine eyes have seen,
When all her vales with Flora's colors vie,
And morning's gold fills all the eastern sky,
How proud am I to own my chosen home,
Here gladly bide, nor longer wish to roam.
My tower of strength, Mount Washington, afar;
My mirror, yonder lake; my light, the evening star!

THE PARTRIDGE.

By H. H. Hanson.

Far in the depths of the hemlock forest;
  Deep where the purple orchid blooms;
Guarding her nest is the cunning partridge,
  Hid by the wood-fern's nodding plumes.
Patient she sits 'neath the tangled grasses;
  Fanned by the gentle winds of May,
While from his log her proud mate signals,
  All through the balmy, gladsome day.
Bird of the wood, untamed, unhindered,
  Wild as the winds that o'er thee blow;
Happy thy lot in the hemlock forest,
  Deep where the rarest orchids grow.



"Auntie's Home," Drayton's Plantation.

WAR PICTURES.

[CONTINUED.]

[Illustrated from photographs by Henry P. Moore, Concord, N. H.]

By John C. Linehan.

DRAYTON'S plantation is one of the localities that will perhaps be remembered by the Union volunteers who have survived the war, better than any other; for it was close by the general headquarters on Hilton Head, and for a long time (after the taking of Port Royal) was the station of a battalion of the First Massachusetts cavalry, three of whom figure in the picture of the Drayton mansion.

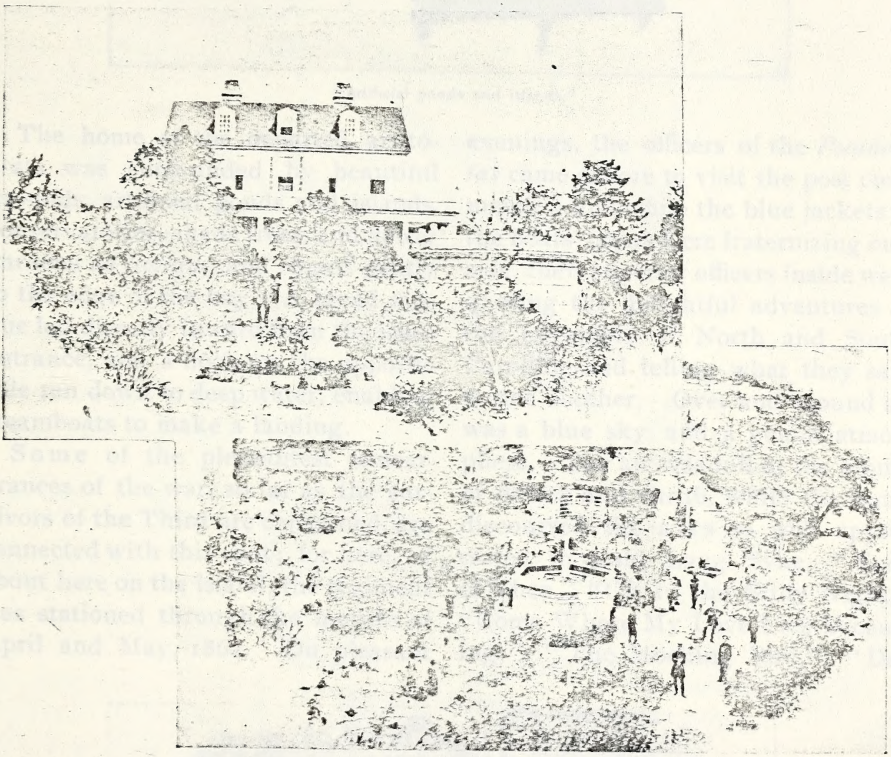
No plantation on the island had more comfortable or substantial negro quarters, the houses as a rule being in good condition. "Auntie's home" is a good illustration of their charac-



"They 'Hold the Fort.'"

ter, and the group seated before the door is a fair representation of the well-fed, contented contrabands who had flocked into Port Royal from the mainland after its capture.

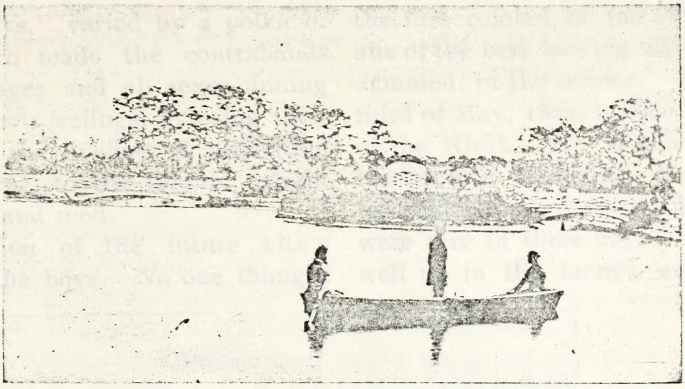
The magnificent live oak tree, with its trailing moss, one of the features of a southern forest, is also a delightful reminder of the most attractive features of an almost tropical landscape.



The Mansion and Grounds of Ex-Governor Seabrook.

It was not often the case that the colored gentry had the entire field to itself; for as a rule when the artist was using his camera, some of the white brothers would obtrude themselves, with or without leave. But for once, the Ethiopians were masters of the situation, especially in this view, for they "hold the fort," and a happy, contented looking lot they are. These were the contrabands' "happy days," for Uncle Sam was a liberal provider, and little to do, and plenty to eat was the rule among them at Port Royal in 1862.

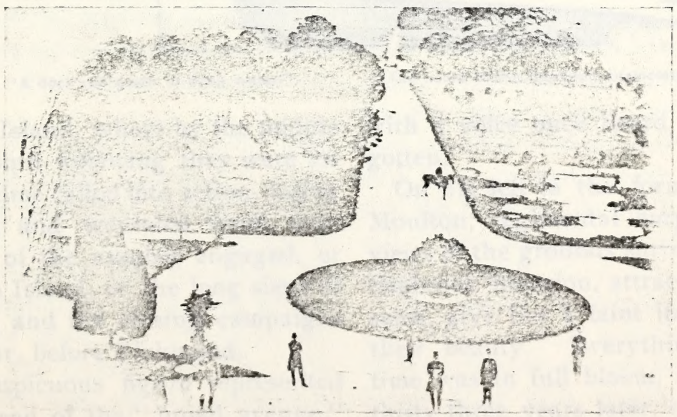
The mansion of ex-Governor Seabrook, on Edisto Island, was one of the most attractive looking residences on the coast of South Carolina. This was the headquarters of Colonel Fellows of the Third in April, 1861. He was at that time acting as post commander. The sloop of war, *Pocahontas*, was stationed in the bay near by, and the band was quartered in the Hopkinson house but a short distance away; and their sojourn here was the happiest in the war experience of the volunteers of the Third.



"Artificial ponds and islands."

The home of the departed aristocrats was surrounded by beautiful grounds, artificial ponds and islands, conservatories, shade trees, and flower gardens *ad libitum*, and sloped gently to the edge of the bay. A broad avenue led directly inward from the main entrance, and a dock on the opposite side ran down to deep water, enabling steamboats to make a landing.

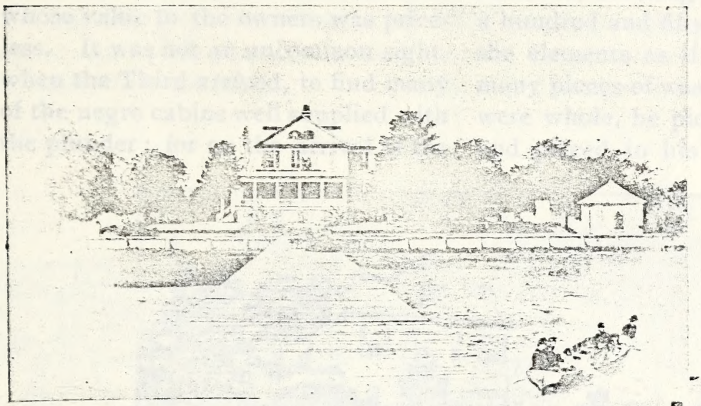
Some of the pleasantest remembrances of the war, so far as the survivors of the Third are concerned, are connected with this spot; for here, or about here on the island, the regiment was stationed through the months of April and May, 1862. On pleasant evenings, the officers of the *Pocahontas* came ashore to visit the post commander, and while the blue jackets of the boats' crews were fraternizing outside, their superior officers inside were quoting the delightful adventures of the governors of North and South Carolina, and telling what they said to one another. Over and around all was a blue sky, and a genial atmosphere. The air was full of the aroma of flower and shrub, while the band discoursed the airs so well appreciated in Auld Lang Syne, "Ever of Thee," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "The Mocking Bird," "De-



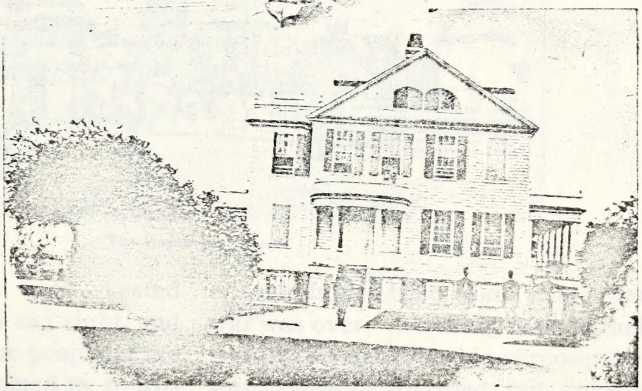
"A broad avenue led directly inward."

parted Days," varied by a polka or reel, which made the contrabands wild; all ages and all sexes finding vent for their feelings, by using their heels in the liveliest of plantation break-downs, to the infinite delight of officers and men.

No vision of the future then troubled the boys. No one thought



"A dock ran down to deep water."



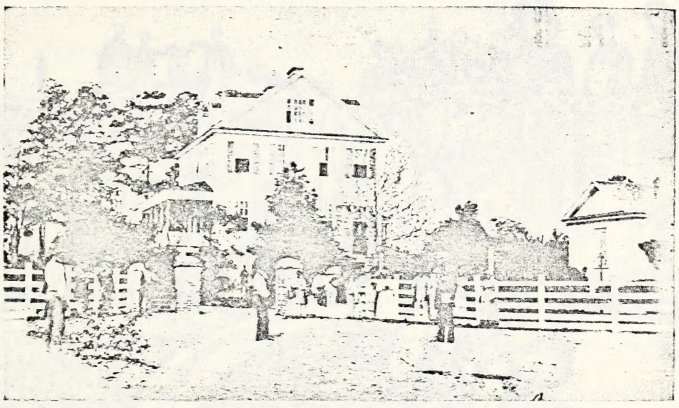
"The home of the departed aristocrats."

of James Island, where by the middle of the month following they were for the first time called into action, losing in killed and wounded more than one fifth of the number engaged, or of Morris Island, or the long siege of Wagner, and the closing campaigns of the war, before Richmond.

A conspicuous figure represented at the head of the "broad avenue" is that of Colonel Enoch Q. Fellows, the first colonel of the Third, and one of the best looking officers, when mounted, in the service. He left the third of May, 1862, to take command of the Ninth. He is still living at his home in Sandwich, N. H. Better regimental commanders than he were rare in those days; for he was well up in the tactics, and blessed with a voice once heard, never forgotten.

On his left is the form of Major Moulton, regimental surgeon. The views of the grounds surrounding the Seabrook mansion, attractive as they seem, give but a faint impression of their beauty. Everything at that time was in full bloom, and to-day, thirty-three years later, the perfume of flowers unconsciously awakens

memories of the spot, which would otherwise have been almost forgotten. Edisto Island was well supplied with substantial mansions throughout, all of which were completely deserted by their white occupants at the approach of the hated Yankee. Their places were at once taken by their former slaves, who made free with the valuable books, and other articles, whose value to the owners was priceless. It was not an uncommon sight, when the Third arrived, to find many of the negro cabins well supplied with the plunder; for on the arrival of the troops, the mansions were vacated for their use. It was a sad sight, and a feature of the war the people of the North were not accustomed to, to witness this destruction of household gods.



The Hopkinson House.

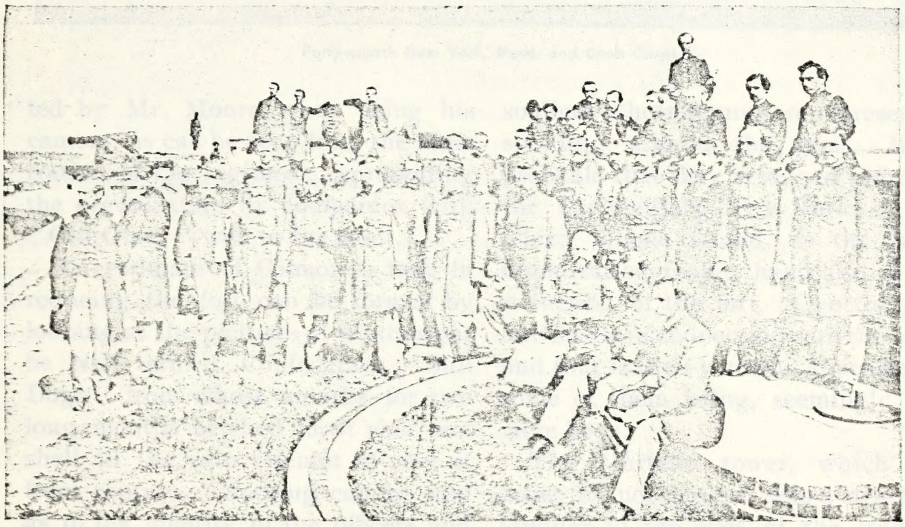
A series of letters written by John Drayton of South Carolina in 1785, now being published in the Sunday edition of a Boston daily, brings to mind forcibly this fact, for among the books, pamphlets, and papers strewn around the lawn and grounds attached to the residence of Rev. William States Lee, in the interior of the island, were between five and six hundred letters, written between 1725 and October, 1861, by three or four generations of students in Princeton College. The writer is not ashamed to acknowledge that when first witnessed, the scene was an occasion of sadness, for here were the loving epistles between fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and other relatives, covering a period of nearly a hundred and fifty years, exposed to the elements as if they were but so many pieces of waste paper. All that were whole, he picked up, arranged, and placed in his knapsack hoping at some future time, when "this cruel war was over," to return them to their rightful owner. For this purpose, they were carefully guarded, but unfortunately, his residence was destroyed by fire shortly after the war, and the priceless letters, with his books and other property, destroyed, proving the truth of the old Scotch proverb, "The best laid schemes . . . gang aft agley."

The library in this residence was one of the best it was the privilege of the writer to see up to that time, being filled with nearly all of the standard works ancient and modern,

and printed in various languages. It is needless to say that its destruction was a good illustration of the havoc of war, and of the needless flight of the occupants of the mansion; for as thousands can testify, acts of violence towards those of the people who remained within the Union lines were extremely rare. This is a fact creditable to the soldiers on both sides, and is something for Americans to be proud of; for in this respect, our Civil War differs from all others.

in its reduction was the Forty-eighth New York. No better regiment served in the department of the South, and the reader can form an opinion of its leaders, by a glance at the field, staff, and line officers of the regiment as represented in the picture, which was taken within the walls of the fort thirty-three years ago.

Rev. D. C. Knowles was one of the company commanders, and it would be of interest to know if his form is amongst those represented.



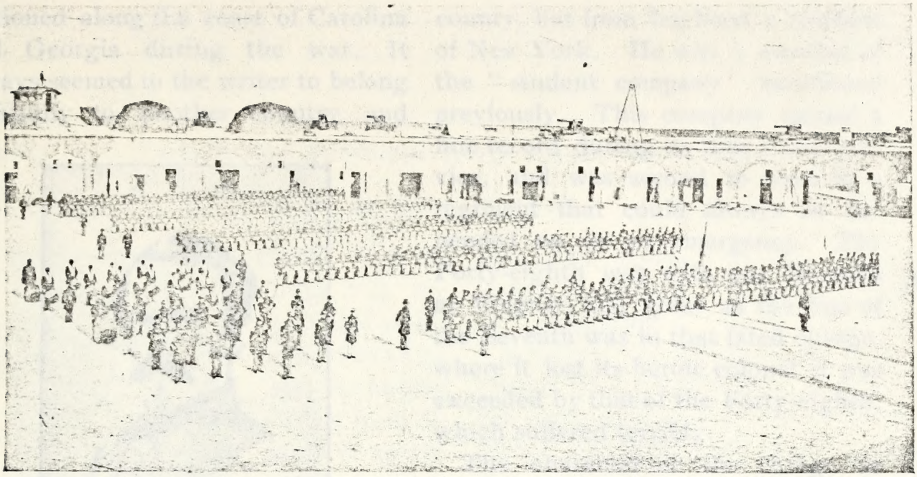
Field, Staff, and Line Officers, Forty-eighth New York Vols.

During the months mentioned, while the boys of the Third were enjoying themselves on Edisto Island amidst a profusion of fruit and flowers, day after day came to their ears the booming of guns from the south, so regularly that it became almost a matter of course to hear it, the first thing in the morning, and the last thing at night. It was Gilmore thundering away at Fort Pulaski, which was destined to fall two years before the city for whose protection it was built. A regiment which aided largely

An idea can be formed of the size of the fortress, and of the strength of a regiment in war times, from the view of the Forty-eighth on dress parade within its walls. A full regiment in 1862 usually numbered ten hundred and forty, rank and file; for this was before the Forty-eighth had faced the enemy on the battle field, consequently its ranks were full.

Like all regiments organized in 1861, the Forty-eighth was in possession of a first class band and drum corps, neither of which was neglec-



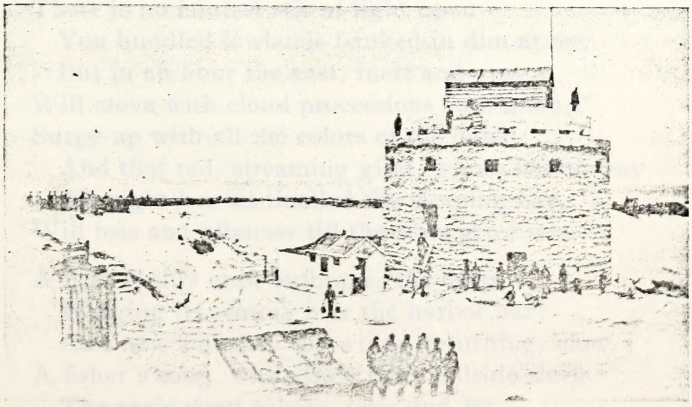


Forty-eighth New York, Band, and Drum Corps.

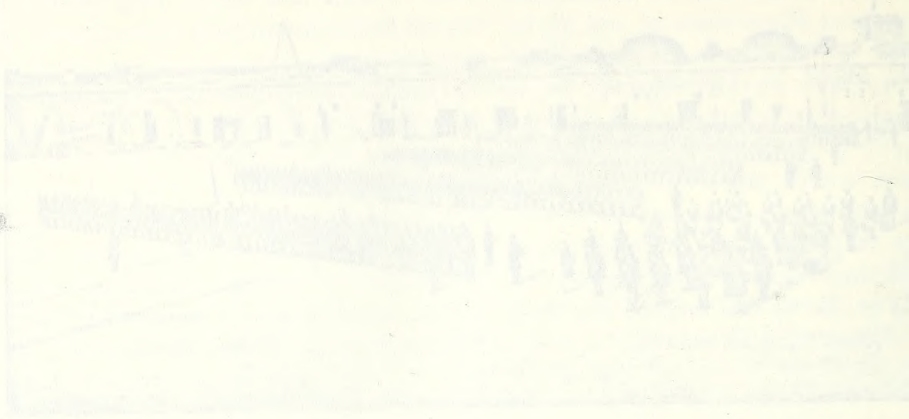
ted by Mr. Moore when using his camera, as can be seen from the illustration of the regiment, representing the organization by companies, with "Old Glory" well to the front.

An estimate of Gilmore's task in reducing the fort can be formed by looking at the pictures of what might be well termed Confederate "Bull Dogs," from whose mouths for two long months belched forth shot and shell in the vain attempt to save it from capture. Nothing can be said as to the identity of the officers and soldiers, whose figures are represented standing around the guns. It is probable that they belonged either to the Forty-eighth New York, or the Third Rhode Island, as the latter organization took a hand also in the reduction of the fort. One thing is noticeable in connection with the men, and that is their youthful appearance, some of them being, seemingly, but mere boys.

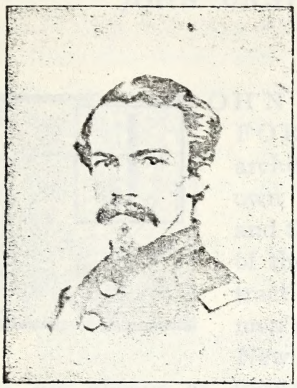
The Martello tower, which the artist did not neglect, was a structure familiar to the eyes of the soldiers



The Martello Tower.



stationed along the coast of Carolina and Georgia during the war. It always seemed to the writer to belong rightfully to another country and another race, and seemed out of place altogether in prosaic America.



Capt. William J. Carlton.

Serving in the Forty-eighth with Captain D. C. Knowles was a New Hampshire boy, Captain William J. Carlton, who is a native of Cheshire county, but from boyhood a resident of New York. He was a member of the "student company" mentioned previously. This company earned a fine record during its four years' service, and was second to none in a regiment that could always be depended on in an emergency. The Forty-eighth was with our Seventh at Wagner, and great as the loss of the Seventh was in that fated charge, where it lost its heroic colonel, it was exceeded by that of the Forty-eighth, which suffered terribly.

The character of the charge on Wagner so often mentioned, can be inferred from the fact that the then small village of Fisherville, now Penacook, alone had eight of its volunteers killed, or died of wounds in that action, viz., Ebenezer Daggett, Alexander S. Stevens, John Clancy, Richard Nolan, Lorenzo F. Connor, Freeman Ferrin, L. G. Raymond, and Joseph C. Morrill.

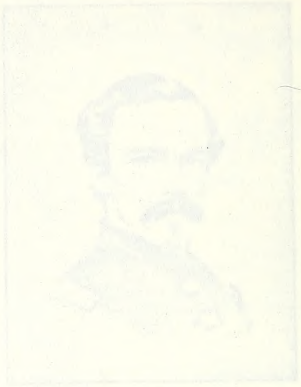
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAWN PICTURE.

By Frank Walcott Hutt.

There is no faintest stir of light upon
  Yon huddled lowlands banked in dim array,
  But in an hour the east, inert and gray,
Will move with cloud processions and, anon,
Surge up with all the colors of the dawn;
  And that red, streaming glint, whose beacon ray
  All night has sentinelled the sleeping bay,
Will toss and glimmer till the stars grow wan.

A fleet of tiny craft outbraves the deep,
  Winging its seaway o'er the harbor bar;
  And now and then the winds, returning, blow
A fisher's song, while from their hillside sleep
  The early risen echoes, near and far,
  Swing to the sailors' hearty Yo heave ho!



JOHN DANFORTH AND CAMP CARIBOU.

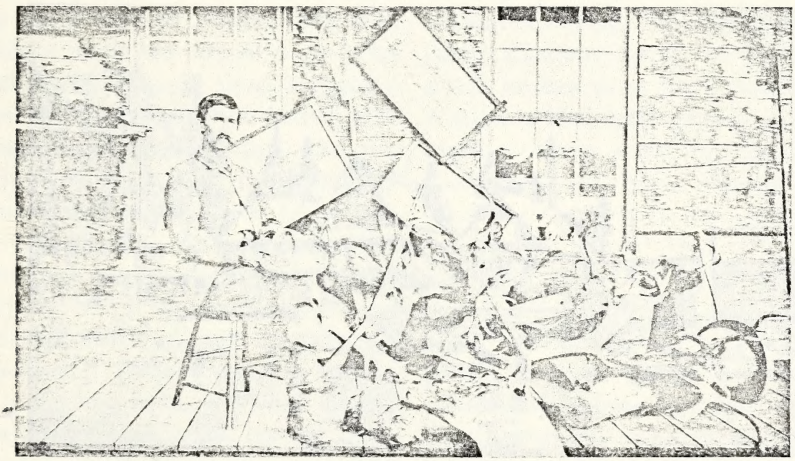
By George H. Moses.

JOHN DANFORTH, the architect of his own fortune and the builder of the most attractive sportsmen's camp in New England, was not always as constructive in his nature as his latterday labors evidence; and in his boyhood he was moved by a destructive spirit even, as for instance when he ran away from school in order to become an Indian fighter on the plains. At that time Danforth's father was a tanner in Bristol—the home of the tanner who became governor, by the way—and the lad had been put to school at the historic New Hampton institution. Scholastic restraints were irksome, however, and the lad set out to satisfy his longing "to take a few scalps," as he phrases it himself.

Scalp-taking was not a conspicuous success and John Danforth came back to his father's house with no gory trophies, but with a wide experience. The lads of the village were inclined to jeer at the chop-fallen young plainsman and the spur of ridicule drove him to quit his home again. This time he sought the forest instead of the plains and betook himself to the wilderness of Northern Maine where he decided, "from pure love of the woods," he says, to make a place for himself. With no thought of proprietorial rights Danforth "squatted" on the shores of Parmachenee lake, a lovely sheet of water in the north-west part of Oxford county, Maine, but little south of the Canada line, and in the heart of an almost unbroken wilderness. Here he built a camp, supposing the land to be public property—a supposition sanctioned by usage. Ordinarily a hunter coming into the country as Danforth did twenty-five years ago would not have been disturbed in his operations, and Danforth doubtless would have found none to molest him nor make him afraid if he had confined himself to hunting. But when he began to act as guide he provoked the enmity of a man who owned a sportsmen's camp on the Magalloway waters and who had secured certain concessions from the proprietors of the territory in return for his services as fire warden. In this fellow's sight Danforth was a rank outsider—as, no doubt, in a strictly legal sense, he was—and he determined to rid the community of his presence. Securing from a lawyer in Bethel the necessary documents of ouster he served them upon Danforth and emphasized the formal legal phraseology with harsh language of his own devising. Danforth stood not upon the order of his going but went at once—to consult a lawyer himself. He learned

that he was legally helpless, that he not only had no right to build a camp where he had, but that he must be very careful not to go upon the land bordering on the lake. He could fish, as in state waters, a certain distance from the shore, and he could traverse the navigable streams, in short, he had plenty of aquatic privileges, had them to burn, so to speak —but he was a minus quantity on land.

Danforth was in a quandary. He could not go back to Bristol; the jeers of his companions would be harder than the writ of ejectment. But he could go on; and he did. Crossing the lake he ascended the northern tributary into the next township and there set himself at work to outwit the lawyers and incidentally to outdo the bumptious process-server in the rival camp below. The outlook was far from reassuring. Danforth had nothing, beyond a few weapons and a little ammunition. But, better than tools, money, or equipment, he had a stout heart and a fertile mind, a telling combination, and he set them both in operation. The terms of the obnoxious injunction were seared into his brain, and he well knew what he must undertake to circumvent them. He was determined to fish in Parmachenee, and to open a sportsmen's camp there despite all the legal documents ever drawn in Oxford county, and he planned what was undoubtedly the most unique structure ever put together—the first Camp Caribou—a house built upon a raft so that he could anchor anywhere on the lake outside the "dead line," and still enjoy all the comforts of home.

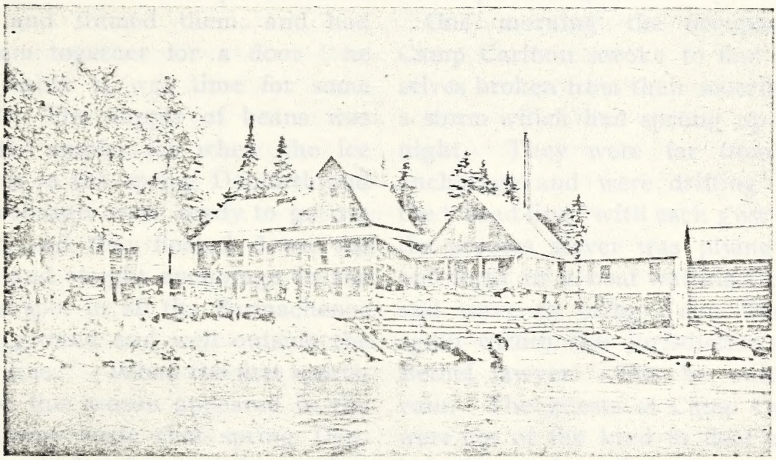


John Danforth.

House building in the woods thirty miles from the nearest base of supplies, and in midwinter at that, is not an easy undertaking. At any rate Danforth found it was not, but he began work as if house building was his trade, when as a matter of fact he had no experience in anything except scalp-taking and writs of ouster. Away over the hills lay the village of Pittsburg, Danforth's nearest trading point, and thither Danforth betook himself, and struck with the village



storekeeper one of the most wonderful bargains on record. With a confidence only equalled by Danforth's abundant courage the trader agreed to furnish supplies while Danforth was building his camp, to issue goods from the store upon Danforth's order, and to give credit for the whole until the next fall, more than a year distant. The way was now smoothed for the undertaking, and Danforth engaged men to "pack" his supplies to him during the winter, paying them in orders upon the store at Pittsburg.



Camp Caribou.

These preliminaries completed, the actual work of construction was soon under way. Danforth had no idle moments during that winter twenty-five years ago, I am sure. His nearest base of supplies, I said, was at Pittsburg, thirty miles away; but that is true only in a limited sense. His tools, his nails, the little ironwork in the building, the glass and nails, and the few tools which Danforth could afford to buy, together with his food-supplies were "packed" over the mountains from the village—but all the rest was growing in the forest, and from the forest John Danforth took it.

Considered only as a piece of carpentry the house he built is a wonder. It has stood for more than twenty years in the most severe climate which the vagaries of New England weather can produce, and is to-day good for another quarter century, at least. It is framed of small round timbers, and covered with long shingles shaved by hand and laid ten inches to the weather. The floor is of puncheons, and the interior partitions are of the same character as the roof and walls, long shingling—a construction which is very light yet amply strong. The windows and doors were wholly made by Danforth, and for this work he was compelled to make his own tools, using flat files for the purpose. Better bits of framing one could not wish to see, and as for the window sash when compared with the "boughten" article which Danforth in the days of his prosperity used in the construction of the other buildings of the camp, the home-made is far superior. The



only nails in the building are those used in the shingles, and the frame is fastened together with wooden pins, the whittling of which kept Danforth from becoming *ennuyé* during the long winter evenings.

The transformation of all this raw material called for herculean labors, and Danforth admits that by the time a fellow had cut down a tree, and had hewed it square and had whipsawed it into boards and had bunched them so that they would n't warp, and had stacked them behind the fire to season, and had planed them down, and framed them, and had put them together for a door "he would think it was time for some beans." The supply of beans was evidently ample, for when the ice went out in the spring Danforth and his novel craft were ready to go out with it, and they floated down the stream and sought anchorage in the choicest spot in all the Parmachenee fishing ground and well outside the "dead line." When the first sportsman of the season appeared in the Magalloway basin that spring Danforth was on hand to meet him and to offer him the hospitalities of his unique establishment. The idea of a floating camp was a taking one and Danforth's bunks were soon filled with eager hunters and fishermen who found in the novel situation a charm from which the added spice of danger afforded by the "dead line" detracted nothing. Danforth now came again in contact with the process server, but as he knew his rights he maintained them, though in bidding for patronage he strove to be absolutely fair to his rival. "Oh, yes," he would say to the sportsmen. "There is another camp up there and I guess it 's all right. But I'm going up to my camp, not to the other one. If you want to go with me come along." They generally came.

That first summer was a never-to-be-forgotten one. Game and fish were plenty and life on an ocean wave was delightful. That summer the camp was christened. One of the sportsmen shot a caribou and in honor of the event named the establishment Camp Caribou. The rude letters of withes which were then nailed up over the door still remain in the place of honor.

One morning the occupants of Camp Caribou awoke to find themselves broken from their moorings by a storm which had sprung up in the night. They were far from their anchorage and were drifting inside the "dead line" with each gust where the process server was plying back and forth in a boat waiting for wind and wave to bring John Danforth again within the jurisdiction of his Bethel lawyer. But he waited in vain. The guests of Camp Caribou were not of the kind to float calmly into the meshes of the law and they all turned to with a will and struggled to keep the craft off shore and to warp back to her anchorage. After several hours of hard work they succeeded, and the process server went back to Sunday Pond without the opportunity of exercising his little brief authority.

With the autumn came the harvest. The owners of the township where Parmachenee is located paid their property a visit and Danforth's cabin naturally attracted their attention. On being told the history of the craft the owners promptly disavowed the action of the process server and repu-

diated the document of the Bethel lawyer. They told Danforth to locate anywhere in the town he saw fit, but Danforth had learned the value of legal documents during the past year and asked for a ninety-nine years' right to an island in the lake which was promptly granted and Camp Caribou was propelled ashore and mounted upon a permanent foundation. The trials of John Danforth were ended; but his labors had hardly begun. He settled his account with the confiding trader at Pittsburg and began to plan for a larger establishment.

Camp Caribou was built by degrees. "When I got five dollars," says Danforth, "I would put on a piece. When I got twenty-five dollars the piece would be bigger." He built on a good many pieces before he stopped, and when the Parmachenee club was formed and took possession of Camp Caribou the floating cabin had grown to a hamlet and in the back woods were a dozen log camps for the accommodation of those hunters who found life on the island too luxurious for what they thought "roughing it" demanded.

In every move to enlarge his facilities John Danforth himself took the brunt of the burden. He stood at the corner of every camp in the back woods and lifted on the logs as they went into place. He shaved shingles for the houses on the island, he boated stone for the huge chimney and fireplace, he made doors and windows almost by the dozen, and at the same time found opportunity to act as guide, to keep the run of two or three hundred traps set in the back woods, to serve as forest fire warden, and to do many an odd job for the lumber company which succeeded to the ownership of the township. There must have been many a time when he was "ready for beans." And in addition to all this he found time to go a-courting and to marry.

His wife was indeed a help-meet for him, and Camp Caribou would not now be half the place it is were it not for its kindly chatelaine. They have one child, a bright boy, who in energy bids fair to outdo his father.

Soon after Camp Caribou was located on the island a young man cast in his fortunes with Danforth who has been connected with the establishment ever since. This man, Mr. E. L. Rogers, is now assistant manager of the Parmachenee club and has been Danforth's chief reliance during the nearly twenty years that they have been together. "Rogers," says John Danforth, "knows more about me than I know about myself. He has been with me on many a trip and we have sat together beside many a camp fire in the woods. The only thing I have against him is that I have to do the smoking for the both of us."

From the outset Camp Caribou catered only to the genuine sportsman. "I've seen lots of the other kind," says John Danforth, "but I never had any use for 'em." And with a view of perpetuating true sportsmanship Danforth formed the Parmachenee club. This is an association of wealthy gentlemen whom Danforth had entertained year after year and to whom he sold Camp Caribou five years ago with all the rights he had acquired in the adjacent forests and streams. The Parmachenee club, I venture to say, has now the best equipment of any sportsmen's

association in New England—perhaps in America. The ornate "lodges" of the Adirondack preserves are more luxurious, I know, than Camp Caribou even at its best; but nowhere is there so much of the genuine spirit of the wilderness, nowhere is there a more balmy smell of the woods, and nowhere outside of Parmachenee is there a John Danforth. The club now has in preserve not only Parmachenee lake and the township containing it but also two other townships. It owns the steamboat line which covers the first stage of the journey from the last haunt of men into the Parmachenee wilderness and manages the "Camp in the Meadows," a semi-public house at the end of the steamboat route. Its control of the thirty miles of river between the Magalloway settlement and the lake is well-nigh absolute and it is thus able to maintain its desirable privileges with little difficulty. There is, however, nothing arrogant in the club's exclusiveness and Camp Caribou shelters each season as many guests as it does club members. To enjoy the hospitality of the camp is a rare pleasure.

In his function as manager of the club John Danforth exercises an almost feudal power over a barony of considerable area. He is United States postmaster, general traffic manager for the steamboat line, the landlord of the "Camp in the Meadows," the steward of the club-house at the lake, the head farmer, the superintendent of the fish hatchery, the head guide, the surgeon, the paymaster, the purveyor, and the lawmaker of the whole country. To work for John Danforth is one of the chiefest distinctions that can come to a man in the Parmachenee country and I am inclined to believe that to know him well is a liberal education. When I think of what he has done and how he has done it, of what he has faced and what he has overcome there seem to me no words equal to my wonder and my admiration. John Danforth and Camp Caribou will always mean to me the greatest combination of energy I have ever found.

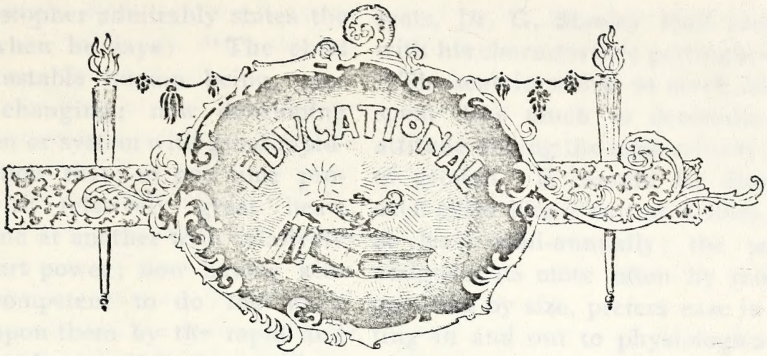
MT. WILLARD IN SEPTEMBER.

By Emilie Reade.

Yon grand and towering purple-crested cliff
Stands boldly forth to meet the coming day;
To catch the sun's first gleams, and wonder if
The God who made them can be far away.

Should weary mountain climbers stop and rest
To feast their eyes on beauties thus displayed;
A kindly cloud will fall upon her breast
And shield her like a modest village maid.

But left alone with nature and with God,
Decked in the dewy diamonds of the night,
And garlanded with wreaths of golden-rod:—
She stands, a dream of beauty and delight.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

CAN SCHOOL CHILDREN BE HEALTHY?[1]

There is certainly no subject of greater importance than the health of our children, the men and women of the future. All our successes and reverses in the work of education of those under our care are intimately connected with the health of each individual child. Of the many influences that play a role in securing health to the rising generation, none can be greater than the hygienic conditions of the school-room, in which children spend so much of their time during the period of their development. Yet how little attention is really paid to this matter. How little is really done by those in authority toward securing those hygienic conditions that would insure the best development. We hear many individuals enthusiastically expatiate upon ideal aims and ideal methods in education, all agreeing that of our children we must make ideal citizens —the perfected individual being the goal of all educational methods and the burden of every pedagogical creed.

Yet we find some of these same individuals, clothed as they are with authority, utterly ignoring the fact that in the very schools over which they exercise control, they are harboring influences that make against rather than for, the child's highest well-being—his *health*. They do not care to explain how the mind of the ideal citizen is to abide in a depleted, ill-nourished, half-developed body, or how you can perform the impossible feat of perfecting an individual morally and mentally without perfecting him physically. We must remember that we are not to deal with the child merely as an individual, but rather as an episode in the development of the future adult. True, the child is a biologic totality, but we must emphasize the fact that the one comprehensive aim of education is to so control the environment of the child as to produce the most perfect possible adult.

We must, however, first of all, remember that children are not little men and women—they are children.

[1] Editorial in *Child-Study Monthly*, June, 1895, Prof. William O. Krohn, University of Illinois, editor.

Dr. Christopher admirably states the matter when he says: "The child is an unstable human being, constantly changing; now developing this organ or system with great rapidity, and now that; at one time provided with relatively great heart power, and at another with relatively weak heart power; now having kidneys incompetent to do the work thrown upon them by the rapid and undue development of other portions of the organism, and consequently leading to the occurrence of morbid conditions, and later provided with kidneys capable of far greater strain than they are liable to be subjected to for a long time. If the various organs and systems of the child were developed exactly as needed by the remainder of the organism, and in consequence the functions of each were nicely adjusted to the needs of the organism as a whole, all would be well. But this ideal condition is not often seen, and possibly never exists. On the contrary, it is common to note the development of parts by jumps, with a necessary maladjustment of organs and a clashing of functions. The clashing of functions may be so slight as to lead only to temporary disturbances of no great importance, but it may be so severe as permanently to disable some parts."

We are all aware that nature impels the child to free and ceaseless activity; but in our schools we require him to sit still; the child needs sunlight, but the school-room is frequently dark. It is recognized by all who have studied the subject that the first steps in reading and writing require for the child as much light as is required by the adult in using the microscope. With reference to the seats, Dr. G. Stanley Hall remarks with his characteristic pertinence that "The seat in which so much time is spent does much to determine the attitude during the most critical years of growth. It should be fitted to each child like a suit of clothes, and at least semi-annually; the school assigns seats more often by rank or age than by size, prefers ease in getting in and out to physiological fit, while the form of the seat often favors a 'collapse attitude' by which chest and stomach are compressed rather than expanded, instead of developing a healthy attitude of sitting. If due consideration were given to the fundamental principles of hygiene, we would not find loss of weight on entering school, the diseases of eye, ear, spine, stomach, and throat, also headaches, so common as they are now. One of the most inexcusable of the violations of hygienic rules is the criminal crowding of our public schools. In the report of the superintendent of schools of Brooklyn for 1893, we find the following:

'If we take sixty as the largest number of pupils that one teacher can instruct with any degree of effectiveness, and the largest number that may occupy an ordinary class-room without danger to health, it appears that in October last there were 377 classes in which the conditions of effective teaching did not exist . . . Of these classes 231 had registers between 60 and 70; 65 classes had registers between 70 and 80; 22 classes had registers between 80 and 90; 18 classes had registers between 90 and 100; 2 classes had registers between 100 and 110; 16 classes had registers between 120 and 130; 4 classes had registers between 130 and

140; 2 classes had registers between 140 and 150; while one class reached the enormous total of 158.' "

Mr. Penniman in the May *Forum* in speaking of this condition of affairs justly says, "For one person to teach one hundred and fifty children is an impossible task, and that the city of Brooklyn requires some poor woman to attempt it shows an ignorance of human power and an indifference to human suffering that would be incredible of the Dark Ages. If the parent were offered the alternative of having his children go to school in a cellar, or of sharing the one hundred and fiftieth part of the time of a tired, overworked teacher, he might well hesitate before he decided. In either case it would be better for the child if he should remain at home." We all know that when classes are overcrowded, there are always many pupils who learn next to nothing that is useful, and who, beside, form habits of inattention and idleness. Furthermore, as it has been observed, the children in the overcrowded schools are of necessity so badly taught that it is actually necessary for them to go over the same year's work more than once, and the serious results of this can be seen in the fact that with many the school years are ended before they reach the higher grades. The recent reports of superintendents show an overcrowded condition of the public schools in Boston, Dorchester, Roxbury, Washington, D. C., Milwaukee, Baltimore, New York, Detroit, Buffalo, and Richmond, Va., as bad if not worse than that found in Brooklyn, as mentioned above.

That crowded schools are promotive of disease has long been recognized. Dr. Chapin in a recent article (also in the *Forum* for May), emphasizes the necessity of such recognition. Dr. Chapin finds as a result of his careful and painstaking study, apart from the vast fund of observation that he naturally gained in his connection with several large children's clinics in New York city, that the following conditions exist:

First—Many school-rooms are overcrowded, making individual classes too large, especially in the lower grades.

Second—The ventilation is often extremely defective, and the cubic air space allowed each pupil is insufficient.

Third—The light is bad in many class-rooms, especially in the lower grades. In many cities the primary schools are situated in the lower or inferior parts of the ward school buildings, which are frequently closely surrounded by high buildings. The strain to which the children's eyes are subjected by artificial lights cannot fail to weaken them.

Fourth—Many of the class-rooms are not supplied with proper furniture. Every child should, obviously, have a seat and a desk to himself, regulated according to his size. Slates should be abolished to prevent contagion and on account of cleanliness.

Fifth—In many schools there is no proper place to hang wraps and cloaks. Some school-rooms have narrow wardrobes where clothing is shut in; in others the outer garments are hung directly upon hooks in the walls. Damp and dirty outer clothing should never be kept in a school-room crowded with little children, on account of infection with germs of disease.

Dr. William H. Burnham, of Clark University, in a recent article formulates the following negative rules:

"An ordinary stove, with no means of ventilation but windows, should never be used. Steam radiators and the like should never be placed in a school-room. When fresh, warm air is introduced into a school-room the foul air register must not be placed above the warm register. Not less than thirty cubic feet of air per minute should be supplied to each pupil. The amount of air-space necessary depends upon the efficiency of the means of ventilation. Air that is to be introduced into a school-room should never be heated above 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and a much lower temperature would be better. The temperature in a school-room should not be allowed to exceed seventy; and, in well-ventilated rooms, the temperature can be kept lower without discomfort. A school-room should never be cooled below the dew-point by opening doors and windows during the intermission. All the air in a school-room should be moved. The room should be so arranged that there will be no unventilated places, or deadpoints, as the Germans call them. In the interest of the taxpayers, rooms should not be more than fourteen feet high. One or two good features are not enough in a system of heating. All the essential points must be considered."

It is hardly necessary to speak of the dangers of impure air. Every teacher and parent certainly knows its "disease producing power." But even where actual disease does not follow as a result of impure air in the school-room, who can calculate the immense detriment to study that ensues? Pure air is a pedagogical necessity. The child may exist without fresh air, but the child cannot work without fresh air.

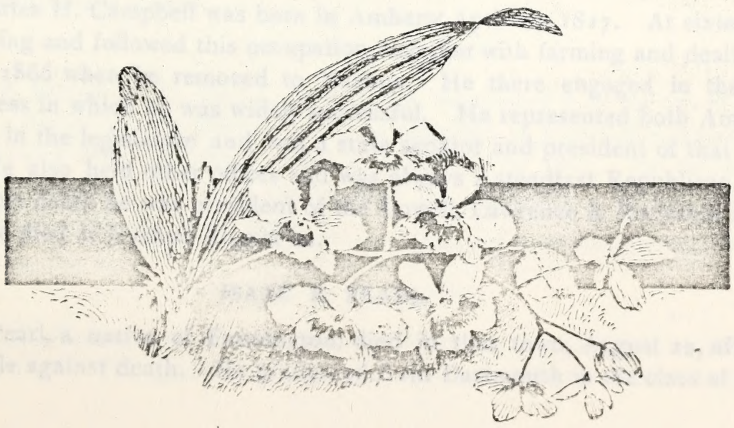
Another matter worthy the thoughtful consideration of parents and teachers is the hygienic conditions of those very common school activities of reading and writing. Among the main points to be considered in connection with reading are the size, thickness, and shape of the letters. Type should be legible at the distance of twenty-two inches. To this end the letters must be 1.6 millimeters high. Smaller type is injurious to a child's eyes. If the size is greater than 2 millimeters the rapidity with which the child is able to read is lessened. Many school books contain letters that are entirely too small, especially the atlases and geographies. We really believe the vision of every child ought to be tested with such eye tests as Snellen's Optical Cards. As to the form of the individual letters, we must remember that in reading we glance along the line a little distance above the center of the letters. We should remember, then, that the upper parts of the letters are of especial importance. Again, the shorter the line the more easily it can be read. The distance between the several letters, as well as the distance between the words is also of prime importance. The page should be well leaded, making a good interlineage. Dr. Hermann Cohn, author of the excellent work, "The Hygiene of the Eye," says, "In the future, I would have all school authorities with measuring rule in hand prohibit the reading of all books not conforming to the following measurements: The height of the smallest

'n' must be at least .06 inches, the least width between the lines must be .1 inches, the least thickness of the 'n' must be .01 inches, the shortest distance between the letters must be .03 inches, the greatest length of the text line must be but 4 inches, and the number of letters on a line must not exceed 60."

All type should be black and the paper untransparent with a yellowish or grayish white tint. Our reference books, such as atlases and dictionaries, are the most poorly printed of any of our school-books. School-books are, however, better printed on better paper in the United States than anywhere else in the world. This does not mean, however, that there is no room for further improvement.

With reference to writing, it should be said, the vertical script has many advantages over the usual script slanting to the right. The vertical script movement is rapidly spreading over the country.

Let us as parents and teachers seek to remedy as rapidly as possible the unhygienic and unsanitary conditions of those school-rooms in which we have special interest, *i. e.*, the schools which our children attend or in which we attempt to teach. Let us remember that everything about the building should contribute to the health and growth of childhood. The state as well as the parent owes it to the child to bring his mind and body to the fullest maturity of which they are capable. The whole matter is tersely summed up by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, whose great heart has ever beat in sympathetic unison with that of the humblest child. "A ton of knowledge bought at the cost of an ounce of health, which is the most ancient and precious form of wealth and worth, costs more than its value. Better the old knightly contempt of pen and book-work as the knack of craven, thin-blooded clerks, better idyllic ignorance of even the invention of Cadmus, if the worst that the modern school now causes must be taken in order to get the best it has to give. Sooner or later everything pertaining to education, from the site of the buildings to the contents of every text-book, and the methods of each branch of study must be scrutinized with all the care and detail at the command of scientific pedagogy, and judged from the standpoint of health. *What shall a child give in exchange for his health, or what shall it profit a child if he gain the whole world of knowledge and lose his own health?*"



NECROLOGY.

CHARLES PARKER.

Charles Parker, born in Lisbon, May 21, 1826, died in that town August 25. He was educated in the town schools, at Newbury seminary, and at Phillips academy, Danville, Vt. In 1851 he formed with James R. Young a partnership which continued until Mr. Young's death in 1884. They were at first engaged in the mercantile and manufactuing business at Lyman, but in 1856 extended the scope of their operations to Lisbon. After Mr. Young's death the Parker & Young Manufacturing Company was formed with Mr. Parker as its treasurer and general manager. He had represented both Lyman and Lisbon in the legislature and was one of the first directors of the Lisbon bank. Of unflagging energy, determined and resolute, the town of Lisbon owes to him more than to any other one man her growth and present prosperity. He is survived by a wife, two daughters and a son.

JEROME C. BUTLER.

Col. Jerome Camillas Butler of Portsmouth died at his summer home on Wallis Sands, Rye, August 23. He was born at St. Johnsbury, Vt., May 3, 1832, and attended the public schools there. In 1864 he and his wife removed to Portsmouth where for a year he worked as a book-keeper. He then went into the grocery business for himself and in 1868 took in John Laighton as a partner. This relation was dissolved in 1882 by the retirement of Mr. Butler. Since that time he had been engaged in the real estate and insurance business. He is survived by a wife, son, and daughter.

CHARLES H. CAMPBELL.

Hon. Charles H. Campbell was born in Amherst April 24, 1827. At sixteen he began teaching and followed this occupation, together with farming and dealing in cattle, until 1866 when he removed to Nashua. He there engaged in the real estate business in which he was widely successful. He represented both Amherst and Nashua in the legislature and was a state senator and president of that body in 1872. He also held other offices and was always a steadfast Republican. At the time of his death he was president of the Lowell, Lawrence & Haverhill street railway. He died at Nashua August 22.

ISAAC E. PEARL.

Isaac E. Pearl, a native of Farmington, died in that town, August 22, after a brave struggle against death. He graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1882

and was admitted to the Suffolk county bar in 1885. He practised his profession at Haverhill, Mass., Boston, and Rochester, and was generally recognized as a keen and able lawyer. He also took a great interest in educational matters. He was 38 years of age.

C. W. GLIDDEN.

C. W. Glidden was born in Durham 60 years ago and died at Lynn September 4. He had been engaged in the shoe business in that city for over 30 years and at the time of his death was superintendent of the McKay & Bigelow Heeling Machine Company of Boston. He was a well-known and highly successful inventor of machines to be used in the shoe business.

C. G. McALPINE.

Christopher G. McAlpine was born in Concord in 1819 and died at Henniker September 2. He had been extensively engaged in the lumber business and was one of the first to breed blooded cattle. In 1869 and 1870 he represented Warner in the legislature and was a member of the Merrimack county board of commissioners for three years.

GEORGE C. EATON.

George C. Eaton, a native of New Hampshire, died at Pigeon, Mich., September 1. He was for a long time an engineer on the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad and at the time of his death was employed in the same capacity by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. During the war he was a member of the Tennessee construction brigade.

SAMUEL D. LANE.

Samuel D. Lane was born at North Hampton 86 years ago and died there September 8. He was educated at Hampton Academy and was for eleven years a silversmith with Newell, Harding & Co., Boston. He then returned to the home farm, where he resided until his death. He had held a commission of justice of the peace since 1839, was moderator of the town for 33 years, and served three years in the legislature. He was a life-long Democrat and a close personal friend of President Franklin Pierce.

DR. JOHN P. ELKINS.

John P. Elkins, M. D., died at Farmington, September 8, at the age of 56 years. He was a native of New Durham and was educated at Pittsfield Academy and at the Brunswick Medical School, where he graduated in 1861. He settled in Wilmot and represented that town two terms in the legislature. He had been a resident of Farmington for seven years.

DR. A. H. HAVEN.

Dr. A. H. Haven, who died in Boston September 12, was born in Portsmouth April 26, 1836. He graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1861 and

was for several years in the government service as a surgeon. Since the war he had practised his profession in New York city and was for a time in charge of one of the hospitals at Randall's island. He had been an extensive contributor to medical magazines and other periodicals.

NATHAN AYER.

Nathan Ayer died in Concord September 10, at the age of 90 years. He was born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., and had resided there, at Newbury, Vt., and at Penacook. He is survived by two children, Rev. F. D. Ayer, D. D., of Concord, and Mrs. Caroline H. Ludwig of Philadelphia.

NICHOLAS DREW.

Nicholas Drew of Durham died at the age of 96 years. He was born in Brookfield but had lived on the same farm in Durham for eighty years. He cast his first ballot for William Henry Harrison and had voted at every town and national election since. A hundred acre farm was the fruit of his unaided labors. Up to the time of his death he cut all of the wood used in his family.

WILLIAM J. CALLAGHAN.

William Joseph Callaghan, one of the best known young railroad men in New England, was born in Montreal, July 23, 1872, and died at Laconia September 11. He graduated at St. Ann's University, Montreal, in 1886, and in 1887 became private secretary of the general superintendent of the Canadian Pacific railway. In 1890 he entered the employ of the Concord & Montreal as secretary to its general manager and at the time of his death was the chief clerk in that office.

DEARBORN MORSE.

Dearborn Morse died at Chester, September 14, at the age of 75 years. He served throughout the Civil War and was a member of Louis Bell post, G. A. R. He is survived by six children, one of whom, William T., is editor of the Derry *News*.

The N. H. *Argus and Spectator* of Newport says: "The GRANITE MONTHLY is becoming, indeed it has already become, a magazine of which New Hampshire people have a right to feel proud. A significant thing in connection with it is that it is progressive. It improves month by month, and not only are its contents of an elevating, useful, and entertaining character, but it is a gem of a publication mechanically. The half-tones with which it is adorned are works of art rarely excelled in any of the first class publications of the country."

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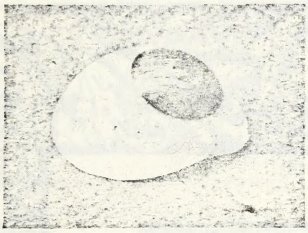
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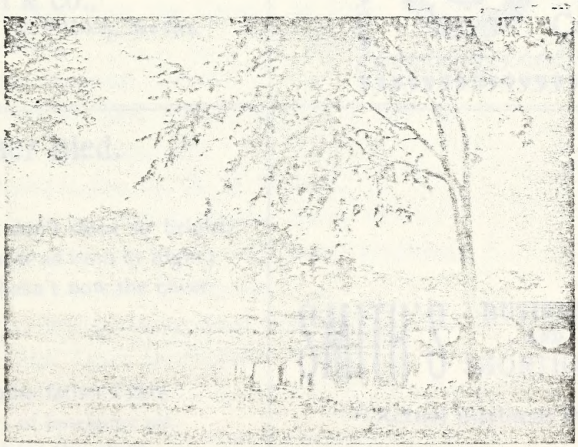
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Volume XIX NOVEMBER Number 5

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Since father died the sun don't shine so bright,
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The Sunday church bell hasn't now the cheer
It had when he was here;
Since father died.

The little chickens now miss father's care
And go 'round with a sort of lonesome air.
There is no kind of joy about the place
Without his smiling face;
Since father died.

The garden tools hang in the apple trees,
The weeds are nearly killing off the peas,
There's no one here to hoe the garden now,
Or feed the horse or cow;
Since father died.

Nicholas Frost says I ought to be resigned,—
He paid the State Mutual life insurance, and I find
It saves me the work of many years,—
I try to dry my tears
Since father died.

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MISS AMANDA B. HARRIS will treat of the town of WARNER in a delightful historical article in the December GRANITE MONTHLY.

Subscription: $2.00 per year; $1.50 if paid in advance; 20 cents per copy.
Entered at the post-office at Concord, N. H., as second-class matter.
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Illustrated, printed, and electrotyped by the Republican Press Association, Concord, N. H.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

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RIPANS TABULES

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From the Rev. Dr. EDWARD L. CLARK,
Pastor of the Congregational Church, Boston, Mass.

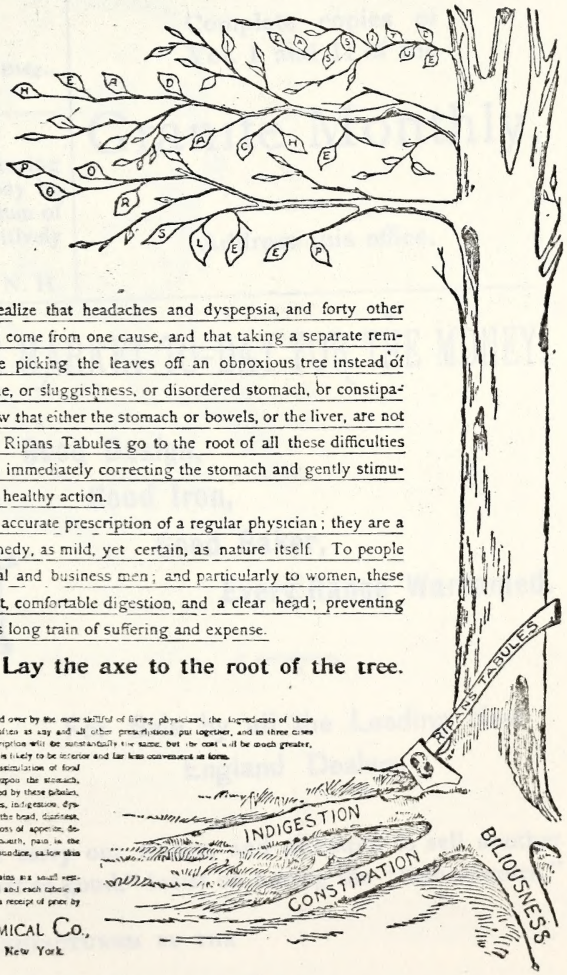
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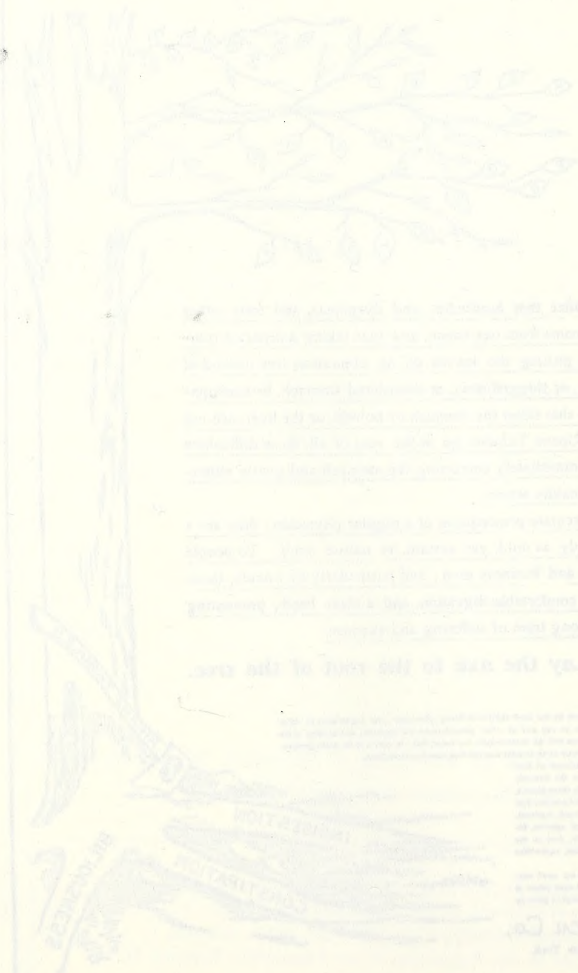
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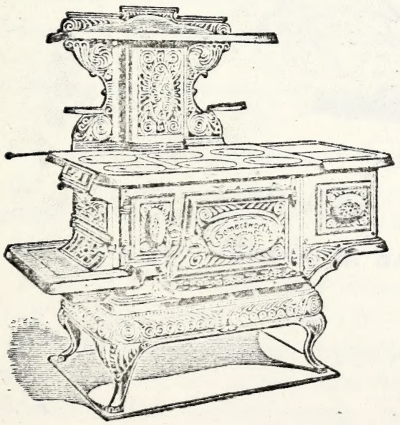
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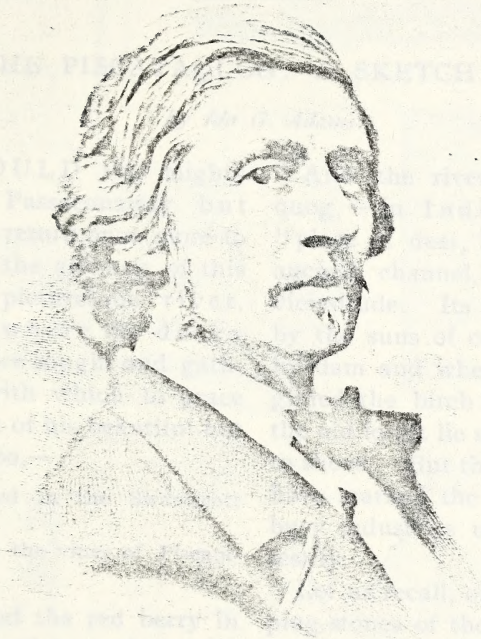
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XIX. NOVEMBER, 1895. No. 5.

ALONG THE PISCATAQUOG: A SKETCH OF WEARE.

By Ida G. Adams.

COULD the mighty Passaconaway but return once more to the shores of this picturesque river, where the dusky children of his race sought and gathered the fruit with which to grace the wedding feast of his beautiful but ill-fated Weetamoo,—

"Cranberries picked in the Swamscott bog,
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog."

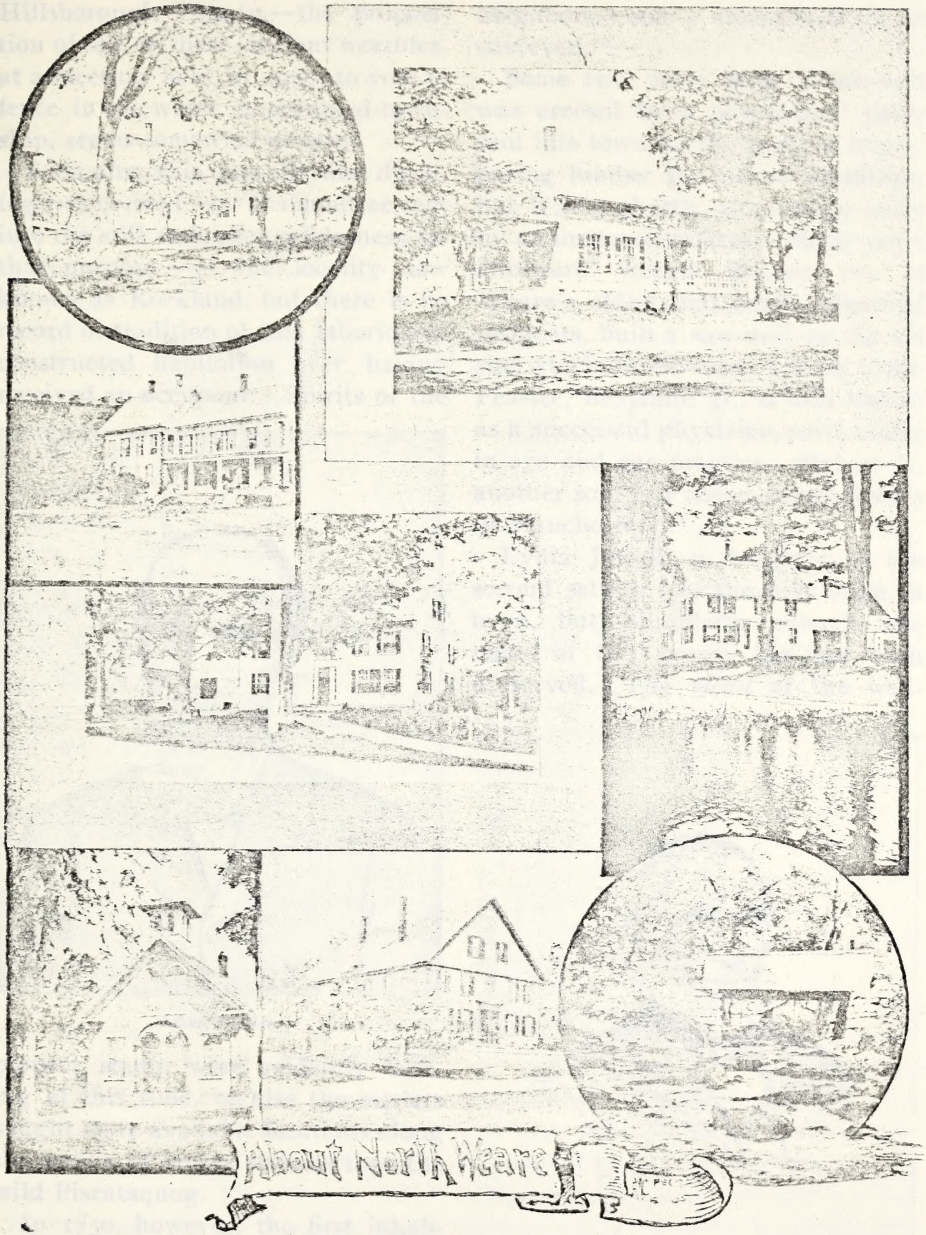
he would still find the red berry in the Swamscott meadow, and the rich clusters of purple fruit mirrored in the gliding stream.

But he would find, also, change—marvellous change. Where he once, with stealthy footsteps, tracked the wild beast of the forest, now lie the homes of the all-conquering "paleface," nestled upon the hillsides and sunning themselves in the valleys. Where then stood, like "giant sentinels," the lofty pines, now points upward the spire of the village church, wherein is worshipped the white man's God.

And the river, the old Piscataquog,—in Indian vernacular the "place of deer,"—still flows in its ancient channel, but it, too, shows vicissitude. Its waters are depleted by the suns of centuries, and vexed by dam and wheel; and where once glided the birch canoe, trunks from the old forest lie stretched from shore to shore. But that thrift and energy have marked the course of time, the busy industries upon its banks now testify.

Let us recall, one by one, the stepping-stones of the old town's march toward progress.

Originally known as Halestown,—from Col. Robert Hale, who was the first petitioner for the grant of a township to surviving soldiers of Sir William Phipps's unfortunate expedition to Canada,—the name clung to the town until long after the Revolution. The settlement of the state line, in 1740, located this and several other Massachusetts grants in New Hampshire. In 1746 the Masonian proprietors granted several townships to bodies of men called "town-proprietors"; and among these was



Residence of D. P. Woodbury.
Forest Villa.
School-house.
The Hollis House.
Residence of L. M. Sawyer.
The Greenleaf Place.
Residence of Abner P. Collins.
Bridge near Toy Shop.

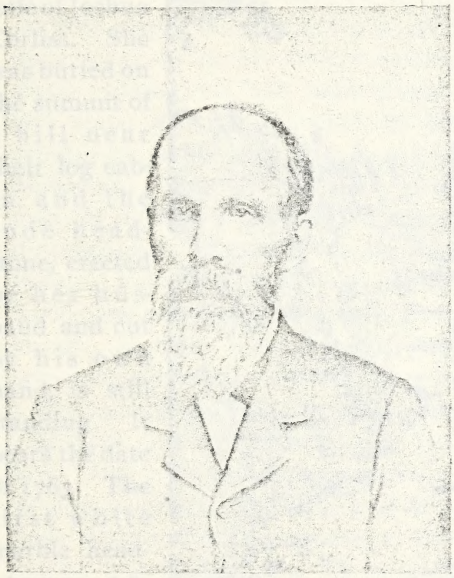
Halestown, which was voted to Ichabod Robie and his associates, one of whom was Meshech Weare, for whom the town was afterward named. It was now known as Robiestown, from the name of its leading proprietor.

Considering the extent of the town limits,—it being the largest town in



Hillsborough county,—the proposition of one of these ancient worthies, at a meeting held in 1750, to vote to fence in the whole unoccupied township, seems somewhat absurd.

Soon after this date the first dwelling was erected—by a committee sent into the still unbroken wilderness for that purpose — at the locality now known as Rockland, but there is no record or tradition of this laboriously constructed habitation ever having received an occupant. Spirits of the



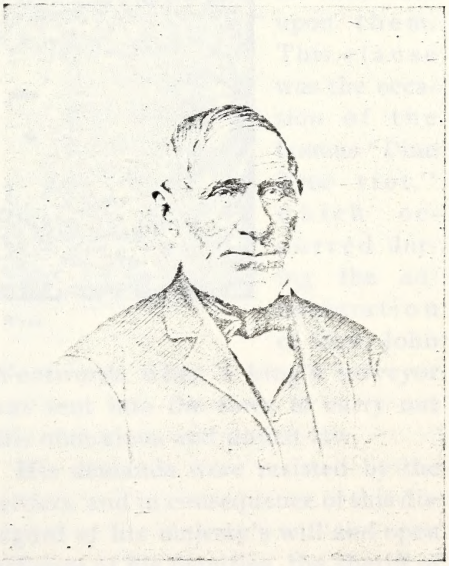
Robert Peaslee.

pioneer stamp were evidently lacking at this time, or else the settlers sought more available locations along the banks of larger streams than the wild Piscataquog.

In 1750, however, the first inhabitant, Nathaniel Martin, made his appearance, and soon reared his rude log cabin in the southern section. Here for some time he lived, with his young wife, the town's only occupant, — with the exception of sundry bears, wolves, and other similar neighbors,—sole "monarch of all he surveyed."

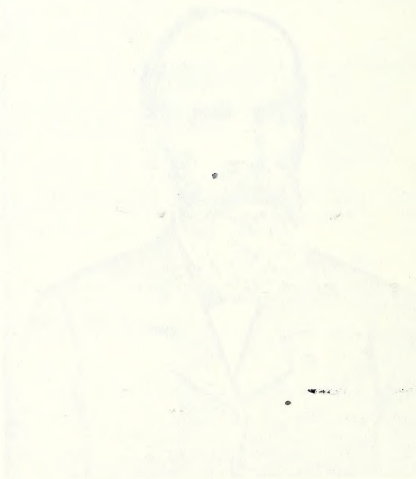
Some two years later a saw-mill was erected by a proprietors' party sent into town for the purpose of preparing lumber for future dwellings, but it was shortly after swept away by an immense freshet. Many years afterward, Robert Peaslee, one of Weare's oldest and most influential residents, built a saw-mill on the old site, which he still runs. (A son of Mr. Peaslee, Benjamin D., is well known as a successful physician, particularly in eye and ear practice. Robert J., another son, is a rising young lawyer in Manchester.)

Lydia Jewell, a daughter of the second settler, was the first bride in town, but, singularly enough, the name of the groom has not been preserved. The *menu* of the wed-



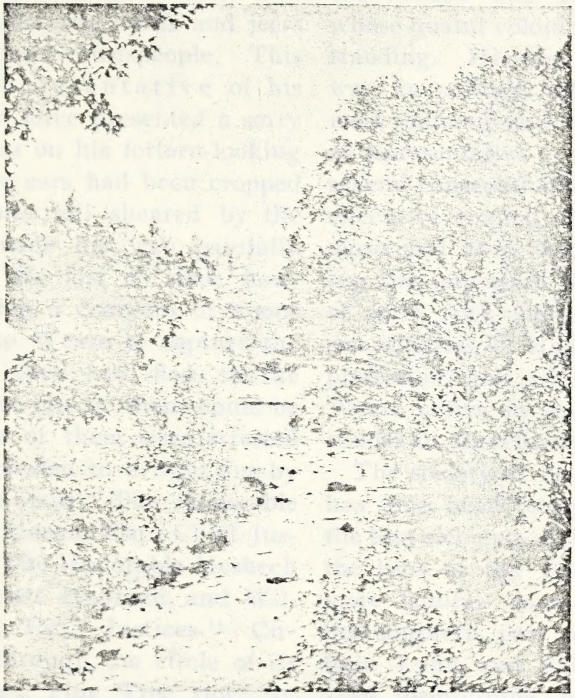
Hon. John L. Hadley.

ding-feast, however, — of more importance evidently than the bridegroom, — consisting of "bear-steak and beans," is still on record.



A little later, during the French and Indian War, roving bands of red men were occasionally seen, but so far as known they committed no depredations. Relics of them have been from time to time found in various localities, but it is supposed that they totally disappeared after this date, leaving the township entirely safe for future settlement.

The first recorded death is that of the wife of Joshua Corliss. She was buried on the summit of a hill near their log cabin, and the rude headstone, erected by her husband and cut by his own hand, is still standing. It bears the date of 1763. The first white marble headstone appeared in town some fifty years later over the grave of William Dustin, and bears this inscription: "The grave is the subterraneous road to bliss."



A Bit of the River.

By the year 1764 the requisite number of settlers had arrived in town, and the Robiestown proprietors, having complied with the terms of their grant, no longer feared the threatened forfeiture. There were probably at this time between twenty and thirty families.

The next event, September 21, 1764, was the granting of a charter of incorporation by Gov. Benning Wentworth, in which he named the town Weare in honor of Meshech Weare, the first governor—or, as the office was then termed, president—of the state after its freedom from British rule.

Among other things, this charter decreed that all white pine trees suitable for masts should be reserved for the use of the royal navy, and the sign of the broad arrow, or the large "R"—for Rex—cut upon them. This clause was the occasion of the famous "Pine Tree riot," which occurred during the administration of Gov. John Wentworth, when a king's surveyor was sent into the town to carry out this obnoxious and unjust law.

His demands were resisted by the settlers, and in consequence of this disregard of his majesty's will and open defiance of his deputies, the sheriff of the county was sent to Weare with warrants for the arrest of the recalcitrant subjects. This limb of the law, who had already earned the hatred of the liberty-loving settlers, met with a

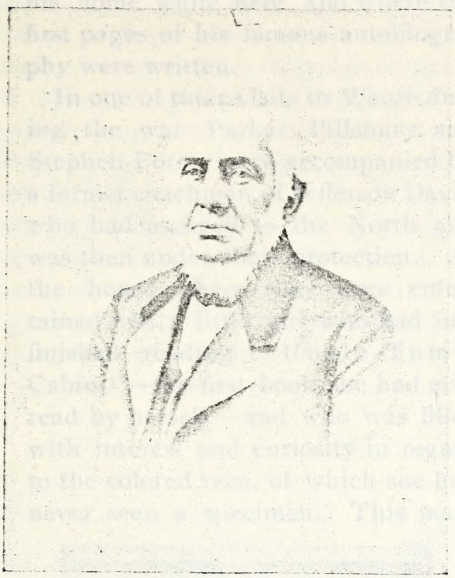


decidedly rough reception, when his slumbers at Aaron Quimby's inn were rudely interrupted at early dawn by a score of men with blacked faces who burst into his room, disarmed him, and holding him from the floor, face downward, gave him a most unmerciful beating. Having thrashed him to their heart's content, the party placed him upon his horse and started him homeward amid the scoffs and jeers of the indignant townspeople. This particular representative of his majesty must have presented a sorry appearance as on his forlorn-looking steed—whose ears had been cropped and mane and tail sheared by the rebels—he made his way painfully homeward. He lost no time, however, in having a company of troops despatched to Weare to capture the rioters, but they had fled to the woods and not one of them could be found. Most of them were arrested later and subjected to a light fine by a court made up of "The Honorable Theodore Atkinson, Esq., Chief Justice," and "The Honorable Meshech Weare, Leverett Hubbard, and William Parker, Esq., Justices." Circumscribed through the circle of its influence the "Pine Tree riot" of Weare showed the same daring spirit of stubborn resistance to British aggression that marked the memorable Boston "tea-party" two years later, and doubtless had as much effect in preparing the hardy settlers of the vicinity for the impending struggle, as did the fiery eloquence of Patrick Henry or the indomitable courage of Samuel Adams.

Service in the French and Indian War had already prepared many of the settlers for active participation in the Revolution, during which struggle the patriotism of the town was conspicuously shown, its record being over two hundred men in actual service and a representation on nearly every battlefield from Bunker Hill to Yorktown.

Among Weare's leading Revolutionary officers was Captain George Hadley, who had already served in the French and Indian War, and whose quaint colonial mansion is still standing. His son, John L. Hadley, was, in political affairs, the town's most eminent native; having served as representative to the general court several consecutive terms, later in the executive council of Governor Dinsmore, and from 1850 to 1855 occupying the important office of secretary of state with marked ability. His son, Charles J. Hadley, a lawyer by profession, and while a resident of Weare active in town politics, now resides in Manchester.

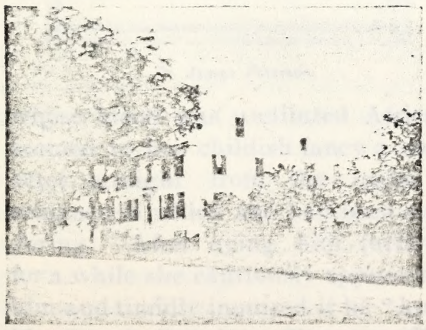
The society of Friends or Quakers has long been recognized as one of the best elements of the town. About the time of the Revolution fifty or more families came to Weare from the southern part of the state and from Lynn and Salem, Mass. In 1776 twenty-nine members of the society refused to sign the Association Test, not from any lack of patriotism, but because their religion forbade their taking up arms. In 1795 two "meeting-houses" were erected by them in different parts of the town which are still standing and known as the "North" and "South" meeting-houses. For about eighty years a quarterly meeting has been held here, and the Friends of Weare have always been noted for their bounteous hospitality at these times. The fact that the sect from its foundation



Moses Sawyer.

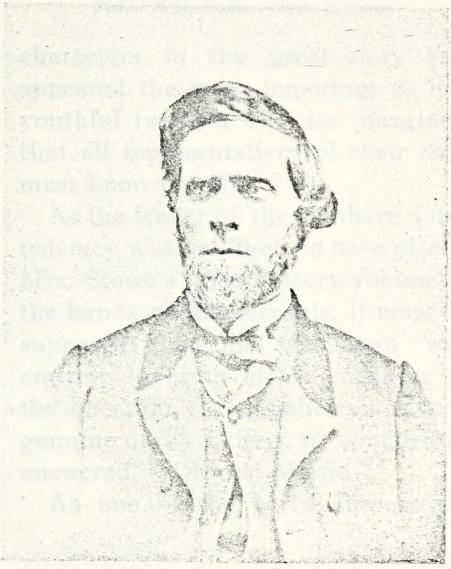
has accorded to women the same rights and privileges which the men of the society enjoy, proves the progressive spirit of its members, and their influence has always been felt on the side of right and justice in every great reform movement of the day. On the slavery question they were particularly outspoken, and the venerable Parker Pillsbury in a recent letter says:

"Weare was early in the anti-slavery field. The large Quaker influence was always opposed to slavery,



Moses Sawyer House—"Underground Railway" Station.

and from the days of John Woolman none of that denomination ever held slaves. No town was better represented at the large anti-slavery conventions held in Concord and Boston than was Weare. The Hodgdons, the Sawyers, the Greenleafs, the Goves, and others, were ever a tower



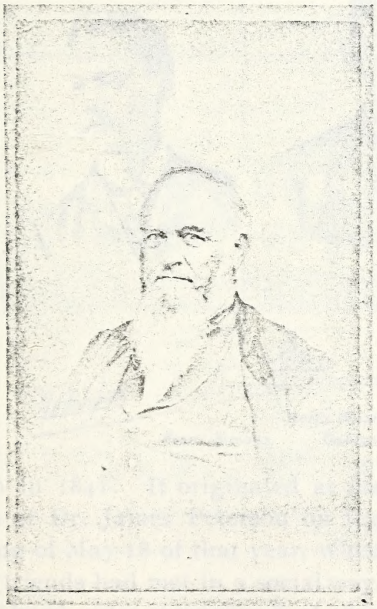
Hon. William H. Gove.

of strength against all slave-holding at the South or slave-hunting at the North, or wherever the fugitive was found."

Large anti-slavery meetings were frequently held in Weare and addressed by such men and women as Parker Pillsbury, Frederick Douglass, Stephen Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, and Lucy Stone. The residences of Moses Sawyer, who established and managed the Weare woollen mills from 1831 to 1886, and Moses Cartland,—both influential Friends,—were stations of the "underground railway," and it was at the former that Frederick Douglass made

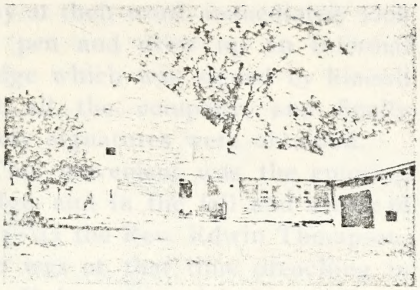
his home while here, and where the first pages of his famous autobiography were written.

In one of their visits to Weare during the war Parker Pillsbury and Stephen Foster were accompanied by a former coachman of Jefferson Davis, who had escaped to the North and was then under their protection. At the house where they were entertained was a little girl who had just finished reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—the first book she had ever read by herself,—and who was filled with interest and curiosity in regard to the colored race, of which she had never seen a specimen. This man,



Dr. James Peterson.

whose blood was undiluted African, seemed to her childish fancy a character straight from the realm of romance in which she had been wandering. After eying him furtively for a while she cautiously approached him and timidly inquired if he "knew Mose and Pete?" These trifling

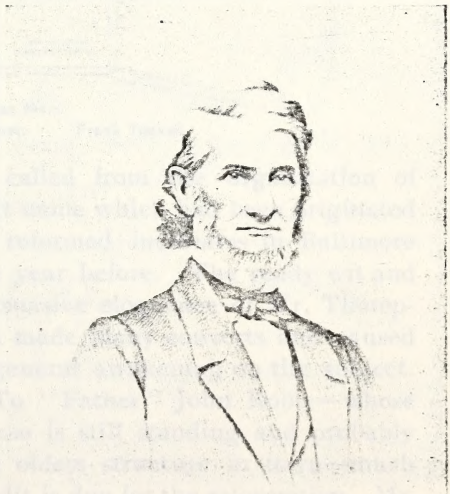


Father Robie House—Oldest in Town.

characters in the great story had appeared the most important to her youthful intellect and she imagined that all representatives of their race must know them.

As the leader of the southern Confederacy was not likely to have placed Mrs. Stowe's inflammatory volume in the hands of his servants, it must be supposed that his coachman was entirely ignorant of the meaning of the question. Nevertheless, with a genuine darky guffaw, he confidently answered, "Oh yes, Missie!"

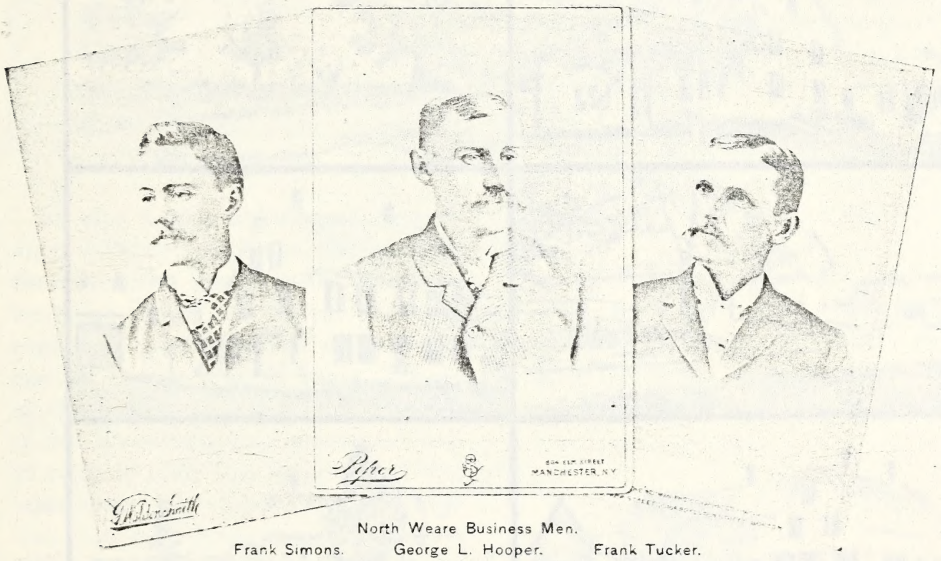
As one of the early anti-slavery



Moses A. Cartland.

speakers, the late Hon. William H. Gove, of North Weare, was widely known as "the silver-tongued orator of New Hampshire." He subsequently represented the town for several years in the legislature, and served both as speaker of the house and president of the senate. He was twice a member of national conventions, and has the recognition of a biographical sketch in "Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography."

A great temperance agitation was



North Weare Business Men.
Frank Simons. George L. Hooper. Frank Tucker.

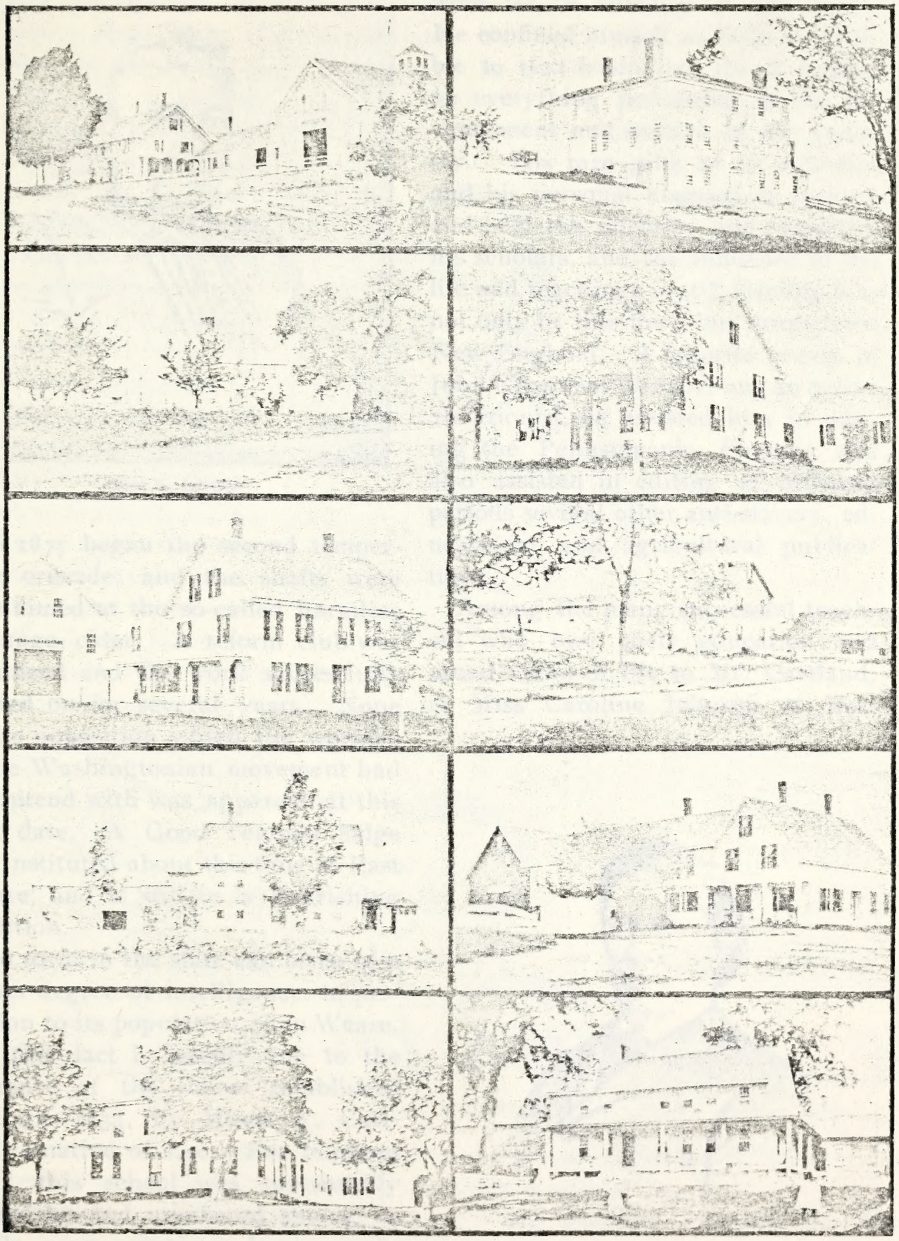
begun in 1841. It originated at the house of Dr. James Peterson on the evening of May 18 of that year, when a few friends had met in a social way. The "hard cider campaign" of 1840 had so intensified the habit of intemperance that thinking people began to be alarmed. The subject came up for discussion on the evening in question, and some one suggested that it was time to stop drinking and sign the total abstinence pledge—which meant abstinence from all but cider. The doctor, taking the company at their word, immediately took his pen and drew up an informal pledge which was signed by himself and all the company, and finally ninety signatures were obtained.

This movement was the entering wedge, and in the fall and winter of 1841–'42 the Rev. Edwin Thompson, who was at that time preaching in the Universalist church at Weare Centre, entered the temperance field and formed an association known as the "Weare Washingtonian Society," so called from the organization of that name which had been originated by reformed inebriates in Baltimore the year before. The ready wit and persuasive eloquence of Mr. Thompson made many converts and caused a general awakening on the subject.

To "Father" John Robie—whose house is still standing and probably the oldest structure in town—much credit is due for the reformation. Mr. Robie was a conscientious Quaker, an able, intelligent man, and an untiring worker in the temperance cause.

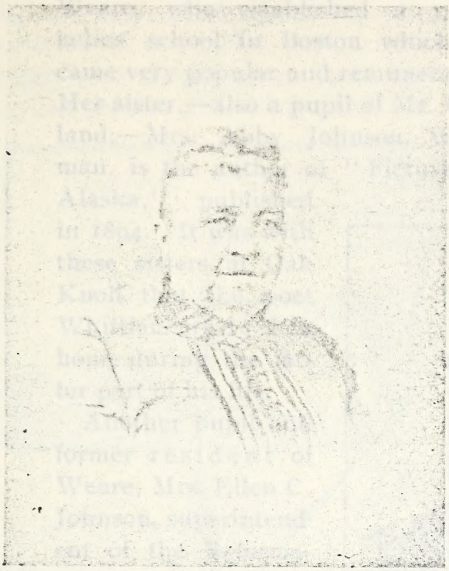


Zephaniah Breed, also a Quaker, was another zealous advocate of total abstinence, and has always been prominent in the work, taking hold of each successive movement up to the present time with unabated courage.



S. D. Bennett. Typical Houses. Baker's Hill.
Frank Bartlett. Perley Bartlett.
Eben Bartlett. G. H. Bixby.
D. B. Gove. Allen House.
R. W. Emerson. Elm Farm.





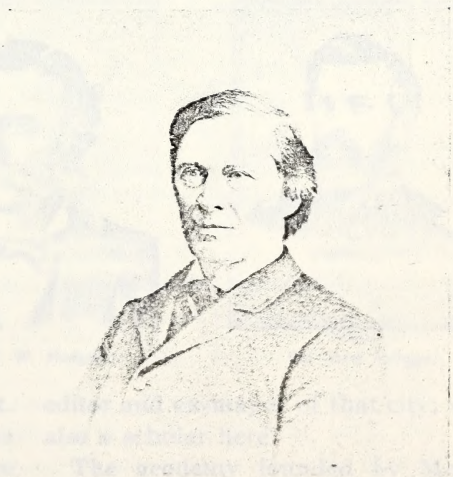
Ellen C. Johnson.

In 1877 began the second temperance crusade, and the shafts were then aimed at the so-called harmless beverage, cider. A reform club was organized and the work successfully carried on for several years. None of the opposition which the workers in the Washingtonian movement had to contend with was apparent at this later date. A Good Templar lodge was instituted about this time at East Weare, and is still in a flourishing condition.

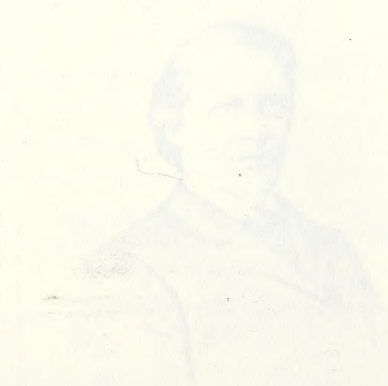
No town in the state can boast of a higher degree of intelligence, in proportion to its population, than Weare, and this fact is largely due to the influence of the school established here in 1834, by Moses A. Cartland, a native of Lee. For fourteen years this school was successfully carried on and numbered among its pupils representatives from nearly every New England and Middle state and at one time several from the "mother" country,—an English family who were sent here to be educated.

Mr. Cartland had remarkable ability as a teacher, and his methods were far in advance of the times. He confined himself as little as possible to text-books, but dwelt largely on everything pertaining to the advancement and welfare of the country. His rare gifts as an educator and his personal magnetism secured and held the affection and respect of his scholars, and the influence of his life and teachings is still forcibly felt, not only in this town but throughout New England. A favorite cousin of John Greenleaf Whittier and an active abolitionist, he assisted him in editing the Pennsylvania *Freeman* and also assisted in editing at different periods several other anti-slavery, educational, and agricultural publications.

Among the many successful teachers who owe their education and broad views of life to Mr. Cartland, is Miss Caroline Johnson of East



Dav'd Cross.



Weare, who established a young ladies' school in Boston which became very popular and remunerative. Her sister,—also a pupil of Mr. Cartland,—Mrs. Abby Johnson Woodman, is the author of "Picturesque Alaska," published in 1894. It was with these sisters at Oak Knoll that the poet Whittier made his home during the latter part of his life.



Col. O. W. Lull.

Another pupil and former resident of Weare, Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, superintendent of the Reformatory Prison for Women at Sherborn, Mass., has a world-wide reputation as an executive and successful official, and has demonstrated the fact that her sex is not lacking in the qualifications which make the opposite sex great. She has accomplished wonders in the management of the institution since she assumed full charge of its many departments, and with her shrewd business capacity and knowledge of country produce has increased the value of the farm and establishment in an immeasurable degree. Her position is one which requires brain, nerve, and physical force; and that she has the three essentials combined is shown by her successful financial management of this immense institution, her control of the rough element of its inmates, and the constitution which is still vigorous after these many years of arduous labor. Her influence over the unfortunate women under her charge is remarkable, and her work a noble and enduring one.

Hon. Parsons B. Cogswell, who has been for many years a leading member of the school board of Concord, as well as a prominent editor and ex-mayor of that city, was also a scholar here.

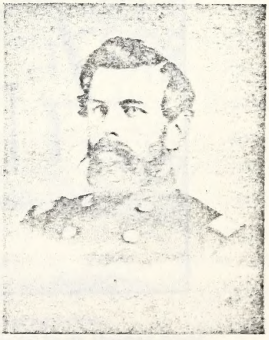
The academy founded by Moses Cartland was pleasantly situated near a small wood, and the place was christened by him "Clinton Grove," in honor of DeWitt Clinton, the



Col. Jesse Gove.

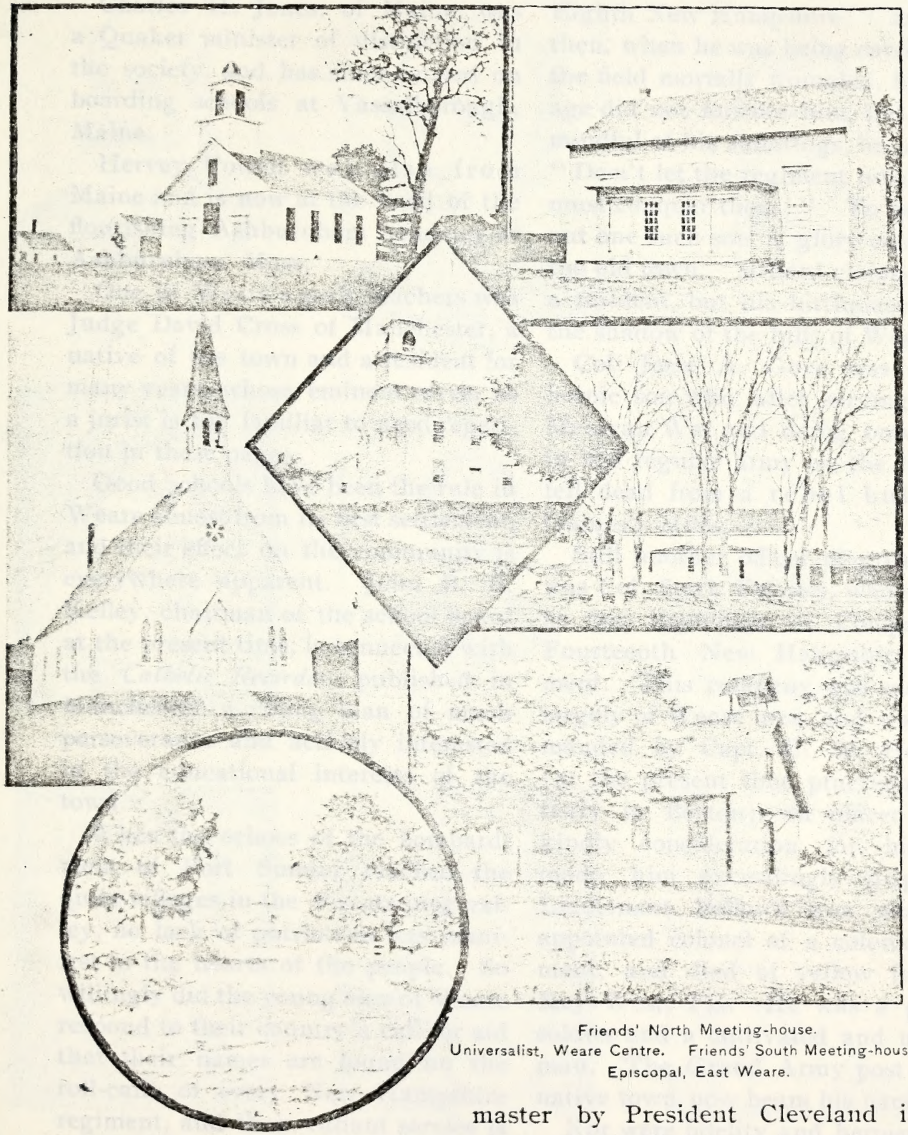


Capt. C. W. Hodgdon.



Col. Stark Fellows.

engineer of the Erie canal. In connection with this school may be mentioned several men who have had marked success as teachers, and who at one time practised their profession in this little rural district.



Village Churches.
Baptist, East Weare.
Union Church, South Weare.
Congregational, North Weare.
Friends' North Meeting-house.
Universalist, Weare Centre. Friends' South Meeting-house.
Episcopal, East Weare.

Josiah G. Dearborn of South Weare was for many years a teacher in Boston, and afterward a lawyer in Manchester, where he was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland in 1886. This office he held until the change of administration. He served also as state treasurer in 1874. His brother, Heman Allen Dearborn, is a professor of Latin in Tufts College.

Henry Thorndike, a son of Thomas



Thorndike, a leading Quaker in town, taught, with his wife, for many years in New England and Iowa, and afterward among several tribes in Indian Territory.

Charles H. Jones, of Maine, was a Quaker minister of distinction in the society, and has since carried on boarding schools at Vassalborough, Maine.

Hervey Cowell was also from Maine and is now at the head of the flourishing Ashburnham Academy at Ashburnham, Mass.

One of Weare's early teachers was Judge David Cross of Manchester, a native of the town and a resident for many years, whose eminent career as a jurist is too familiar to need repetition in these pages.

Good schools have been the rule in Weare almost from its first settlement, and their effect on the community is everywhere apparent. John R. B. Kelley, chairman of the school board at the present time, is connected with the *Catholic Recorder*, published in Manchester, a young man of much perseverance and actively interested in the educational interests of the town.

When the echoes of the bombardment of Fort Sumter reached the quiet villages in the Piscataquog valley, no lack of patriotism was manifest in the hearts of the people. So willingly did the young men of Weare respond to their country's call for aid that their names are found on the roll-calls of every New Hampshire regiment, and their valiant service is proved by the shattered bodies of some still living as well as by the flag-draped graves on many a hillside.

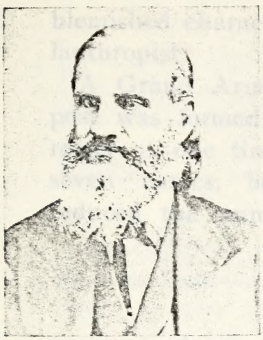
No braver man ever met death upon the battle-field than Col. Oliver W. Lull. At the siege of Port Hudson, while at the head of his troops, fighting hand to hand with the frantic Confederates, he fell, waving his sword and shouting, "Forward, Eighth New Hampshire!" and even then, when he was being carried from the field mortally wounded, his courage did not forsake him, but, all unmindful of his sufferings, he pleaded: "Don't let the regiment break! We must conquer them!" To have sent out one such son is glory enough for the old town. Milford claims him as a resident, but his birthplace was in the shadow of the hills of Weare.

Col. Jesse A. Gove was another heroic son who, after serving in the Mexican War and doing brave work in the regular army on the frontier, fell dead from a rebel bullet at Gaines's Mills.

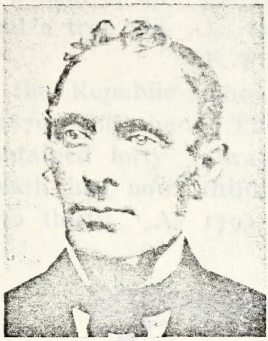
Still another officer of great merit was Col. Stark Fellows, who enlisted as first lieutenant of Company D, Fourteenth New Hampshire regiment. This company was composed largely of Weare men, and was commanded by Capt. C. W. Hodgdon (at the present time practising dentistry in Boston), an officer whose kindly consideration for his men made him exceedingly popular. Lieutenant Fellows was afterward appointed colonel of a colored regiment, and died of yellow fever at Key West, Fla. He was a gallant soldier and a cultivated and upright man. The Grand Army post of his native town now bears his name.

Nor were fidelity and heroism confined to the men who bore official titles, but were found all through the ranks. Two of Weare's sons came back to Weare with empty sleeves,—Joseph Mayo, who held the position

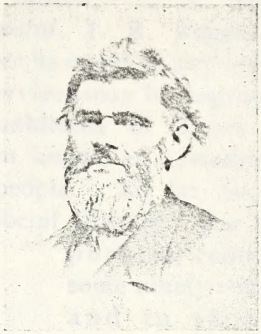
of warden of the New Hampshire state prison from 1865 to 1871, left his arm at Cedar Creek, and Elijah Purington, a descendant and name-



William B. Gove.



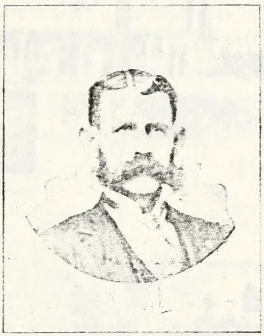
Daniel Sawyer.



Jesse Clement.



Mrs. Loretta Foster.



John R. B. Kelley.



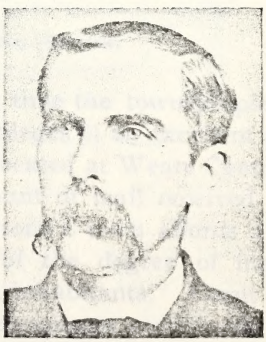
Mrs. Eunice H. Chase.



Nate Bailey.



Squiers L. Gove.



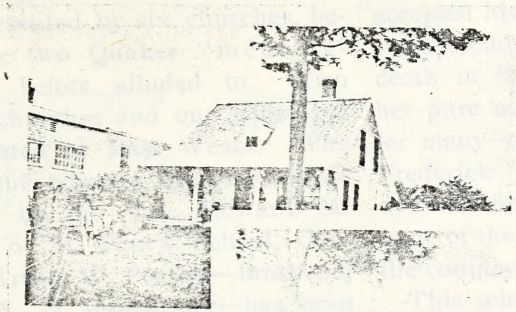
H. R. Nichols.

sake of the first Quaker settler, lost his at the Battle of South Mountain; and there are over forty names on the death-roll.

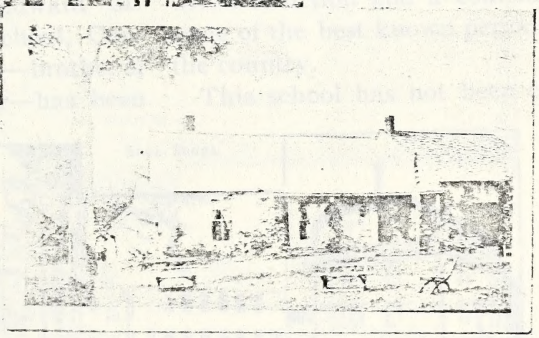
Although not a soldier, the unselfish and patriotic work of William B. Gove as a member of the New Hampshire Sanitary Commission fairly entitles him to mention in this connection. Mr. Gove left town for Washington in 1863 to accept a position in the United States pension

office, where he was twice promoted, but his work on behalf of the boys in the field occupied a large share of his time until the close of the Rebellion. Mr. Gove was a man of unblemished character and a true philanthropist.

A Grand Army of the Republic post was formed in 1879, and the roster at one time contained forty-seven names, but death has now reduced the number to thirty. A Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary to the post, was organized the same year, and is doing efficient work for the veterans and their families.



Residence of Alonzo Follansbee, Riverdale.



Residence of J. H. Livesey, Riverdale.

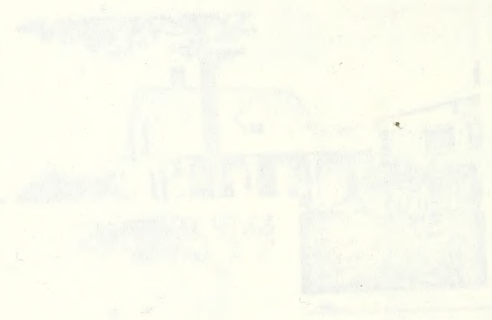
A lodge of Odd Fellows was instituted in 1878, and a Rebekah Degree lodge ten years later. Both are in a prosperous condition at the present time, while the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor are exerting a healthy influence on the morals of the town.

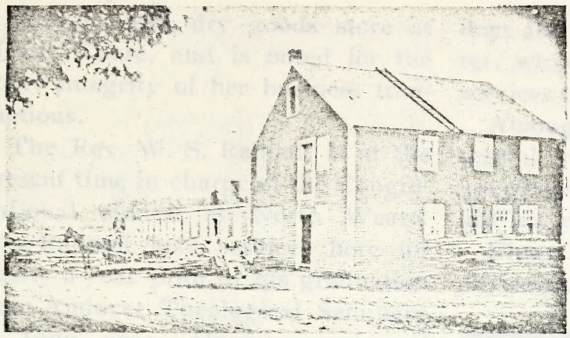
There is no Masonic lodge in town, but several citizens are members of that order; one of whom, Squiers L. Gove, is a knight templar.

A cornet band, organized in 1879, is still in existence, and an orchestra, composed of the Davis sisters,—whose brother, "Professor Leroy," is a magician in Boston,—F. N. Simons, L. D. Clement, J. R. Rogers, and F. F. Foster, is equal to any occasion when its services may be required.

The inhabitants of Weare have always been known as a reading and thinking people. As far back as 1793 a "Social Library" was incorporated containing some ninety volumes, and in 1809 the "Friends' Library" consisted of sixty-eight volumes. At the present time the townspeople enjoy the privileges of an excellent public library located at Weare Centre.

The amount of mail received and sent away from a town affords a fair indication of the degree of intelligence of its inhabitants. About fifty thousand newspapers, periodicals, and miscellaneous matter, and one hundred thousand letters, are annually transmitted through the mails of Weare. The town contains six villages, in each of which is located a post-office.





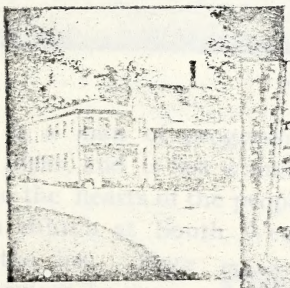
Toy Shop at North Weare.

The religious societies of the place are represented by six churches, besides the two Quaker "meeting-houses" before alluded to. Two Baptist churches and one Episcopal are situated at East Weare. The latter, but recently erected, was founded by the Rev. Edward M. Parker, of St. Paul's School, Concord. Arthur W. Peaslee—brother of Robert J., of Manchester—has been supplying the pulpit during the summer months, and has also held services at Riverdale. He has not yet taken orders, being at the present time a student in St. John's Episcopal College, at Cambridge, Mass.

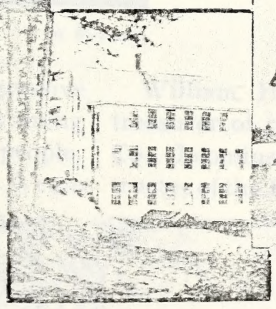
Of the Universalist church at Weare Centre there is at the present time no settled pastor. Rev. W. H. Morrison, of Manchester, holds evening services there during the summer, and its doors are opened weekly for Sunday-school exercises. This school was established in 1866, and for the first eight years was superintended by Dr. C. O. Ballou, now a resident of Providence, R. I. When he left town in 1873, Mrs. Loretta Foster, widow of the Rev. Frederick Foster, a former pastor of the church, accepted his position. She remained superintendent of the school until her death in 1892, and the influence of her pure and noble life will be felt for many years to come. Her son, Frederick F. Foster, is a prolific writer of fiction and a contributor to some of the best known periodicals of the country.

This school has not been closed a Sunday for nearly thirty years,—a somewhat remarkable record,—and its library consists of nearly one thousand volumes. On the death of Mrs. Foster, the work was taken up and since carried on by Mrs. Eunice H. Chase, a sister of the noted temperance advocate, Rev. Edwin Thompson, and a woman of strong character and broad intelligence. Mrs. Chase is the owner of

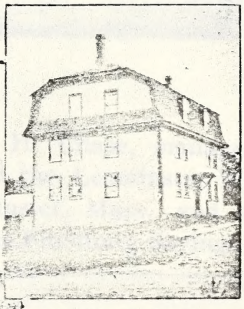
Shoe Shops.



Simons & Homer, Riverdale.



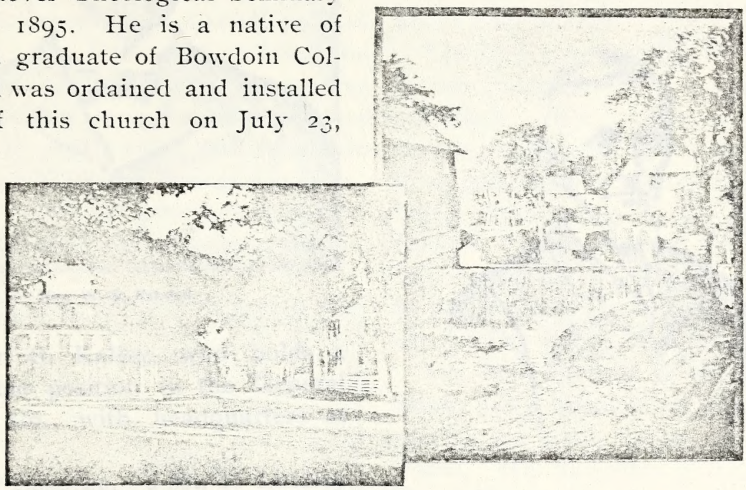
George Simons & Son, North Weare.



Lindley M. Sawyer, North Weare.

a grocery and dry-goods store at North Weare, and is noted for the strict integrity of her business transactions.

The Rev. W. S. Randall is at the present time in charge of the Congregational church at North Weare. Mr. Randall held services here for nearly a year prior to his graduation from Andover Theological Seminary in June, 1895. He is a native of Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and was ordained and installed pastor of this church on July 23, 1895. He is a man of progressive and liberal ideas, and is fast winning his way into the hearts of the people.



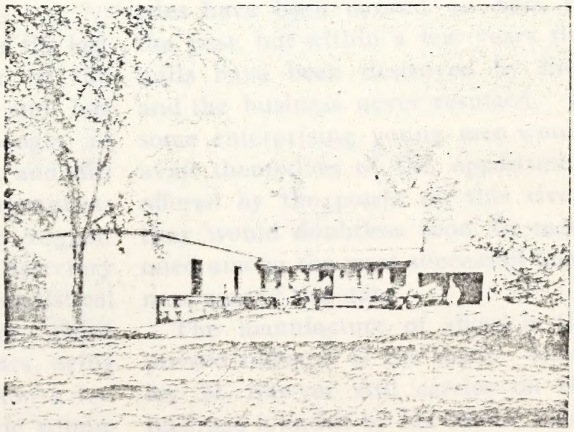
At Riverdale.

A Union church at South Weare completes the list. Here are held services by representatives of the Universalist, Congregational, and Advent societies—a somewhat unusual example of church unity, but one which is potent for good. The Rev. William H. Dearborn, a native of South Weare, a graduate of Tufts College, now located as a Universalist minister in Medford, Mass., occasionally supplies this pulpit, as does also Mr. Morrison, of Manchester, while Mr. Randall holds regular services there on Sunday mornings.

Among the many bright and successful young men of Weare who have departed her borders within the last few years are the following:

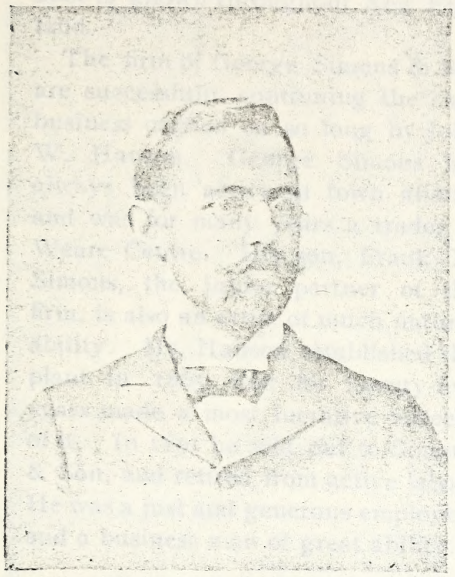
Elmer E. Copeland, a rising young physician in Springfield, Mass.

William H. Chase, manager and treasurer of the Leominster Worsted Co., Leominster, Mass., and also a trustee of the Fitchburg Savings Bank.



Kilburn's Grist-mill, East Weare.





Rev. W. S. Randall.

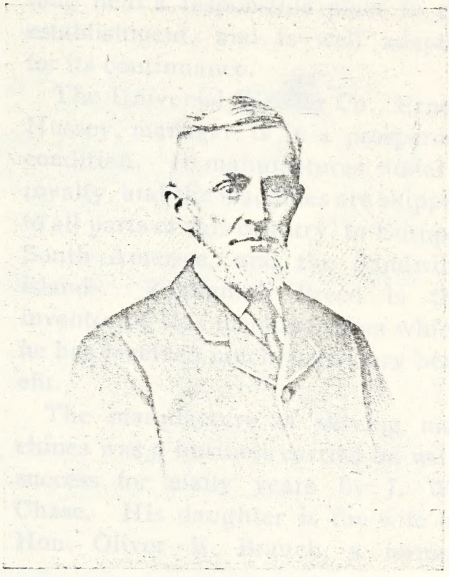
Walter S. Kelley, who holds a responsible position in the General Electric Co., with headquarters at Boston.

Henry Osborne,—a son of Lindley Osborne, who is a prominent Friend, and a man of rare intelligence,—a civil engineer of much ability in Manchester.

Charles Osborne, brother to Henry, a graduate of Haverford College, and professor of mathematics.

James M. Adams, who for the last six years has been editor of the Nashua *Daily Telegraph*, and has served two terms as messenger of the New Hampshire senate, and still holds the position of sergeant-at-arms of the same body. In August, 1890, he was appointed by Secretary Jeremiah Rusk to be state statistical agent for New Hampshire, which office he held over three years, being removed by Secretary Morton a few months after the Democratic administration came into power.

Weare is particularly well adapted for manufacturing, as there are many and excellent "water privileges," and is located on a branch of the Boston & Maine system of railroad, which insures direct communication with Boston twice a day, and also

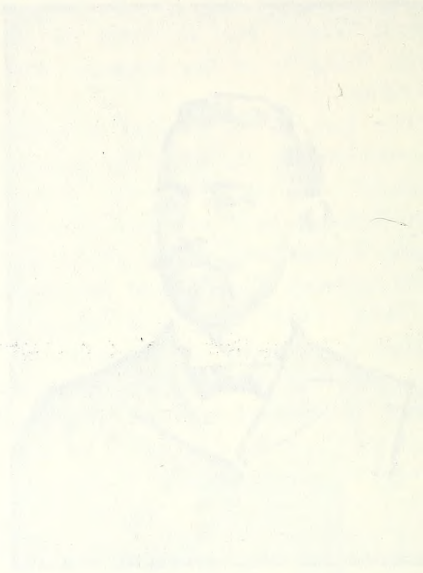


George Simons.

with Henniker, Hillsborough, and other northern towns.

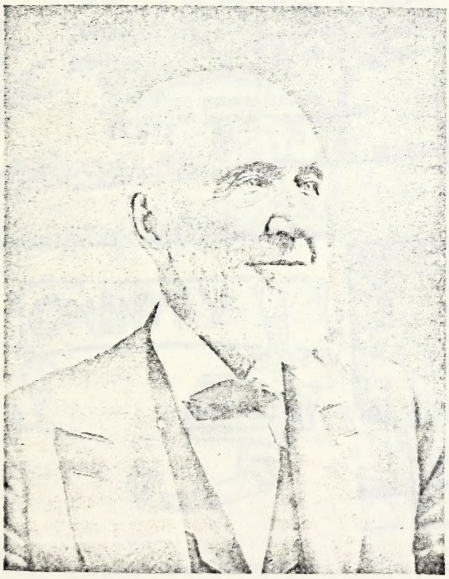
Large cotton and woollen industries have been carried on here in the past, but within a few years the mills have been destroyed by fire, and the business never resumed. If some enterprising young men would avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the power on this river, they would doubtless soon be reckoned among the most successful business men of the state.

The manufacture of shoes is the present industry of the town. Lindley M. Sawyer still carries on the business founded by his father, Allen Sawyer, in 1852, and his "Quaker"



boot is known throughout New England.

The firm of George Simons & Son are successfully continuing the shoe business carried on so long by John W. Hanson. George Simons has always been active in town affairs, and was for many years a trader at Weare Centre. His son, Frank N. Simons, the junior partner of the firm, is also an artist of much natural ability. Mr. Hanson established the plant in 1865, and for twenty-five years made a most lucrative success of it. In 1891 he sold out to Simons & Son, and retired from active labor. He was a just and generous employer, and a business man of great ability.



Abner P. Collins.

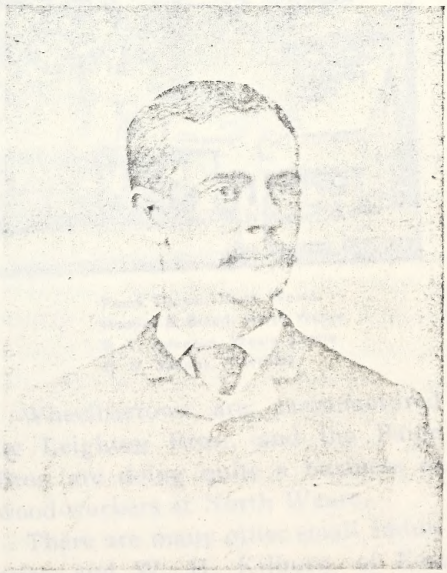
At Riverdale another shoe firm, Simons & Homer, is doing a thriving business. Harry H. Simons has also a store and gristmill which are well patronized.

A stage line from Riverdale to Clinton Grove is run by Nate Bailey.

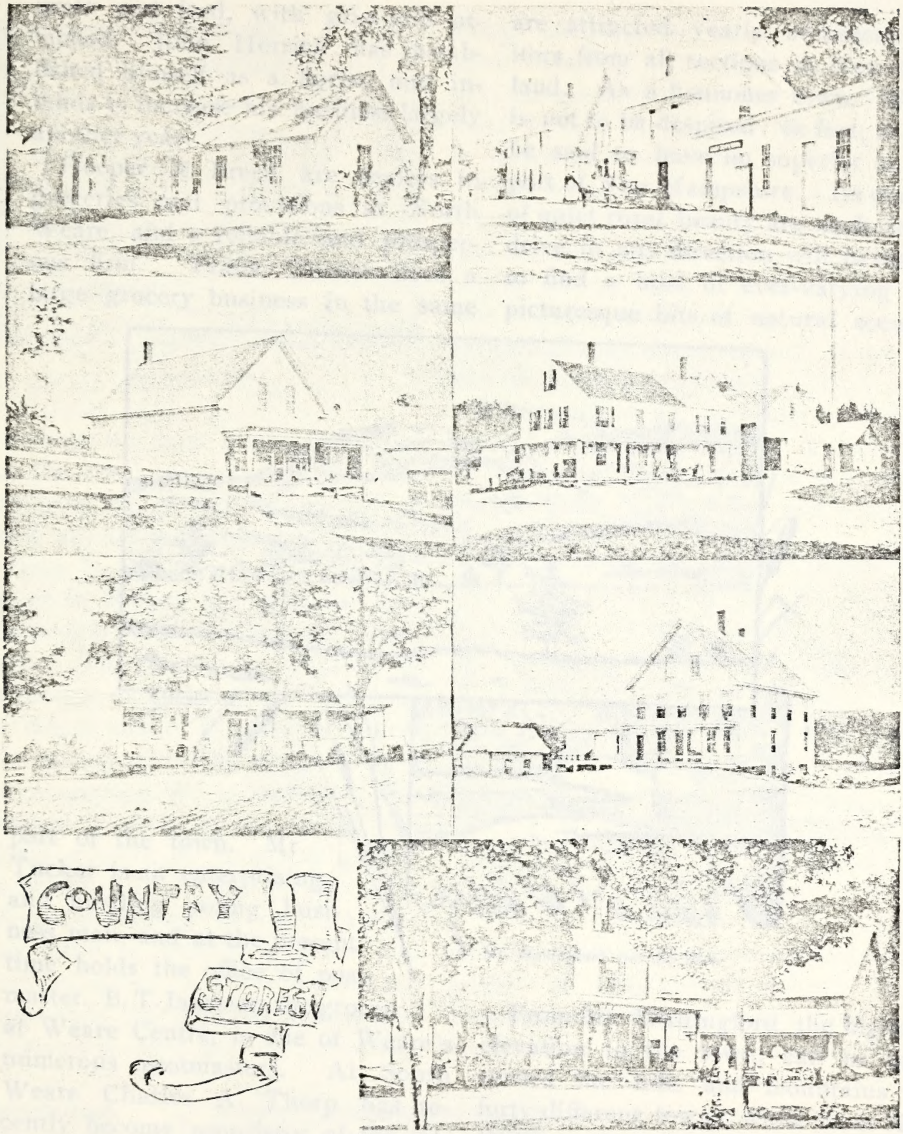
The toy shop at North Weare is a venture which has succeeded remarkably well. Established by Henry Wallace about 1875, it has grown into a very remunerative industry. Mr. Wallace has recently died, and the business transferred to Loren D. Clement, a young man who has long held a responsible place in the establishment, and is well adapted for its continuance.

The Universal Weeder Co., Ernest Hussey, manager, is in a prosperous condition. It manufactures under a royalty, and the machines are shipped to all parts of this country, to Europe, South America, and the Sandwich islands. Zephaniah Breed is the inventor of this machine, from which he has received much pecuniary benefit.

The manufacture of skiving machines was a business carried on with success for many years by J. W. Chase. His daughter is the wife of Hon. Oliver E. Branch, a former



H. H. Simons.



Eunice Chase, North Weare.
C. A. Thorp, South Weare.
A. H. Marshall, East Weare.

Frank Tucker, North Weare.
Hooper & Breed, North Weare.
B. T. Jameson, Weare Centre.
H. H. Simons, Riverdale.

resident, an able and successful lawyer in Manchester, who was appointed United States district attorney by President Cleveland. On Mr. Chase's death, in 1877, Daniel Hanson bought out the business, and has since remained in it.

Wheelbarrows are manufactured by Leighton Bros., and the Paige Bros. are doing quite a business as wood-workers at North Weare.

There are many other small industries, and W. H. Kilburn, of East Weare, is a prosperous dealer in

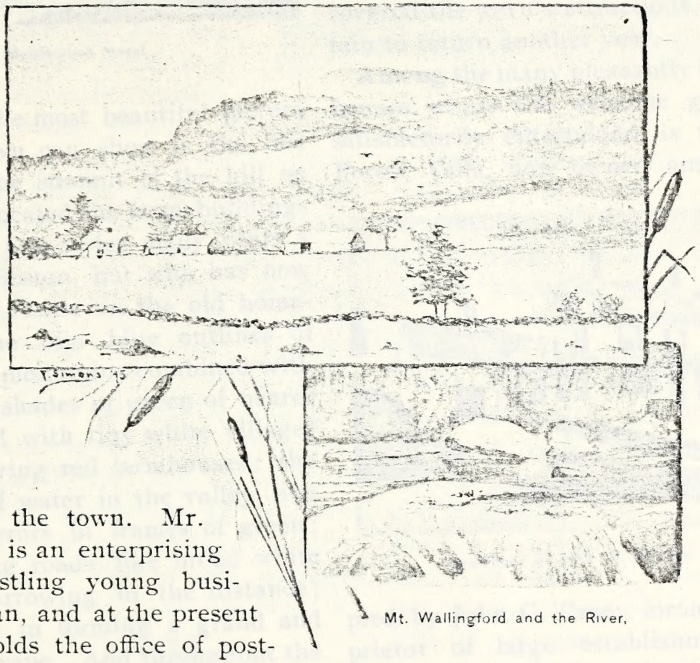




grain and feed, with grist-mill attached. John Herrick has established himself as a florist, and intends to increase his business largely another year.

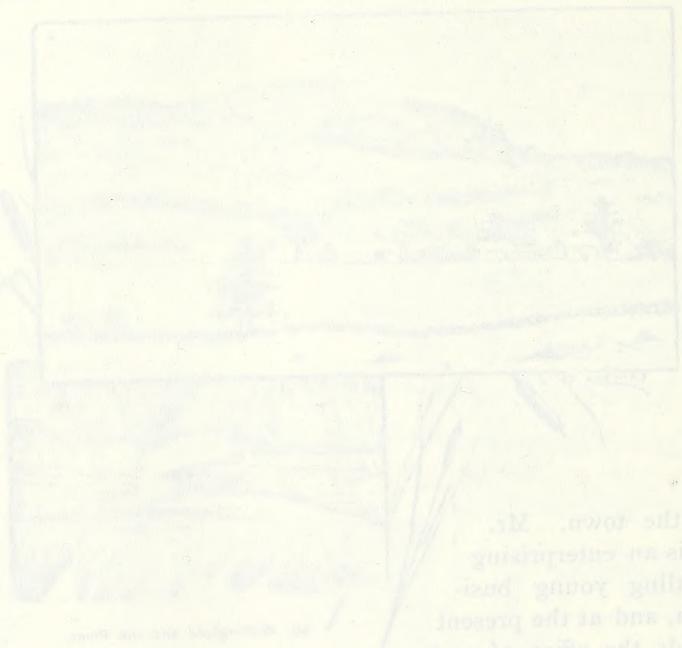
Hooper & Breed are dealers in groceries and provisions at North Weare, and a reliable and prosperous firm. Frank Tucker does a large grocery business in the same part of the town. Mr. Tucker is an enterprising and hustling young business man, and at the present time holds the office of postmaster. B. T. Jameson, the grocer at Weare Centre, is one of Weare's numerous postmasters. At South Weare Charles A. Thorp has recently become proprietor of the village store; while at East Weare A. H. Marshall combines the sale of groceries with his duties as the servant of Uncle Sam in his section.

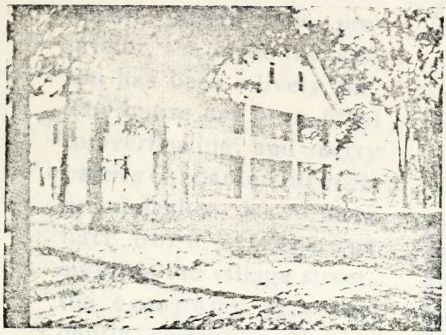
As an agricultural town, Weare compares favorably with any in the state, and the fertility of the land and the almost universal neatness of the farm buildings are everywhere noticeable. To many of these farms are attracted yearly numerous visitors from all sections of New England. As a "summer town," Weare is not to be despised; in fact, it may be said to have no superior in this part of New Hampshire. Its charms of quiet rural beauty are such that a drive in any direction will never fail to find a host of ever-varying and picturesque bits of natural scenery.



Mt. Wallingford and the River.

From Mt. Wallingford, the highest elevation in the town, can be discerned the hills and mountains of forty different towns, while from Mt. William, its neighbor, the view is nearly as extensive. From Tiffany hill, Mts. Washington, Lafayette, Moosilauke, and Kearsarge are seen in the north; Sunapee and Lovell, in the west; and Monadnock and Joe English, in the south; and, with the foreground filled with wooded hills and undulating valleys, a landscape is presented which is well worthy the canvas of any artist.



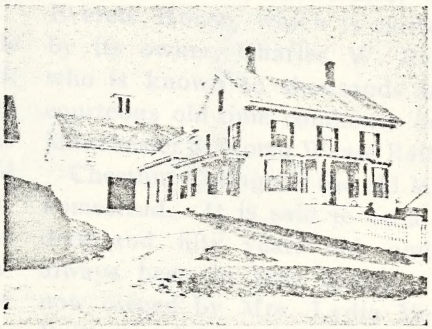


Maplewood Hotel.

Perhaps the most beautiful picture that the town can show is the one seen from the summit of the hill on which are located the farm buildings of Dana B. Gove—for many years a lawyer in Boston, but who has now returned to reside on the old homestead. The dim blue outlines of the distant mountains combined with the varied shades of green of nearer hills, dotted with tiny white villages and scattering red farmhouses; the glimpses of water in the valley, like crystal mirrors in frames of green; the winding roads, like broad white ribbons narrowing in the distance; —all unite in forming a grand and beautiful scene. And throughout the town winds the fair and picturesque Piscataquog, now gliding peacefully along between its wooded banks, again dashing with deafening roar over dam and boulder, and hurrying away to join the mighty Merrimack in its journey to the sea.

The villages of North and East Weare and Riverdale are located on this stream, and the drives along its course are favorites with every summer resident, who, having once discovered the town's attractions, is certain to return another year.

Among the many pleasantly located houses where the welcome guest is satisfactorily entertained is that of Forest Villa, now owned and occupied by John G. Cram, formerly proprietor of large establishments in Charles and Pinckney streets, Boston. Mr. Cram is a genial and painstaking landlord, who has the comfort of his guests always in mind, and his house has been filled to its utmost capacity the past season. The location of Forest Villa is a charming one: a range of high hills at the back, the river flowing in front, and on the main road from North Weare railroad station, which can be reached in fifteen minutes.



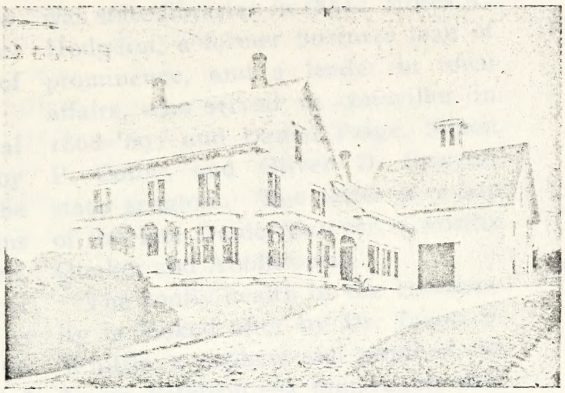
Residence of John W. Hanson.



The Everett House.



At Forest Farm, North Weare, Elijah Dow, proprietor, the scene this season has been a lively one. The house has been filled to overflowing, and merry parties of boarders in evergreen-decked hay-carts have been a frequent sight on the village street, the company very evidently enjoying all the pleasure they could possibly have anticipated.



Residence of Frank Tucker.

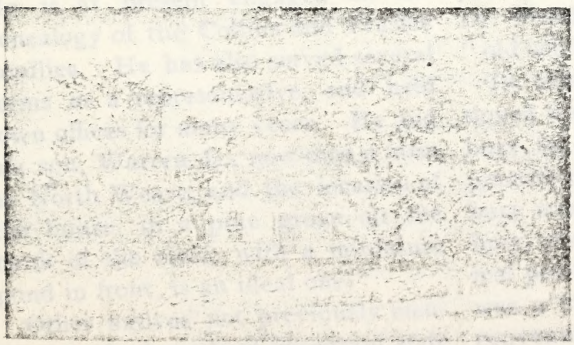
Elm Farm, which accommodates about twenty guests, is another favorite resort, and its owner, Henry Davis, is known as one of the best of hosts.

At South Weare are Maple Shade Cottage, H. R. Nichols, landlord, which is in a fine location and deservedly well patronized, and the Maplewood Hotel, of which David Tewksbury is the popular proprietor.

In the same section is situated the Mountain View House, on an elevation which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. This place is owned and managed by Eben Bartlett, and has room for some twenty-five guests.

One of the first and best known summer boarding-houses in town, as well as most accessible,—being within three minutes' walk from the railroad station at North Weare,—is the Everett House, which is carried on by its owner, Charles W. Everett, who is known to thousands as the courteous old-time conductor on the Manchester & North Weare Railroad.

Chestnut Cottage is the old Melvin homestead. It is said to be a hundred and fifty years old, and has always been in that family. It is now owned by Mrs. Lydia Melvin. Built on a sightly hill, two miles from Riverdale station, it makes a charming summer home for the families of Mrs. W. E. Stevens and Mr. J. H. Livesey, of Chicago, who have occupied it for seven years. Mr. Livesey was formerly connected with the Crane Elevator Co., of Chicago, and has now retired with a large and increasing property.

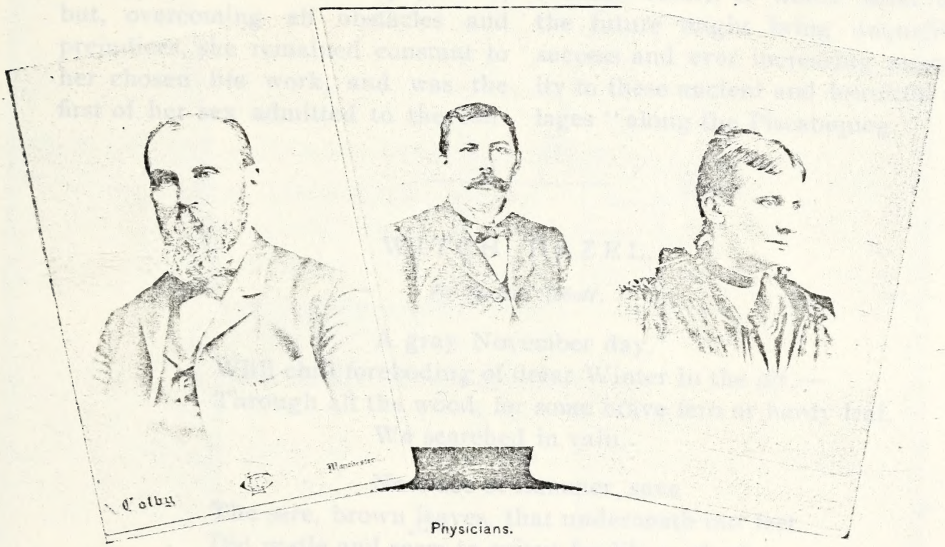


Residence of Mrs. Harlan Marshall, East Weare.

The Allen House, at Weare Centre, was formerly kept by Jesse Clement, a typical old-time inn-keeper, and was then called the old "Whittle Tavern," from

a still older landlord. It has now been remodelled, and is very successfully managed by a daughter of Mr. Clement.

The Hollis House, the hotel at North Weare, was formerly owned by Abner P. Collins, who carried on the tavern for thirty years. Mr. Collins is one of Weare's best informed men, a lover of books, and a subscriber to the GRANITE MONTHLY since its first issue in 1877. He is much interested in genealogy, and compiled



Physicians.

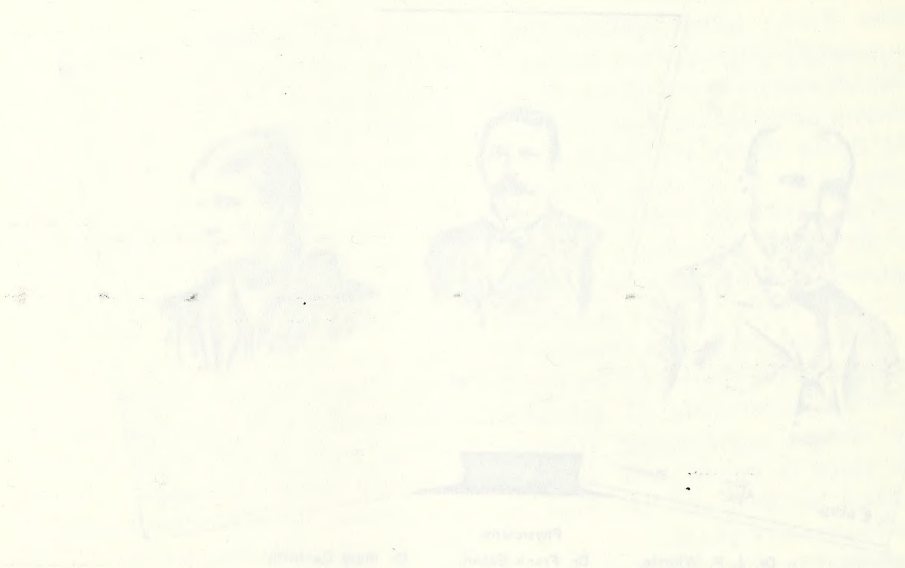
Dr. J. P. Whittle. Dr. Frank Eaton. Dr. Mary Danforth.

that department of the town history. He is at present engaged on the genealogy of the Collins and Peaslee families. He has also served several terms as a representative, and held town offices for many years. He and his son, Warren L., now own a farm at North Weare, and the location of the house, in a pine grove on the bank of the river, with a miniature pond in front, is an ideal one.

Other natives not previously mentioned, who have held important state offices, are: Samuel C. Eastman, who was state librarian in 1851; Moses A. Hodgdon, a former business man of prominence, and a leader in town affairs, who served as councillor in 1868–'69; and Daniel Paige, Simon P. Colby, and Oliver D. Sawyer, state senators. The latter is a son of the late Daniel Sawyer, a worthy Quaker and Abolitionist.

The bodily health of the community is looked after by Dr. James P. Whittle, a nephew and pupil of Dr. James Peterson,—a remarkably skilful and well-beloved homeopathic physician, who died in 1870,—and Dr. Frank Eaton, a disciple of the "old school."

In this connection may be mentioned the late Dr. J. Harvey Woodbury, for many years a most successful practitioner in Boston. Dr. Woodbury was the son of William Woodbury, who filled many important political positions in town and state, and was a member of the constitutional convention in 1850. Another son is Daniel P. (better known as "Peter-



son") Woodbury, who has long been a prominent farmer and town officer. Frank T., a son of the latter, is now a student in the Harvard Medical school, and a young man of much promise in his chosen profession.

Dr. Mary Danforth, of Manchester, was at one time a resident of the town, and entered upon her medical career from the office of Dr. Alfred R. Dearborn, of East Weare, afterward of Concord. She entered the field when it cost nerve and perseverance to be a woman physician, but, overcoming all obstacles and prejudices, she remained constant to her chosen life work, and was the first of her sex admitted to the conservative old New Hampshire Medical Society.

Did space permit, the names of many other worthy sons and daughters of Weare might be recalled, who have gone out into the world to occupy positions of trust and responsibility; but it is with the town itself and its present condition that we now have to do.

With every facility for remunerative manufacturing interests, and unexcelled as a healthful and attractive summer resort, it would seem that the future might bring unqualified success and ever increasing prosperity to these ancient and beautiful villages "along the Piscataquog."

WITCH HAZEL.

By Hattie Abbott.

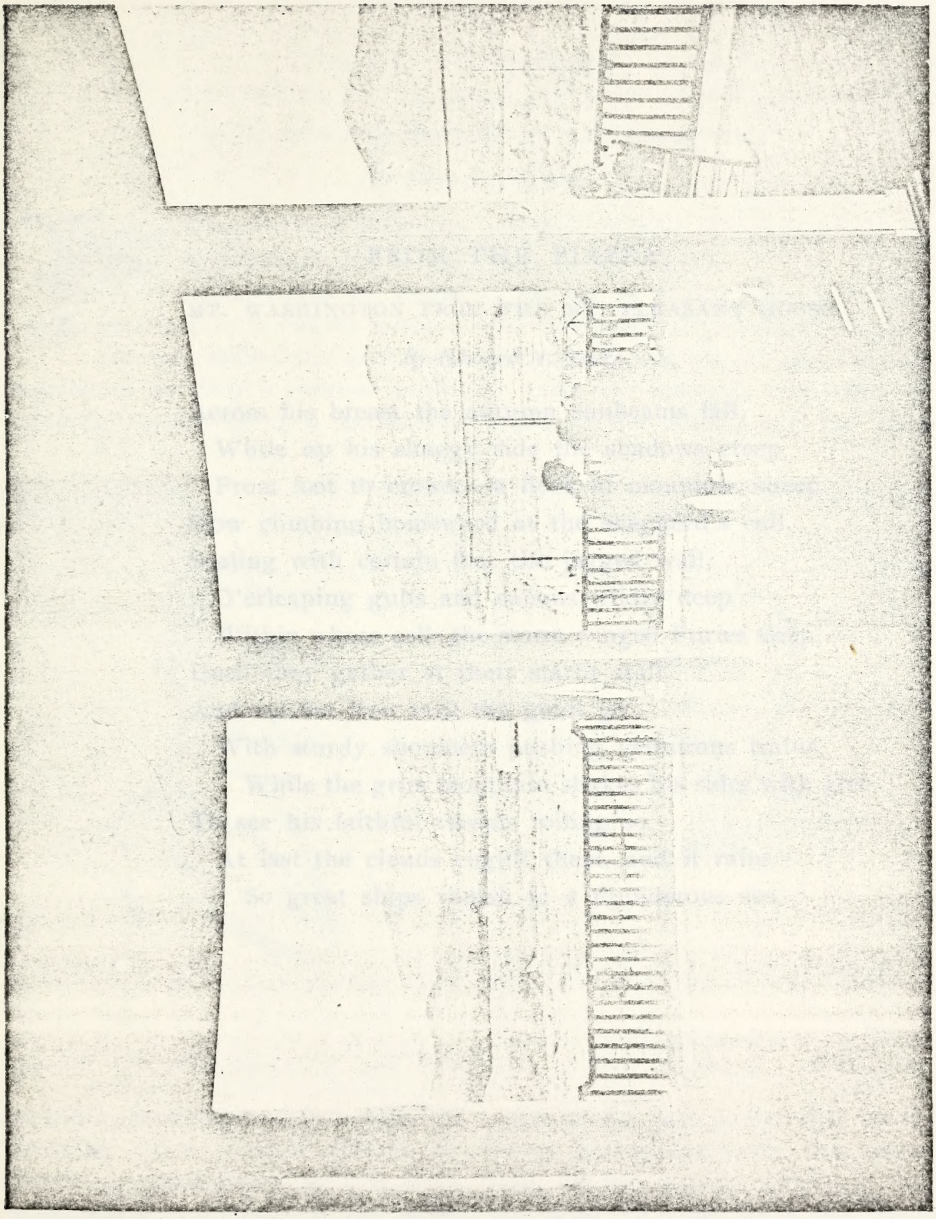
A gray November day,
With chill foreboding of drear Winter in the air,—
Through all the wood, for some brave fern or hardy leaf,
We searched in vain.

No trace of Summer, save
The sere, brown leaves, that underneath our feet
Did rustle and seem to grieve for life so short,
For stay so brief.

All suddenly we came
Upon a glorious mass of brilliant, golden sheen,—
Was it the touch of Midas, king of olden lore,
Had he passed by?

It was not touch of king
That so transformed and beautified the dull, dim wood;
It was the weird witch-hazel's bloom this magic wrought
For eye to see.

Into each soul some day
The brightness of God's love, eternal love, will shine,—
The shadows of the dreary way will fade and leave
The perfect day.





FROM THE PIAZZA.

MT. WASHINGTON FROM THE MT. PLEASANT HOUSE.

By Edward A. Jenks.

Across his breast the autumn sunbeams fall,
While up his shaggy side the shadows creep
From foot to crown,—a flock of mountain sheep
Slow climbing homeward at the shepherd's call,
Scaling with certain foot the jagged wall,
O'erleaping gulfs and cañons wildly deep
Within whose cells the storm-winged Furies sleep,—
Until they gather at their starlit stall.
And up the iron trail the genii go,
With sturdy shoulders pushing venturous trains,
While the grim mountain shakes his sides with glee
To see his faithful vassals toiling so.
At last the clouds engulf them, and it rains:
So great ships vanish in a thunderous sea.

WAR PICTURES.

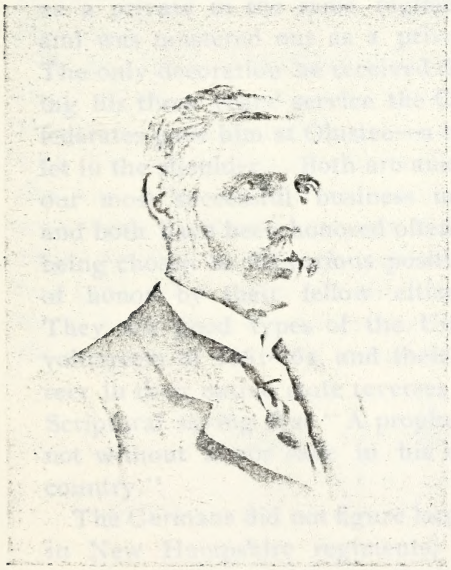
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[Illustrated from photographs by Henry P. Moore, Concord, N. H.]

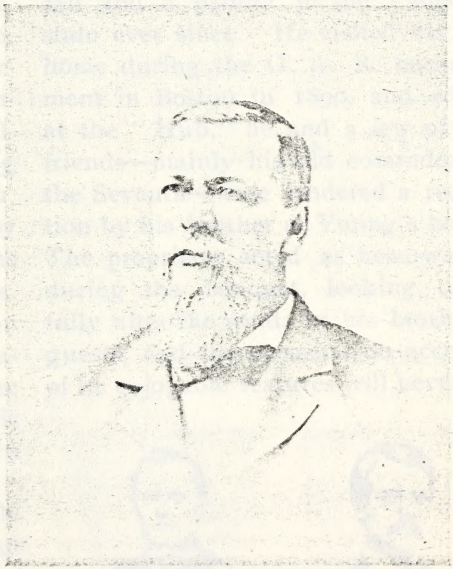
By John C. Linehan.

THE VOLUNTEER service was a study, for in the ranks could be found men from all the walks of life,—laborers, skilled and unskilled, capable of building a railroad or destroying it, setting up a locomotive or killing it, constructing a vessel or scuttling it, or in fact able to do almost anything man could do, even with scant materials, like the building of the grape-vine bridge over the Chickahominy river by the Fifth New Hampshire, or the planting of Gilmore's "Swamp Angel" in the marshes before Charleston by the boys of the Third.

So far as ability was concerned, the line could not be drawn between the captain and the private. Except in rank, the one was very often the equal of the other; and the latter years of the war proved this in the many promotions from the ranks, even in the regular service. This was after all what made the Union army invincible in a long campaign, the mechanical and inventive genius of the country being nearly all on our side.



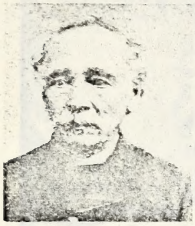
The Captain.



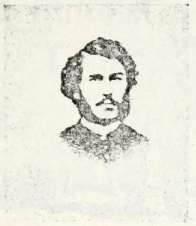
The Private.



The captain, whose portrait is presented on the opposite page, enlisted as a private, and rose to the command of a company in the Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers.



Capt. Joseph Freschel.



Col. H. S. Putnam.

The private, whose features are well known to many of the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY, enlisted as a private in the same regiment, and was mustered out as a private. The only decoration he received during his three years' service the Confederates gave him at Olustee—a bullet in the shoulder. Both are among our most successful business men, and both have been honored often by being chosen to fill various positions of honor by their fellow citizens. They are good types of the Union volunteers of 1861–'62, and their career in their native state reverses the Scriptural saying that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The Germans did not figure largely in New Hampshire regiments, but the features of one who commanded a company in the Seventh will ever be remembered with affection by those who served under him, Capt. Joseph Freschel, who was for many years after the war a well known citizen and business man in the city of Manchester, one of the two posts there being named in his memory.

The most dashing looking officer on parade in the department of the South was the lamented commander of the Seventh, who fell at the head of his men during the terrible charge on Wagner, Col. H. S. Putnam. Had his life been spared, he would undoubtedly have attained higher rank before the close of the war, for he was the beau ideal of a soldier.

An associate of Captain Freschel in the command of a company was Capt. Paul Whipple, a brother of the well known proprietor of Young's hotel, Boston. He enlisted as a private, and served until the end of the war, coming out a captain. He settled on a plantation after the surrender of Lee, and has remained a citizen and a planter in the Palmetto state ever since. He visited his old home during the G. A. R. encampment in Boston in 1890, and while at the "Hub," he and a few of his friends—mainly his old comrades of the Seventh—were tendered a reception by his brother at Young's hotel. The proprietor acted as head-waiter during the banquet, looking carefully after the wants of his brother's guests, and the occasion on account of its enjoyable features will never be

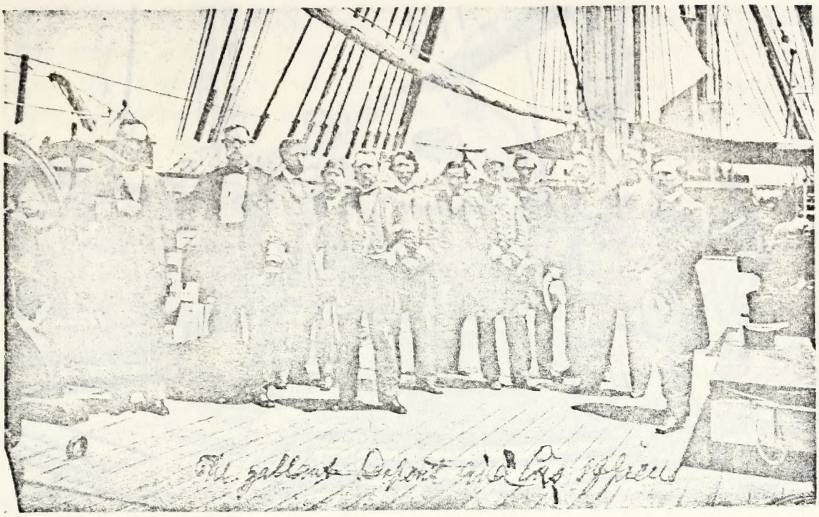


Capt. Paul Whipple.



Capt. W. K. Norton.

forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present, for it ended in an afternoon's drive on Mr. Whipple's tallyho around the delightful suburbs of Boston, closing with

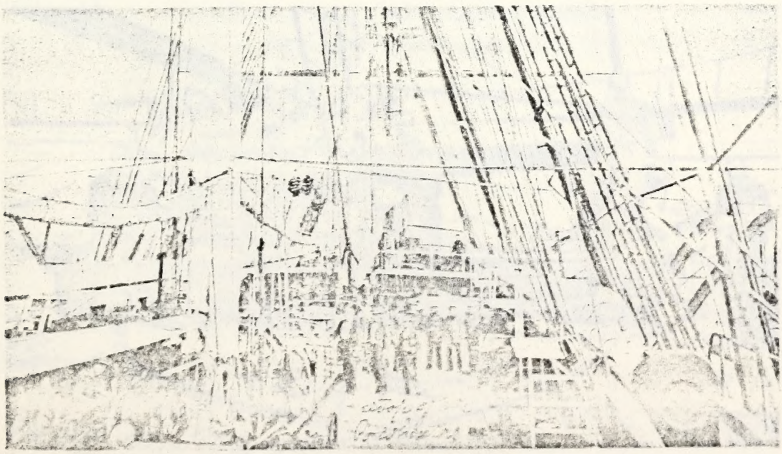


The Gallant Dupont and his Officers.

another spread at his stable on Beacon street.

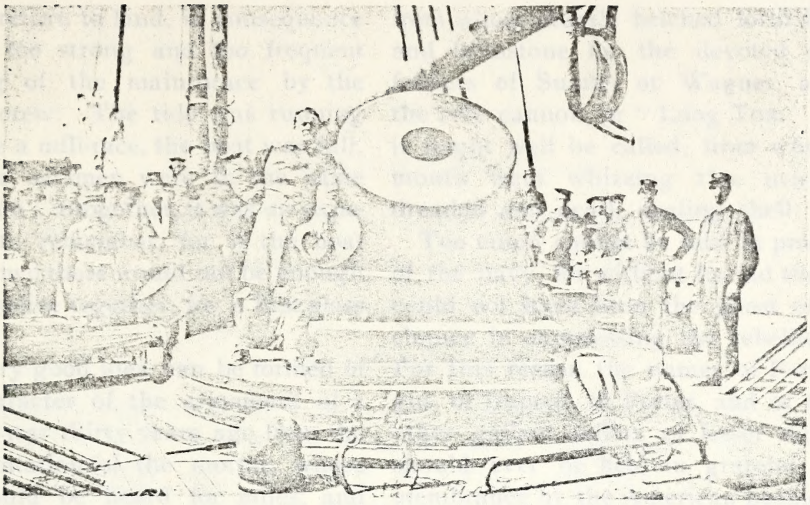
A well known Concord boy was Capt. William K. Norton, of the Fourth New Hampshire, who served with his regiment until the end of the war. Few in the capital city were better known and loved than Billy Norton, and his portrait will be a reminder of the bright faced boy whom so many will remember before the war, for he was born in the city, and lived here up to the time of his death.

The navy figured largely during the war, along the coast between Fortress Monroe and Savannah. Under the gallant Dupont and his officers the capture of Port Royal was effected, which was the beginning of the long siege of Charleston, that did not terminate until "Sherman's March to the Sea." Not a few of those standing around the old



Sloop-of-War "Pocahontas."



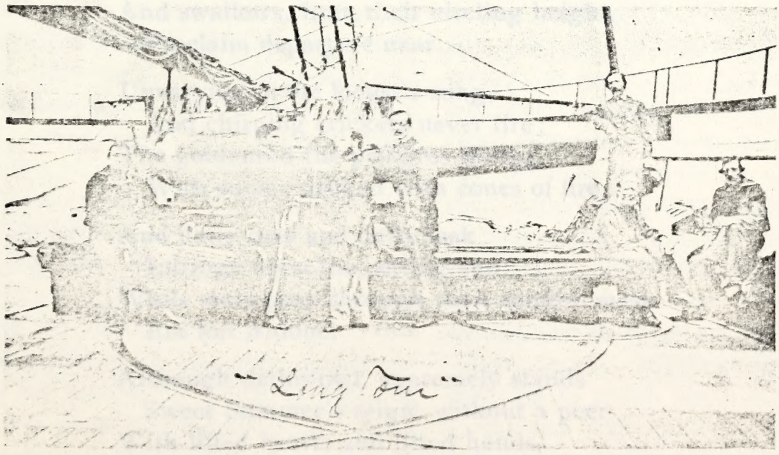


The Mortar.

sea-king acquired fame and distinction either during the war or after its ending, among them Admiral Meade, Admiral Ammen, and others whose names cannot be recalled.

Admiral Dupont was from Delaware, which has been the home of the family for generations. One of the name represents that state at the present time in the United States senate.

The sloop-of-war, *Pocahontas*, has been mentioned. It was stationed at Edisto bay during the spring of 1862. An exchange of hospitalities between the military and naval officers called the service of the band into requisition one night on board of the man of war, which was memorable for two reasons: First, the boys being called upon to "splice the main-brace" for the first time in their lives, which they did with a will, and a strong "pull;" second, for the narrow escape the party had from drowning



"Long Tom."



on the return to land, in consequence of the too strong and too frequent splicing of the main-brace by the boat's crew. The tide was running out like a mill-race, the boat was full, and the oarsmen were in the same condition; altogether, it was an experience to remember, for if the boat went down there would not be enough left to splice together, for a first class funeral.

A very good idea can be formed of the character of the armament of a man-of-war thirty years ago from the representation of the mortar, whose roar could be heard for miles, and from whose muzzle belched forth fire and brimstone for the devoted defenders of Sumter or Wagner, and the rifle cannon, or "Long Tom" as it might well be called, from whose mouth went whizzing the much dreaded and death dealing shell.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the navy, for without its aid there could not have been the ghost of a chance in suppressing the rebellion. For this reason the names of Farragut, of Dupont, of Porter, and of the other gallant sailors of lesser rank, should ever be held in grateful remembrance by the American people.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

DETHRONED.

By M. J. Campbell.

It seems but yesterday,—the bloom,—
And now the yellow leaf is seen,
And Nature's pencil writes the doom
Of beauteous Summer, royal queen.

The birds of June have taken flight
Or changed their notes, so sweet and clear;
And swallows, from their circling height,
Proclaim departure near.

Unvarying is the locust's song,
And chirping crickets never tire;
The goldenrod the pastures throng,
With sumac decked with cones of fire.

And daily care and daily task
Infringe upon the setting sun,
While stars peep through their sombre mask
Ere toil is done.

Although dethroned, supremely stands
Sweet Summer's reign, without a peer.
With lifted hearts and lifted hands,
We bless thee, queen of many a year.

WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SUMMER came to an end at last, and the mellow glow of autumn was spreading over the camp at Buntzelwitz as well as over the fields around Jobst von Reutlingen's estate of Steinhovel. The young mistress of that lonely mansion walked along the narrow path that led through the high grown fields, for since that walk with Benno the forest with its dreamy little lake and moss-covered rock was distasteful to her—was it not there that she listened to the words that caused her to forget her duty, and that had caused her cousin's death? She had never gone there again, but instead wandered over the meadows, with her eyes ever gazing eagerly and searchingly into the distance. Would she never again see the wild rider coming across the fields? Ah, where was he—what had become of him?

After Bandemer's departure in the spring she had put herself under Lore's gentle care, and soon recovered from the effects of her journey. She had given up all thoughts of continuing her search, for a time at least, for all her plans had failed and she knew of nothing else to do.

She had once hoped to gain some information from the officers of a regiment which halted near Steinhovel, and, encouraged by the respectful and courteous treatment that she had hitherto received, had approached them at their inn as they sat around the fire. They laughingly told her that they knew Reutlingen and would tell her where he was, but only on one condition—that she should give them each a kiss. This proposition was advanced amid loud applause, and Ulrike noticed when it was too late that they had all been drinking heavily. She quickly returned to her carriage and drove away, but soon she heard the clatter of hoofs and peals of laughter, and found herself escorted by half a dozen of the gay young men. They rode noisily on each side of the carriage and overwhelmed her with unwelcome attentions. Soon, however, the fun became tiresome to them and they turned back, throwing her kisses as they went; they had not meant it unkindly, but Ulrike laid her head on Annette's shoulder and wept as though her heart would break. Her whole nature rebelled against the rudeness to which she had been subjected and she had not strength to control her feelings, so she returned to Steinhovel.

There she remained until the end of the summer, thinking ever of her absent husband and whispering to every bird that flew across the sunny sky: "Oh, can't you take him my greeting, and bring me a message?" Scarcely another thought entered her mind.

One day as she was walking in the road Susanna von Techow passed in her light carriage on her way to Steinhovel. She stopped, and after a joyful greeting Ulrike joined her friend and they returned together.

"And what do you expect to do now, Ulrike?" asked Susanna, as the two friends sat sadly together under an arbor in the garden. "You can't possibly begin your aimless wanderings again. I don't believe that I should have the courage for such adventures, and you are much more delicate and timid even than I."

"I can't even imagine you in my place, Susanna," responded Ulrike. "When Wolf came to you you gave him what he deserved, love and faith, so you have nothing with which to reproach yourself. I have so much, and I must atone for it. Encourage me instead of frightening me."

"Why do you reproach yourself?" asked Susanna, and Ulrike told her.

"It will all turn out well in the end, poor child," said Susanna thoughtfully. "Jobst von Reutlingen has behaved very nobly towards you, and you have indeed given him every cause for mistrust."

"But I had no reason for believing my cousin a liar, and he offered to prove what he said," responded Ulrike.

"Well, what of it?" asked Susanna. "Don't you remember the old Greek story of Cupid and Psyche, dear Ulrike? He married her with the understanding that she was never to see his face if she wished to hold his love and keep him with her. She loved him but her faith was weak, so she raised a lamp and gazed upon his features one night as he slept. The god awoke and disappeared—her love was not strong enough to give her perfect faith and so she lost him. She ever afterwards wandered aimlessly about the world, seeking him in vain to ask forgiveness."

"To ask forgiveness," repeated Ulrike, shuddering; "what a hopeless fate. But, Susanna," she continued after a pause, "don't you think that Psyche had some cause for her lack of faith?"

"Perhaps she had," responded Susanna, "but, child, I will tell you something. I love Wolf, as you know, and therefore I am willing to trust him fully. Your brother Heinz has time and again taken it upon himself to tell me tales about him which I am convinced are untrue. Wolf did not lie to me, I am sure he could not; and I have given him my love, and trust him blindly. Perhaps a passion for gambling has sometimes led him astray, perhaps his love for me has not always been true; but I think of the endless temptations of camp life, and I believe that from now on he will be true to me because I trust him without holding up a lamp to gaze upon his features."

"Yes," said Ulrike, confidently, "and now that you have given him your love and faith I am sure that he will be worthy of them, for I know him; but I was less noble towards my husband—I lifted my lamp and

then flew away myself. What will become of me?"

"You must search for him, poor little Psyche, I see that, but you can't venture out into the world again as you did before. Our good Jobst, who always imagines that we poor women would perish from terror were it not for the protection of himself and others like him, would tear his hair if he heard of your wanderings."

"I can't help that; what else can I do?"

"Have you seen Heinz again?" asked Susanna suddenly.

"No; and I can do without that pleasure very willingly."

"But my dear, Heinz would surely know where his brother is. I think that the Dingelstadt hussars are in Saxony with Prince Heinrich's army, at any rate you can find them. Send some one to him with a letter—the field post-office is not to be trusted, and the white hussars are no settled community and are very hard to find."

"I will seek him myself," answered Ulrike promptly. "It will be at least a starting point for my wanderings, and perhaps through him I shall find his brother at last."

So she again started out with her attendants in the large travelling carriage, this time to search for her brother Heinz.

The white hussars were indeed no settled community, and were to be found now here, now there as their general's orders called them, and it was impossible for Ulrike to seek them on the field of battle. Amid a thousand misgivings she at last reached Leipzig and went to her old winter quarters of the year before, where the good people of the house looked upon her as a friend and received her cordially.

She found ample occupation in waiting, searching, and questioning, until October passed away and the autumn wind stripped the golden leaves from the trees. At last she heard news of the white hussars, and soon afterwards rode into the little village where they were quartered.

She left her carriage and questioned an hussar, who promised to find Lieutenant von Reutlingen for her, and soon after Heinz himself came hurrying up. His astonishment at seeing Ulrike there was unbounded.

"Don't make me stand here in the street, dear Heinz. Haven't you a room where we can talk quietly together without being disturbed?"

"Yes, of course; if you will honor me by being my guest."

A bright fire was burning on the hearth, and Heinz drew up a bench and motioned to Ulrike to be seated, but she remained standing, with the cape falling from her shoulders. She was trembling with excitement, and he looked at her inquiringly. What could her coming mean? Had she forgotten his conduct on their last evening together at Steinhovel, or had she followed him because of it? He was too clever to believe the latter for an instant.

"Heinz, where is your brother?" she asked breathlessly. "I am hunting for him; tell me, where can I find him?"

Clearly, it was not upon his own account that she had come.

"How should I know? One would naturally suppose that his wife would

know more about that than anyone else," he answered with a laugh.

"Would I ask you if I knew, Heinz? Answer me seriously; where is he?"

"His majesty sent him to the devil; further than that I have not heard," continued Heinz, "and as for the cause, my charming sister, from all I hear you must know more about that than I, especially as to his disappearance."

"Didn't you know that he killed my cousin, Benno von Trautwitz?" began Ulrike. It was torture to her to have to speak of the matter to him.

"Yes; for the sake of your pretty eyes, of course!"

"My cousin slandered him, and I was willing enough to believe the tales and to leave Steinhovel against my husband's will. Jobst came home and found me gone, and, as you may imagine, the wild Reutlingen did not take it calmly."

Heinz laughed loudly.

"I knew how it would be. How could you do it, my dear sister? You were his wife and must have seen how deeply he loved you from the beginning. I told him the first day that you loved him, and the blockhead would n't believe me."

"You were cruel and heartless, Heinz, if you knew all that when you told me that it would cost me but a word to be free, for I never doubted but that he told you that himself and your words goaded me on to flight. What can you say for yourself?"

"Well, my pretty one, I did n't think you were so credulous," he laughed. "You were very cold and forbidding towards me, and revenge is sweet, you know. Besides, Jobst had to be punished for his foolishness. How dared he go away and leave his pretty young wife with Heinz von Reutlingen, as though there were no danger in it?"

Ulrike sank into a chair and gazed at him with her blue eyes.

"My dear Heinz, you know I was very fond of you, but you must have realized that there was not the least danger in Jobst von Reutlingen's wife's being alone with you."

The blood rushed to his face. Where did this charming, timid girl get her courage?

"You must be very sure of your power over me that you insult me when you are here alone with me, and at the very moment when you need my services, too!" he exclaimed at last.

"I have n't noticed that I have any power over you," she answered irritably, "for you torment and annoy me as you please, and it is too ridiculous for you to see an insult in my placing your brother higher than yourself. You do n't deserve to have such a brother if you talk of courtesy when you are in a position to do me such a favor!"

"You mean that you would consider it a favor if I took you to him, dear sister?"

Ulrike looked at him sorrowfully; her indignation at his conduct was too great for words.

"Ulrike," he said at last in a low tone, "I do know where Jobst is. What will you give me if I tell you?"

She faced him quickly, every trace of anger disappearing with the hopes that his words raised.

"I have little enough to give you. What price do you ask; it will be hard to find too hard a one for me?"

"A kiss from your rosy lips!"

"A kiss? Oh, if it is nothing more than that! You are his brother and therefore mine!"

She rose quickly, stepped to his side, and touched his forehead lightly with her soft, cool lips. That was not exactly what he meant, but her simplicity and purity stirred him deeply and made him view his own conduct in a very unpleasant light. He sprang up and covered her hand with kisses.

"Ulrike, you are an angel! Forgive my foolish behavior and tell me what I can do for you. It is an undeserved honor to be allowed to serve you."

His emotion made but little impression on her, for there was room in her mind for but one thought.

"Where can I find my husband? Tell me, if you know."

"He is with Green Kleist's free hussars," answered Heinz, not without emotion. "We were campaigning against the Austrians together in May and June, and I saw and talked with him. I think that they are now fighting the Russians on the border of Pomerania, but I don't know exactly where."

"With the free hussars? Wild Reutlingen with the free hussars?"

She had little by little become familiar with the army organization, and knew how the free corps was regarded by the other officers, so she realized what Reutlingen's feelings must be at serving in such company. She sank back into her chair again, and clasped her hands over her knees.

"But Heinz, that is no company, no life for him! When did he join them?"

"Well, it is pretty bad for the poor fellow, and I found him very much changed. He had, indeed, lost much; the king's favor, his troop—and a wife like you, Ulrike! It is more than one man can bear. There are only two things in life that can give him pleasure," he continued as he saw her eyes fixed upon him; "the first is the friendship of his chief, Colonel von Kleist, who is truly lovable and charming, and the second is the decoration that his majesty bestowed upon him. He wears the latter day and night and remembers constantly that the king was once pleased with him. It is touching to see how much he thinks of that little medal."

"Is he well?" asked Ulrike.

"Yes, certainly; that is, he was—who knows what has happened since then?"

She arose with a determined air.

"I will go and seek for him," she said.

"Wait, my pretty sister; what are you thinking of? You can't go wandering about on battlefields among Russians and Cossacks, exposed to unheard of dangers. Give me your message for him and I will deliver it to him, upon my honor. You shall have no further cause to complain of me."

She shook her head.

"I must see him myself, Heinz."

He gazed at her anxiously, but she seemed animated by a fixed determination and he saw that she meant what she said. Quietly and sensibly he talked to her until she at last saw the impossibility of her proposition and promised to give up her plan. Heinz wanted to go himself and bring Jobst to her, but she still placed little reliance in him, and

did not think that he would aid her greatly in her search. But she knew at last that Reutlingen lived and whither fate had led him, and the feeling that she must find him was still strong within her.

Heinz had no immediate duty to perform, and so was able to get away for a day to escort her to Leitnitz, where she was warmly welcomed by her relatives. She remained there a week, enjoying a quiet rest such as she had not known for a long time, and then, when the troops had gone into winter quarters and temporary quiet reigned over the land, she started on her journey to Steinhovel, accompanied by Count Langenrode, her cousin's *fiancé*. She reached her home safely, and once more a long, lonely winter of waiting lay before her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Winter quarters at last! Green Kleist had returned from the Oder, but there was little rest for his hussars, as they were stationed as outposts to watch the enemy for three miles along the banks of the Mulde. Within a few miles lay the Dingelstadt hussars, near enough for the old comrades of the last summer's campaign to see much of each other. They were all greatly pleased at this, and Reutlingen was delighted to see his brother Heinz once more.

"I have come over to see you, Jobst," said Heinz, on his first visit to Kleist's camp, "because I have something very important to say to you."

The two brothers accordingly soon withdrew from the circle around the fire and sought a few moments' quiet conversation.

"We will walk a few steps away from them," said Heinz, "and now I must begin what I want to say by asking a question. Wild one, do you know what your wife is doing?"

"No."

"Very well, then, I'll tell you, although you don't deserve it, old fellow. You don't know what a wrong you have done her by your thoughtlessness."

"Thoughtlessness!" exclaimed Jobst. "If you have anything sensible to tell me, Heinz, why tell it. You know something of Ulrike?"

"She is seeking you from camp to camp—perhaps you will be interested in hearing that."

Reutlingen stopped and gazed at his brother in astonishment.

"Impossible! You know how anxious she was—besides she could n't go three steps alone among all these soldiers! Heinz, it is impossible! What object could she have in doing it?"

His eyes darkened and his sabre clanked against his spurs.

"She certainly is n't looking for me," he said grimly.

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Heinz. "Of course she is looking for you. You don't know Ulrike at all—she loves you and is a true wife to you."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Heinz!"

"Jobst, I do know. I told her that I loved her during our stay at Steinhovel together—don't strike me! Yes, it was a villain's act, I

grant; but your coldness spurred me on to make love to her. I did it in your place."

"Man, are you crazy?" cried Jobst fiercely.

"Yes, yes; I was that day entirely. But be easy—I can't tell you how she rebuked me. She simply looked at me, not a bit frightened, told me that I was sick and my mind was wandering, that I ought to take a cold bath and sleep it off. She said she would n't tell you—it might spoil your sweet temper—and bowed to me graciously and left the room. That was an unheard of rebuff for me, and it is n't easy for me to make this confession."

"I do n't know whether you were more shameless in your act or in telling me of it," said Jobst; "in either case it was a breach of trust on your part that I did not deem possible."

"Forgive me, Jobst—I am not altogether bad! Since that day I have reverenced your wife as a saint, and you may be sure of one thing, that every jealousy on your part is a reproach upon her honor and integrity."

"Be quiet, Heinz; I will not hear any more!"

"And must she keep up her search, then?"

"What can I do? Where is she, then, in the devil's name? When and where have you seen her? I advise you to speak the truth."

"Do n't worry about that, madman! Your pretty wife came to my quarters, wished for news of you, wanted to continue her search for you. She said that she must see you and speak to you at any cost. I hope you will not make her search for you any longer."

"Why did n't you send her to me—at once?"

"You were in the field then, so I took her and her little red haired maid to the Trebenows at Leitnitz."

Before returning to his camp Heinz stepped up to his brother once more.

"Wild one, do you wish satisfaction from me for my conduct?"

Jobst gazed at him steadily.

"No," he answered after a short pause.

A feeling of deep regret rushed over the younger as he felt the warm pressure of his brother's hand.

"Jobst, I thank you for that," he said, and then they parted.

* * * * * *

Steinhovel had become the desolate winter home of the lonely girl.

Captain von Zitzewitz of the Schmettau cuirassiers, while on an expedition to Magdeburg with his troop, had sought Ulrike and told her of his meeting with Reutlingen. He gave her her husband's message, "Give her my regards."

"What he meant, my dear lady, I do n't know, but you will of course understand," he continued after a pause. She thanked him with a smile. Ah, yes; she understood too well.

Later, in the spring, Heinz came to Steinhovel. He had gotten away from his regiment for a few days and wanted to take Ulrike to his brother. She followed without hesitation, this time on horseback, for she rode well, having made herself proficient by persistent practice. Annette followed with the baggage in the light wagon.

When they reached the valley of the Mulde, however, the Kleist hus-

sars were gone—they were too late. Ulrike was scarcely disappointed, for she felt that her time of probation was not yet ended, but she could not return to Steinhovel. She dreaded the lonely old house, the sad longing, the remorse, and the fear in company with which she had lived so long. Rather the danger and anxiety of a life in the field than this dismal place of security.

Heinz told her that he had been quartered for a time in Langenrode abbey, and that the old women had returned and no longer looked upon the coming of the Prussian troops with such absolute terror. He meant the old inmates who had so faithlessly left the abbess and her niece to their fate, but who now, he said, had become very military. More than two years before, on a cold, icy winter day, Ulrike had left that cloister, following the Baireuth dragoons to the strains of the Hohenfriedberg march.

One bright spring morning a travel-stained young woman, sitting lightly and easily on her horse, rode up to that same abbey door, accompanied by a Prussian officer. In kindly words she told them of the bequests of the old abbess. The military old women shook their powdered locks, looked through their spectacles, half reproachfully, half pleased at the young hussar lieutenant who flattered them as they had not been flattered for years, and, on account of the good Abbess von Trebenow's generosity, they refused Ulrike nothing.

Heinz said farewell, and Ulrike thanked him from the bottom of her heart for his kindly protection and noble behavior.

"You are too good, my dear sister," he answered. "When you meet my brother, put my smallest services in their best light, for I have talked to him and he was very angry. He was much too ready to punish me as he used to do in earlier days—and as he can now no longer do—so there is anger still in his heart. If your beautiful eyes will plead for me, dear sister, I hope he will no longer scorn me."

She promised to serve him. Ah, when would she be able to do as he asked? The moment of meeting was always fleeing before her and disappearing into the future.

Heinz departed, and Ulrike remained at Langenrode with her servants.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The king experienced serious losses before the close of the campaign of 1761; Laudon captured Fort Schweidnitz by a bold attack, and Kolberg, after a heroic defense, fell into the hands of the Russians, thus giving the latter a strong hold upon Pomerania and the Austrians upon Schlesien, while Daun's army invaded Saxony. Besides this, the English, who had hitherto supplied the king with money, now withdrew their support, and it seemed as if the might of the three great powers must prove too much for Friedrich's weaker forces.

"I do n't know whether or not it would be a disgrace to me to give up such an unequal struggle," wrote the royal philosopher to a friend, "but I do know that there would

be no honor in being overcome." The daring eagle gazed once more upon the sun, which still shone upon him and upon his good fortune.

In this hour of danger God looked down upon his chosen people, and guided their struggles for the honor and preservation of Prussia; Friedrich's powerful enemy, the Empress Elisabeth of Russia, died, and the throne passed to Peter III.

As the king sat brooding alone amidst the ruins of his palace at Breslau, his soul darkened by despair, a New Year's greeting came to him from the far north; Peter the Great had been his warm friend, and now Peter III had become his admirer. The young Czar's first act was to establish an armed neutrality with Prussia, which was quickly followed by a treaty of peace. A bond of friendship between the two monarchs was soon formed, and General von Tschernitschew, who with twenty thousand men had been ordered to support the Austrian advance, was now directed by the czar to place himself and his men at the disposal of Prussia's great king. This sudden alliance caused great excitement, and Sweden hurriedly sought for peace. The king smiled at this, and said, "I know of no war with Sweden. I only know that Belling has been having some trouble with them, and now he may do what he pleases about it."

Yes, the sun smiled upon him again, and the royal eagle raised his head in the warm light and spread his wings for his flight to victory.

It was spring, and hostilities began anew, this time in Saxony, where Prince Heinrich drew his good sword from its scabbard and opened the campaign without waiting for orders. The prince determined upon an attack upon the Austrians under General von Zedtwitz, who were intrenched at Dobeln. Four columns took up the march at midnight, one of them commanded by Seydlitz and another by Green Kleist, Reutlingen and his troop being with the latter. It was a warm night in May when the troops were aroused and marched quietly to the attack. Not a word was spoken, not even a lighted pipe could be seen, and it was expected that Seydlitz would first gain his position and would then receive the signal to attack at seven in the morning. Suddenly, however, Kleist's advance guard was fired upon by the enemy. The moment demanded decided action without regard to preconcerted plans, and Kleist thoroughly understood his position; he hastily improvised a bridge across the river by means of wagons loaded with hay, led his men across it and threw himself upon the enemy like lightning, driving his opponents back. When near Luttdorf he was opposed by a battalion of the foe and two guns, but the troopers soon scattered the infantry and captured the guns, the latter being quickly turned upon the enemy, who were vainly trying to reform their line of battle. A single officer was riding to and fro among them, trying to rally the fleeing men, and Reutlingen quickly attacked him and took him prisoner. General von Zedtwitz surrendered himself to the wild hussar, and upon his capture the whole battalion laid down its arms. Before the other columns could reach the field Kleist had fallen upon the enemy's rear with a part of his hussars, had broken through

into their camp at Greifendorf, and had captured or destroyed their entire force. The prisoners numbered into the thousands whom Kleist could lay at the feet of his great commander.

"Colonel von Kleist captured most of the prisoners, and he certainly deserves to be promoted," wrote Prince Heinrich to the king, and Kleist became a major-general at thirty-seven years of age.

"And what are they going to do for you, my wild one?" said he to Reutlingen, as the latter congratulated him. "Will not your captured general bring you a reward?"

"The general has offered me a ransom; what more can I expect?" answered Reutlingen.

By the happy stroke of Prince Heinrich and his generals the Austrian force had become separated from the army of the empire, and the latter was forced to fall back into the heart of Franken. Seydlitz, Kleist, and Belling followed—three manly rivals—each trying to outdo the others in deeds of daring and skill. "Prelates and cloisters suffered thereby," the chronicler tells us, and great lamentations arose in Wien, for there was no one at hand to check the invasion.

The king waited in Schlesien until the junction with Tschernitschew and his twenty thousand Russians could be effected, then with this help drove Daun from the heights of Burkersdorf, and finally sat down to the siege of Schweidnitz. It was fated, however, that the king was not to have foreign assistance in completing the work which he had begun alone. Without aid as he commenced, so was he to remain to the end, and would win the whole glory and honor as he had taken all the work and privations. At this moment of highest fortune he was met by a blow that more than all others threatened to overwhelm him. Peter III died soon after his coronation and was succeeded by his wife Katherine, and the friendship with Prussia was at an end. Tschernitschew was ordered to withdraw his troops, and the enemy's good fortune seemed once more in the ascendant.

If doubt ever came to the king it was hidden beneath his courage and skill. He asked the Russian general to come and speak with him, and Tschernitschew came; Friedrich asked him to keep the news of his recall a secret and to delay moving his army. He asked for no assistance, but only that the Russians should remain quiet three days longer to deceive the Austrians. Tschernitschew declared that his orders expressly forbade it, but Friedrich asked him again, and no one could stand before the sunny eyes of Prussia's king and deny him anything. His noble manner won all to his side.

"Do with me as you will, sire!" broke at last from the lips of the Russian general. "It will probably cost me my head, but had I ten lives I would gladly give them all to serve you and to prove my affection."

So the king won a victory alone, and with it the courage of his troops returned. He drove Daun from the well-nigh impregnable heights and forced him back into the mountains, whence he dared not advance again that summer.

Thus the king captured Schweidnitz, and the campaign in Schlesien was ended.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

After Prince Heinrich's victory, Seydlitz, Kleist, and Belling ravaged the land continuously, and Reutlingen led his troop on detached service and made his name feared in the land. He held his men under iron discipline, however, and kept them from the pillage and outrage so frequent at that time.

"Friedrich, to you the tide of war has turned;
Now let us seize the booty we have earned."

Turning at this song, Reutlingen beheld a Cossack coming out of a church with a priest's robes about him. A rebuke sprang quickly from the captain's lips.

"Rascal, where did you get that gown?" he cried angrily.

"It came in answer to a prayer," answered the Cossack simply, and Reutlingen, pleased with his wit, made no further remarks.

So pleasures and privations followed one another in quick succession in these wild raids; riding and skirmishing, sharp fighting and certain victory, all tended to inspire the raiders with courage and spirit.

In October, Kleist's corps returned to Saxony, and on the way fell in with the Baireuth dragoons, now marching as a part of the command of Lieutenant-General Count von Neuwied to relieve Prince Heinrich in Schlesien. Reutlingen heard the strains of the Hohenfriedburg march, and saw through clouds of dust the long rows of blue coats and white plumes of his old regiment, and his heart filled with a storm of mingled joy and grief. When they bivouacked for the night he rode over to see his old friends, and stood once more among his loved comrades.

As he stood there in his red cloak, the bear-skin cap was pulled down over his swarthy, desperate face and hid the changed expression, and yet indeed the old one,—that wild glance that belonged to him alone, and yet which was so different from the one he wore at Hohenfriedburg, at Leuthen, at Torgau. His heart beat fast with happiness as he heard the cries of joy with which his former companions greeted him. He laughed with them as he had not laughed for two years, and they drank together to the happy days of old and to those that were still before them.

He returned to his troop that night his heart heavier than before, for the pleasure of meeting his old friends had been too surely followed by the pain of parting. Then, too, something else troubled his soul, for Wolf von Eickstadt had drawn him aside and asked him an earnest question.

"Reutlingen, have you found your wife?"

"No, how should I? Where is she?"

"Have n't you seen her since your meeting with Trautwitz?"

"No, no! Are you, too, going to tell me that she is seeking me and can't find me?"

"Yes, Jobst, for two years. It is very bad." Then he called to Bandemer who had been awaiting the moment with impatience. The tall Pomeranian had distinguished himself at the siege of Schweidnitz, and had been made a lieutenant, so Reutlingen saw with delight that the hopes he had once placed in the

young sub-lieutenant had been fulfilled.

"My dear captain," cried Bandemer, "why haven't you let us hear from you, especially your poor wife?" And then in his quiet way he told of the weary days in Leipzig, of Ulrike's care, of the king's kindness to her, and of their trip to Duke Ferdinand's camp.

Reutlingen listened as if stunned; so he had misunderstood Zitzewitz, and she had been in Leipzig and not in Leitnitz, in the midst of the bustle and discomfort of camp life—a dove amidst an infinite number of circling hawks. What she must have suffered! Why had she done such an unheard of thing?—for him?

"Comrades, I beg of you, if you know anything of her——"

"Why, certainly, Captain, I would be happy to do you this favor if I could. Your wife has done more for me than I can ever repay."

Then Jobst left them.

The hussars passed quickly on, but the dragoons camped for a few days in a small village near the spot, and shortly after the Kleist hussars had left the Dingelstadt regiment encamped near the dragoons, and Bandemer rode over to them and asked for Heinz von Reutlingen. His noble nature prompted him to make use of every possible means to effect his purpose.

Heinz was not there, but his comrades told Bandemer that he had ridden to Langenrode to see someone, a relative they thought, a sister, or a cousin. Carl Ludwig had heard enough; he believed that he would at last be able to take Ulrike to the wild captain, so he returned to camp in a gallop to ask for leave. Colonel von Seelhorst granted him leave for one day, and before sunrise the next morning he mounted his horse and rode rapidly towards Langenrode.

The village seemed like an old friend to him, the stately castle and the narrow streets, but especially the dingy old abbey beneath the golden brown chestnut trees. It was no camp now, however, and from its windows peered the three old women, startled to behold a strange officer at their door.

He asked for Frau von Reutlingen. Yes, she was there. He almost shouted for joy, and when they stood face to face a few moments later it is hard to say which was the happier.

"But I have n't come empty handed this time, my dear lady," he exclaimed, deeply moved and yet laughing at the same time. "I bring you news. Day before yesterday I talked with Reutlingen, and to-day the Kleist hussars must be encamped about four miles from here. I would have gone directly to him had I been sure you were here, but now we will certainly find him."

"Yes, we will find him!" cried Ulrike excitedly, her eyes filling with happy tears. "As soon as I heard your name I knew that you brought news of him. My dear, dear friend! Oh, how shall I ever thank you?"

He kissed her hand.

"How can you speak to me of thanks, dear lady, when only your own kindness and care enable me to stand and to be active in the king's service? Thanks to God and to you alone I am able to be here—I am not a helpless cripple—and I can never do enough to show you my gratitude."

Bandemer was obliged to give his horse a short rest, after which he

appeared, leading a palfrey, and Ulrike came out in a dark green riding dress, her silvery blonde hair covered by a hat with a flowing plume. Her appearance charmed him.

"But the way is long, my dear lady; will not the ride tire you too much?"

"I have done nothing but ride all summer in order to strengthen myself for this journey," she answered, "and now please, we will tarry no longer."

It was a clear, sunny October day, and their ride under the blue sky and through the golden brown, shadowy forests would have been a genuine pleasure had the time only passed more quickly to speed them on towards their goal.

"This must be the town," said Bandemer at last. "It undoubtedly is, with its long, narrow streets, its castle on the hill, and the river in the valley. Aha—I see green hussars' cloaks—God be praised! our wild one must be here."

As they rode down the street they met an officer and Bandemer greeted him politely and asked for Captain von Reutlingen.

"I don't know where he is, I am sorry to say, my comrade. The general and the officers of Kleist's old regiment are over there at the castle, possibly the captain is there, too; he holds himself aloof from his companions in his own regiment."

"Thank you for your kindness. Let us go on, dear lady."

A cool lane shaded by linden trees led to the castle, and at its end they saw nothing but green hussars, horses, and all their fittings. Bandemer called an orderly and asked for Reutlingen.

"Yes, sir; Captain von Reutlingen is quartered at the castle, but he is not here just at this moment."

"Well, hold our horses for a little while, my friend. Come to his room, my dear lady, and I will find him."

He accompanied her upstairs and asked a soldier for Reutlingen's room, but the man did not know it, so he sent for Ferdinand. The faithful servant was filled with joy at seeing his mistress again, and she looked upon his pleasure as a favorable omen. The captain's room was quickly opened to her, and after two long years of wandering she at last saw herself at her journey's end. She had reached her haven at last, but would she be welcomed as she had hoped and prayed?

The room was not particularly inviting; arms, saddles, and parts of uniforms lay scattered about in confusion, and the faint odor of tobacco and leather filled the air, while the remains of a breakfast lay upon the table. Ferdinand quickly cleared the latter away and brought some bread and wine for the newcomers, of which Ulrike, urged on by Bandemer, took a little.

"You must n't be so anxious about me," she said, grasping his great right hand. "Have I been so weak for the last two years that you expect me to falter now that I have reached my goal?"

He took leave of her and went in search of Reutlingen, Ferdinand accompanying him to the stairway.

"Remember, Ferdinand, that I shall be at my quarters in the morning, and that I am always ready to serve your mistress. I am sorry that I can't wait here any longer, but I must be on my way as soon as my

horse has eaten a mouthful of food. Will you care for your mistress, my friend, while I seek the captain?"

"The lieutenant can depend upon me," Ferdinand assured him, and Bandemer hurried away.

Ulrike sat upstairs in the captain's room alone. She took off her hat and long riding gloves, smoothed her hair before the glass, and then sank down into a chair, leaned back her head, and closed her eyes. Her pulse beat heavily, her temples throbbed, and feverish waves of excitement ran through her body. Muffled noises arose from the court-yard, the flies buzzed loudly on the windows, and the clock in the tower sounded the hours; time flew by on leaden wings.

Suddenly the stairs creaked beneath a heavy tread, and the clank of a sabre rang through the halls; Ulrike started up, every pulse throbbing. The door opened, and he stood before her.

Absolute stillness fell upon them both. Ulrike could say nothing, but gazed at him joyfully, although the sudden fulfillment of her dearest hopes filled her with anxiety. How changed he seemed to her! His eyes glistened so sternly, his face had become so dark and hard, and the new uniform was so strange. In spite of all he was still the rough soldier who had so filled her with dread on their first meeting.

Reutlingen remained standing in the middle of the room, his hat in his right hand, and his left resting upon the hilt of his sabre. His spurs clashed together as he bowed to her, after which he remained silent and motionless. His eyes rested steadily upon his wife, who stood before him, her face deadly pale and her slender figure trembling.

Was this Ulrike, his pretty fawn, with the soft, childlike face and startled eyes? She seemed to have grown much larger, as she stood before him, with her determined manner and earnest, thoughtful gaze. Still it was she. The fawn showed itself to be not always shy and frightened, but turned at last with a noble air and gazed lovingly upon the hunter.

So Ulrike stood before him, her loving eyes raised to meet his own, and a wave of passion swept over him. What did she want of him? Could this wife, who had looked upon him as a scoundrel and a robber, have come to acknowledge him as her husband? Impossible! Presumptuous thought!

He drew himself up sternly and stiffly before her.

"My dear lady, Bandemer tells me that you have come to speak with me; what are your wishes?"

"Herr von Reutlingen——"

Ah, that soft voice that he knew so well; how he had longed for its music.

"Herr von Reutlingen, I have sought you throughout the whole land for two long years only to speak to you once more."

"I regret exceedingly, my dear lady, that you should have been put to so much trouble on my account. Why did you not send me a message that would have brought me to your side?"

Anger and passion trembled in his voice; he blamed her for all he had suffered. How could Ulrike meet him?

"I have sent for you not once but

a hundred times," she cried, breaking into tears. "You must have heard from me, for once I received your answer; Captain von Zitzewitz brought me your scornful greetings. I saw at once that you cared little what became of me."

Reutlingen broke in hurriedly, his eyes flashing.

"Ulrike, how can you say that to me? You made no apology for the wrong you did me."

"It has always been the same," he continued grimly; "when I first saw you in Langenrode three years ago—a strange girl—you shut the door in my face when I came to place myself at your service. I was then so indifferent to your fate that I placed my whole life at your disposal that I might be able to protect you. And now, by my foolish passion——" He broke off, and turned away from her. "Folly—what am I saying? Please tell me what you want of me."

"Jobst, I want to ask you to forgive me——" Her voice sank. Ah, she had imagined this first speech so different. She now for the first time realized that it was impossible for her to talk to the wild Reutlingen as she did to other men, and the thought filled her with pain.

"For what must I forgive you?" he asked in a gentler voice.

"Oh, I have made you suffer so much; I know it too well. All the evil fortune that has come to you, the king's displeasure——"

"Oh, no," he interrupted her hastily; "the results of my own foolish actions alone, I assure you. The only thing that you have done to me is that you loved some one else in my stead, and for that I can't forgive you."

"I have never loved any one but you," she answered heavily, scarcely comprehending her own words. "Here is the explanation of my actions, the reason for my conduct; I have carried them with me for two years, in black and white, to lay them before you."

With that she pushed up a chair to the table for him, and opened and spread out the package of letters which Langenrode had delivered to her after Benno's death, in accordance with her cousin's request.

"Read them, please."

Reutlingen brushed his hand across his eyes as though dazed.

"I can't read it yet—not yet. I can't read it."

"Yes, you can. I beg you to do nothing until you have read them."

She sat down opposite him to wait with patience, although torn by fears.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

HOME.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

Our feet may leave, but not our hearts,
Love from the hearthstone ne'er departs;
In pain and pride afar we roam,
Love, dewy-eyed, remains at home.

THE CHARITIES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[An address given before the Daughters of New Hampshire, in Boston, Mass., October 12, 1895.]

By F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass.

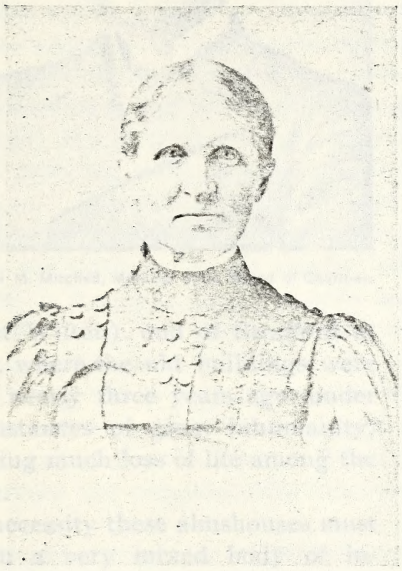
LADIES:—There seems a great propriety in your choosing this topic for consideration to-day; not only because the charities of any community are specially in the sphere of woman—however that sphere may be defined—but because a new departure has lately been taken in our native state, at the suggestion and urgency of her daughters, in providing for the better care of poor and neglected children at the expense of the public. There is, in fact, a Board of State Charities newly formed in New Hampshire, since July 1, and two of its five members are women; the duties of which board at present wholly relate to public provision, by the family system, for orphan or destitute children, such as now have no place of refuge, too often, save the county almshouse, with its mixed population of old and young, vicious and virtuous, sane and insane, sick and well. I had the pleasure of calling on one of the ladies of this new board, the other day (Mrs. Carpenter, of Concord), and some of the facts which I am to lay before you are derived from her.

It is an old maxim that "Charity begins at home," and we are recognising, of late years, that public charity has much to do with the homes of a people. The French describe a large part of their poor-law relief as *secours à domicile*, or family aid; and it is in a family, good or bad, that much of our own charitable work must take effect. If it is a well-chosen family, then the result is apt to be good; if the family is too large, or ill-regulated, or in the wrong situation, then the result often is to make a bad matter worse.

Originally, in New Hampshire as elsewhere, the care of the poor, and even of prisoners and the insane, was largely a family matter. There were few almshouses, the prisons were small, and insane asylums did not exist. If a town had a pauper to support, or an orphan child to bring up, the custom was to send the one to some household where he would be cared for, not too expensively, and the other (the child) to another household where a boy or girl was wanted, to be "brought up." The sheriff or jailer looked after his prison-family differently from his own household; still it was a family rather than an institution that he managed. There were serious defects in this rather loose and happy-go-lucky state of things; and, with increasing population and the specializing of industries, it was sure to pass away. The next step, in towns large enough, was to establish a town poor-house, and maintain there, in a family large or small, as the case might be, such

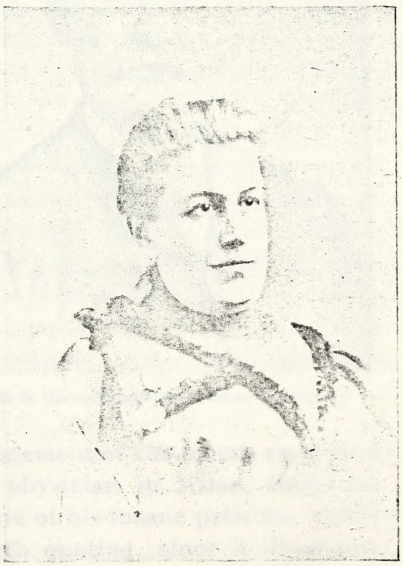
THE CHARITIES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

of the town's poor as could not better be provided for in their own homes, or in some friendly household. Oftentimes the poor-house was a neat and orderly abode of decayed gentility, or innocent poverty, with short and simple rules, few inmates, and a reasonable degree of comfort. I have



Mrs. Julia R. Carpenter, Member State Board of Charities.

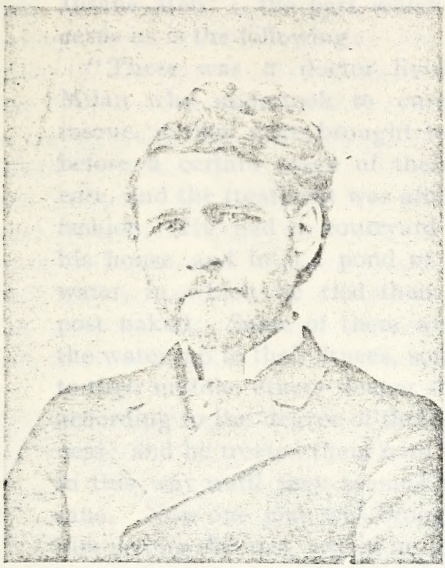
seen many such almshouses in Massachusetts, and a few in New Hampshire; but there they are mostly things of the past, since the introduction, thirty or forty years ago, of the county almshouse system, upon the change of law which gave to so many of the poor a "settlement," as we call it, in the county rather than in the town. This change was also inevitable; it came from the great fact that our New England population, which had been tolerably homogeneous, up to 1845, has in the last half-century become largely a mixture of races, and, to a considerable extent, of foreign birth or parentage. To such immigrants the ancient settlement laws did not well apply; they often (especially if women) could not gain a residence in a particular town, so as to receive public aid there, under a very long period—frequently not at all. Hence the necessity of giving such persons what we in Massachusetts call a "state settlement," but in New Hampshire a settlement in the county of residence. And the increase of persons of this class compelled the opening of county almshouses, which now exist in each of the ten counties of New Hampshire. As the counties vary greatly in population, from Hillsborough,



Mrs. M. H. Varick, Member State Board of Charities.

with nearly 100,000, to Sullivan, with only 17,000, these county almshouses are of very different size and character. The best is said to be that of Merrimack county; but the newest are those of Hillsborough at Goffstown (which this year takes the place of the crowded and ill-arranged build-





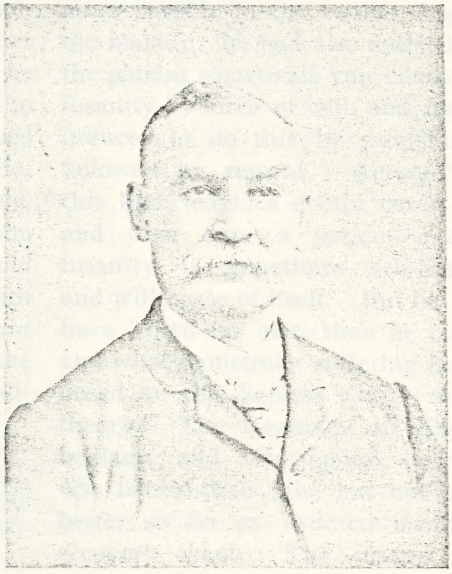
Hon. John M. Mitchell, Member State Board of Charities.

ings at Wilton), and of Strafford at Dover, where the old buildings were burnt, nearly three years ago, under circumstances of great inhumanity, involving much loss of life among the insane.

Of necessity these almshouses must contain a very mixed body of inmates. They are poor-house, hospital, insane asylum, orphan asylum, and workhouse all in one—not always all in one building, but without that strict classification which so varied a population requires. It was to take the children from these quite unsuitable abodes for them, that the law was passed last spring, constituting a state board of charities, and giving it supervisory powers in the matter of placing children in private families. The members of the board are now making their preliminary inquiries.

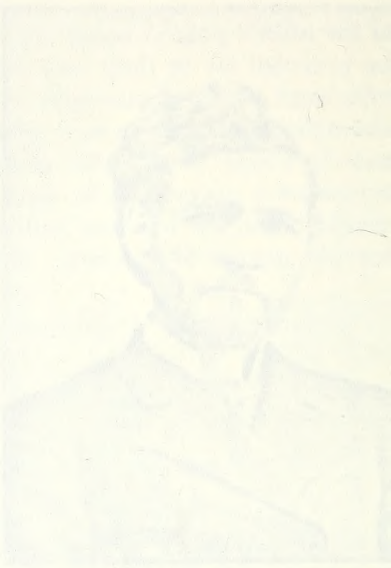
THE TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

It is only in comparatively recent times that the insane have been sensibly and humanely treated anywhere, as a class. Even one hundred years ago the grossest ignorance prevailed among physicians and the community in general, as to the nature and best treatment of the insane. New Hampshire was no exception. I have lately seen a curious edition of Æsop's Fables in Latin and English, which was printed by Henry Ranlet, of Exeter, N. H., in 1799, no doubt for use in Phillips academy. In it occurs



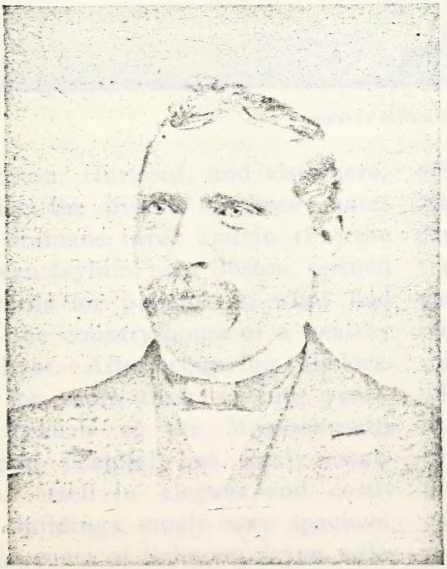
Hon. G. G. Davis, Member State Board of Charities.

the statement of the means employed by a physician in Milan, Italy, for the cure of his insane patients, which is worth quoting, since it illustrates a subject very little known—the ignorant and barbarous treatment of insanity until within the past century and a half. The date of the fable is unknown to me; but it might have been true at almost any time between the period of Dante and his first English translator. The title of the fable is "The Doctor Who Took Care of



Insane Men"; the part which concerns us is the following:

"There was a doctor living in Milan who undertook to cure the insane, if they were brought to him before a certain stage of their disease, and the treatment was after this fashion,—He had a courtyard near his house, and in it a pond of filthy water, in which he tied them to a post naked. Some of them were in the water up to their knees, some up to their middle, others deeper still,—according to the degree of their madness; and he treated them with water in this way until they seemed to be sane. Now one man was brought to him among the rest, whom he placed in the water up to his thighs; who, after a fortnight, began to grow sane, and to beg the doctor to take him out of the pond. This he did, and relieved him of his torment; but with the understanding that he should not go out of the courtyard. When the patient had complied with this condition a few days, he allowed him to go all about the house, provided he should not go outside the gate. His fellow-sufferers, who were not a few, still remained in the water; he took pains to obey the doctor's orders, and so recovered; but he remembered nothing of what he had seen before he was crazy."



O. J. M. Gilman, Member State Board of Charities.

Barbarous as this usage was, it had a certain reason in it. Whoever devised this species of water-cure had perceived that the insane are much more curable in the earlier stage of the malady; he had also noticed that the patient sometimes can control his insanity by force of will, and may be induced to do this by punishment, followed by reward. Acting upon this knowledge, a doctor could now and then cure a patient—indeed, insanity is sometimes self-limited, and will cease of itself. But he must have killed far more than he cured; and what monstrous suffering he imposed on the hapless victims of his theory! The treatment in English bedlams and Continental hospitals was better than this, but not much better so far as rational means of recovery went. The insane were chained, flogged, shut up in the dark, kept in cold rooms, bled, dosed, prayed over, in the hope of casting out the demons that were believed to have entered into the poor distracted one; but it was not until the middle of the last century that science and philanthropy found out a better way. The beginnings were slow and tentative, and much error was mingled with the treatment, even by learned and humane physicians, like Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia; but the dawn of a wiser method having once been seen, the

light was followed up. The epoch-making event, in France, was the action of the good republican physician Pinel, in ordering the chains to be removed from the madmen in the Bicêtre of Paris, in 1793; in England it was the agitation by the good Quaker, William Tuke, which resulted in the establishment of the York retreat, late in the last century. The echo of these things, coming over to New England, led to efforts,

About sixty-five years ago an agitation began in Massachusetts and New Hampshire for the application of the improved treatment by which the wealthy had benefited in Boston, Hartford, New York, and Philadelphia, to the insane inmates of the poor-houses and prisons. Dr. C. P. Bancroft, of the New Hampshire asylum at Concord, which grew out of this agitation, has recently collected and printed, at his asylum printing-



New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane.

in Boston, Hartford, and elsewhere, to give the insane of those states more humane care; and in 1818 the McLean asylum, near Boston, opened its wards for patients in what had been the country-house of a wealthy merchant. After occupying this location for more than seventy years, this branch of the Massachusetts General hospital has lately established itself in elegant and costly new buildings, much more spacious, in the town of Belmont, seven miles west of Boston.

office, the journalistic history of the New Hampshire movement for the care of the insane. By this it appears that as early as 1832, Governor Dinsmoor introduced the subject in his message to the legislature, where it was taken up by a committee, on which are the names so familiar to the daughters of New Hampshire, of Webster, Bachelder, Smith, Harris, and Sanborn. Their report, strongly advocating a state asylum, in imitation of that of Worcester, which Horace Mann and others had estab-



lished in Massachusetts, was written by Samuel E. Coues, of Portsmouth, father, I think, of the present Professor Coues. Two years later, an eminent physician of Exeter, Dr. William Perry (whose son has long been a trustee of the Concord asylum, and whose granddaughter is Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, the distinguished author), gave an address before the legislature, in which will be found as much good sense on the condition and care of the insane as is met with in the writings of our own day, sixty years later.

Dr. Perry estimated the New Hampshire insane, in 1834, at four hundred; it is now more than nine hundred, and would perhaps reach eleven hundred, if all the cases could be reported—which never happens by any census. In this year (1895) Dr. Irving A. Watson, who is virtually lunacy commissioner for New Hampshire, will have on his excellent register at Concord about one thousand names of the insane; and though more than fifty of these will have died by the end of the year, and at least fifty will have recovered, yet there is no reason to doubt that the unregistered would keep the count up to beyond one thousand, at any given time. As the state population is now about 390,000, this would give one insane person for every 390 of the whole people. In Massachusetts the proportion of the insane is greater — say one to 330 — but the New Hampshire ratio is nearer to that of the whole country, the older states having more insane in proportion than the newer ones. Of these thousand insane, 412 are now in the admirable asylum at Concord (which has convenient room for only about 350); nearly 300 are in the county almshouses; a few are in the prisons, and the rest are in private dwellings, or town poor-houses, where any such exist. Those under Dr. Bancroft's care are well treated, and frequently recover; those in the county almshouses are sometimes well treated, but oftener neglected, or only poorly nourished and watched over; and in the Strafford county almshouse, in February, 1893, 41 of the insane poor were burned to death in a night-fire of the buildings. What New Hampshire ought to do is this,—to build an asylum for several hundred of the chronic (incurable) insane, giving Dr. Bancroft the charge of it; and then to see that the insane in the almshouses are all well cared for.

To build up the New Hampshire asylum (which deserves the name of hospital better than most of the establishments that are so called) was a slow and gradual process; the state was small, not wealthy, and in such matters very conservative. But the few enlightened friends of the insane kept up the agitation, and finally, near the close of the year 1842, the buildings were finished and furnished, at a cost of about $40,000 for an establishment supposed to be large enough for 120 patients. It has since been trebled in capacity, and greatly improved in all its facilities for the treatment of its inmates, whether for their recovery or for their detention and comfort in a condition which makes recovery impossible—for it must not be forgotten that insanity, as manifested upon the commitment of a patient to some hospital, is curable in less than half the cases. Were it possible to detect the disease in its earliest stages, and then place the



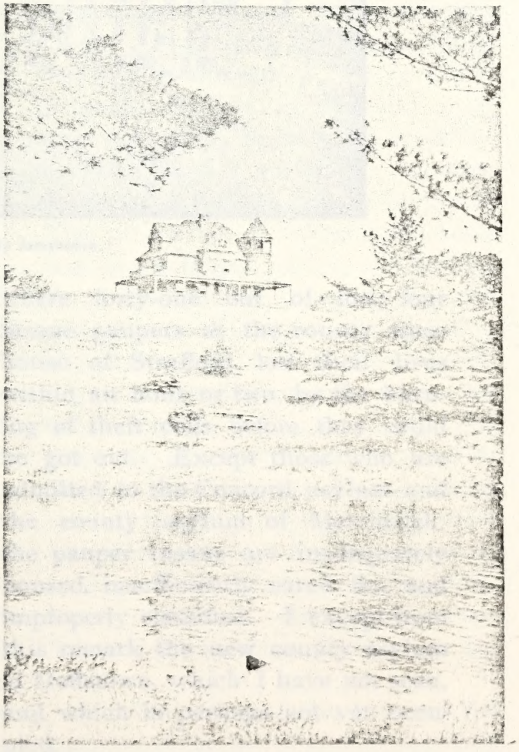
The Twitchell Building, New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane.

patient in the most favorable circumstances for recovery, the number of cures would be far greater; but this is impossible in the majority of cases. It is well known how much more frequent recoveries are in the first six months from the beginning of the attack, than they can be in the chronic stages of the malady. But these chronic patients do occasionally recover; and it is often unwise to give up hope, even when the situation seems hopeless. To promote recovery, Dr. Bancroft, the father of the present superintendent, found that he needed better classification than the original buildings could give; and especially, that the convalescing patients ought to be separated from the rest, and be placed in conditions favoring complete restoration. With this in view, he built the first of two detached houses (the so-called Bancroft building), where the women under his care could live in a nearer approach to the surroundings and habits of ordinary social life than the common asylum ward permits. This was one of the first structures of the kind in New England, and so marked was the success of it that a further extension of the same principle was made by the purchase of land, and the erection of an ordinary dwelling-house a few miles in the country, to which a summer colony of patients could be sent, and where they could live in still greater freedom and the enjoyment of everyday pleasures and duties, not so readily available at the larger establishment in the midst of a city. For you must know, if you do not, that the retired farm of 120 acres, on which the asylum was built, in the small village of Concord, half a century ago, now finds itself surrounded by city houses and streets, and threatened with the opening of a new street through a portion of its grounds. Consequently, the privacy of the asylum is to some extent gone; while the summer colony by Lake Penacook has more than the retirement that once belonged to the whole asylum. Twelve or fifteen of the women live in this summer villa for

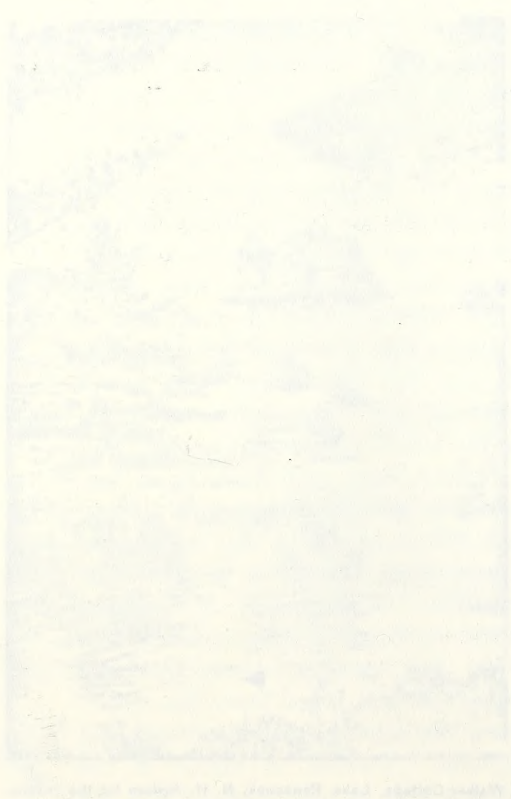


four or five months in the year, and a similar house for men is soon to be built near by, so that both sexes may have the same advantages. In winter, these abodes are too arctic for residence, but during the summer months they lessen the crowding in the city buildings, furnish a new mode of classifying the insane, and, in some instances, undeniably, bring about a discovery of what the patient most needs for regaining health. Besides these summer villas, Dr. C. P. Bancroft has built a magnificent convalescent house for men.

These newer and improved buildings of the Concord asylum not only answer well the purpose for which they were planned, but they have been built within a reasonable sum for the accommodation of each patient who may occupy them. I mention this to the credit of Dr. Bancroft and his father, and of their practical and humane trustees, because the excellent rule of frugality in cost for such buildings has so often been transgressed in Massachusetts and other states. It is not the most expensive buildings that furnish the best means of treating the insane; oftentimes I have seen them more sensibly and effectively cared for in hospitals where the building-cost had not come up to one half what we paid at Danvers, nearly twenty years ago, for the shelter and house-furnishing of each patient. The building-cost in that newest of our palace-hospitals was more than $2,000 for every insane person who could be conveniently lodged there; and much of this cost has been found worse than useless. So inefficient was the very expensive apparatus for heating and ventilating the great pile of buildings, that I have known thirty tons of coal to be consumed there in a single winter day, when they contained but some 600 patients. At present, with more than 900 patients, in consequence of changes made in this costly system (and which might have been adopted in building, at a saving of at least $100,000), it is found that less than fifteen tons will give a much more equal and satisfactory heat, and far better ventilation. In other words, $100,000 was thrown away in the first construction, and perhaps $50,000 more in coal consumption, in the fourteen years before Dr. Page, the

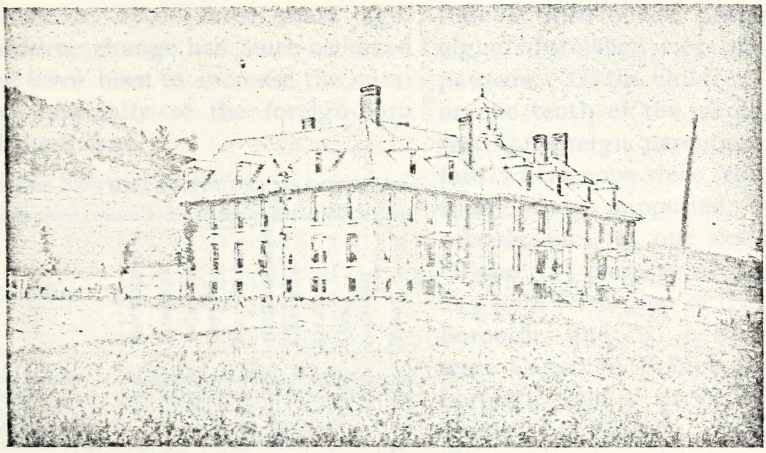


Walker Cottage, Lake Penacook, N. H. Asylum for the Insane.



present superintendent, discovered and remedied this one grand defect.

A similar, though less expensive, defect in the heating apparatus of the new Massachusetts asylum at Medfield, not yet completed, was made by the incompetent persons who first had charge of that structure. The lesson to be drawn from such blunders is this,—to place the construction of buildings for the insane, not under professional architects, who seldom know what the patients need, and very rarely economize funds, but in the hands of experienced superintendents, such as Dr. Bancroft, Dr. Brown (another New Hampshire man, who has built admirably at the Taunton hospital), or the two recent superintendents at Tewksbury, Drs. Fisher and Howard.



Merrimack County Almshouse.

In New Hampshire, however, the virtue of frugality in building needs less to be insisted on than in most states. The defect there has been too little outlay for the housing of the insane, and the lack of a systematic plan for the disposal of all of that class, whether rich, poor, of moderate means, or belonging to the increasing host of paupers and criminals. In some respects—particularly in her provision for state aid to indigent families who bear the burden of insane relatives—New Hampshire sets an example to wealthier communities; but her care of the pauper insane cannot be commended. Its worst faults were glaringly shown by the light of the blazing wooden shanty in Dover, February 9, 1893, where forty-one out of forty-four insane paupers at the county almshouse of Strafford lost their lives within an hour or two, by the burning of their cells before they could be got out. Except those who are admitted to the Concord asylum and the county asylum of Merrimack, the pauper insane are inadequately housed, insufficiently cared for, and improperly classified. I except from this remark the new county asylum at Goffstown, which I have not seen, and which is perhaps not yet occupied.

A word here as to the whole popu-



lation of these ten county almshouses. No complete report is made to the state government on their condition and management; but I trust the new board of charities may hereafter make such reports annually. However, in the autumn of 1892, before the fire at Dover, my old friend, Hon. P. B. Cogswell, lately mayor of Concord, made a report to the National government on the immigration question, in course of which he presented the facts concerning the inmates of the county almshouses, as they stood, October 1, 1892—three years ago. Whatever change has since occurred must have been to increase the numbers, especially of the foreign-born and the insane.

PAUPERS ON THE COUNTY FARMS OCT. 1, 1892.

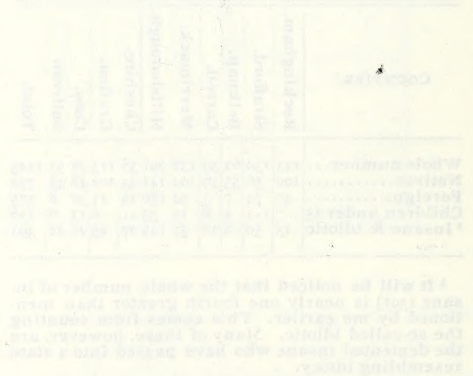
COUNTIES.	Rockingham.	Strafford.	Belknap.	Carroll.	Merrimack.	Hillsborough.	Cheshire.	Grafton.	Coös.	Sullivan.	Total.
Whole number...	143	130	62	59	138	291	58	113	78	53	1125
Natives.....	100	56	55	56	104	141	43	102	48	45	750
Foreign.....	43	74	7	3	34	150	15	11	30	8	375
Children under 15	7	...	4	8	15	55	..	6	13	8	116
[1] Insane & idiotic	15	50	8	18	57	149	27	25	26	22	391

[1] It will be noticed that the whole number of insane (391) is nearly one fourth greater than mentioned by me earlier. This comes from counting the so-called idiotic. Many of these, however, are the demented insane who have passed into a state resembling idiocy.

It will be noticed how much the counties differ from each other in respect to their almshouse poor, even when the population is much the same; thus Rockingham, with 50,000 people, had hardly more than Strafford with 40,000; and Coös, with 24,000, had more than Cheshire with 30,000; while Carroll, with only 18,000, had as many as Cheshire. These differences come in part from the different practice in regard to outdoor relief, or family aid, in the counties; in part, probably, from the prevalence of foreign pauperism, as in Hillsborough and Strafford. Slightly more than half in Hillsborough were foreign, and insane.

The native population of the state, of native parents, in 1890, was about 254,000; those of foreign birth or parentage were about 122,300. Thus it will be seen that less than one third of the population furnished a third of the paupers in almshouses; while in some counties (Hillsborough and Strafford, for instance), with less than a third of the people, the foreigners furnished more than half the paupers. Of the children, 116 in all, or one tenth of the whole, nearly all were of foreign parentage; in Strafford, where none were reported, about thirty were supported in Catholic schools, etc., at one dollar a week. Of the 375 paupers of foreign birth, 245 were Irish (100 of them in Hillsborough, and 65 in Strafford); 65 were Canadian French (27 in Hillsborough, and 9 in Coös); 22 were English; 7, Scotch; and 9, Germans. The proportion of insane and idiotic was much larger among the foreign than the native inmates. In the state prison at Concord, December 1, 1894, among 172 convicts then remaining, 33 were Canadians; while the other foreign born were only put down as 17. But no doubt many of the 122 born in the United States were of foreign parentage. The same would be true, and to a larger extent, in the county prisons and the workhouse wards of the county almshouses, from which I have no returns.

It is the intent of the law, and the purpose of the new board of charities, that most of the 120 children (more

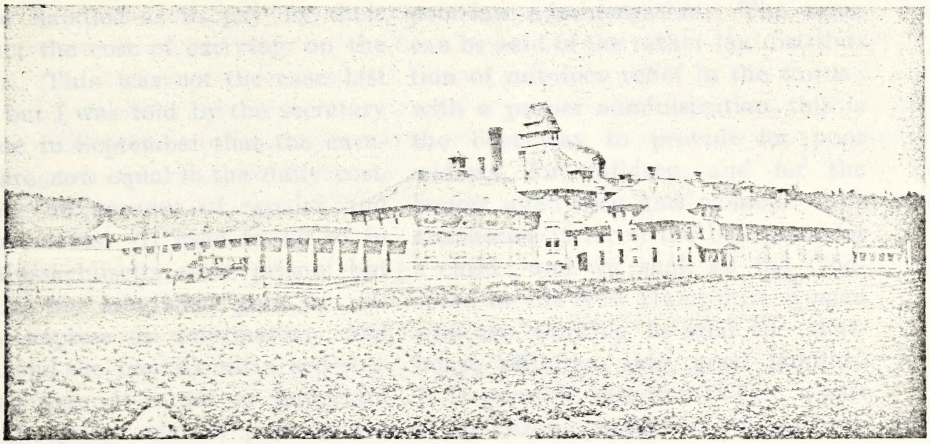


or less) found in the county almshouses shall be put in good families, or in special homes for children. In this work they will be guided in some degree by our experience in Massachusetts, where, for nearly thirty years, with increasing thoroughness and good result, we have had a system of family care for children under public supervision. The principles of this system were laid down by the late Dr. S. G. Howe, in 1854, and again, more in detail, in 1866–'67, when he was chairman of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities—the earliest organized of the twenty similar boards that now exist. As secretary of that board, from 1863 to 1868, I had occasion to coöperate with Dr. Howe in his efforts to place dependent children under family care; and also to become acquainted with one of the best of the smaller state reform schools—the State Industrial school, established by New Hampshire in 1855, on the banks of the Merrimack at Manchester. I visited there thirty years ago, and have known something of its management ever since. It has been now for years under the charge of an excellent superintendent and matron—Hon. and Mrs. J. C. Ray—and has been carried on with that steadiness of administration, and close oversight by the trustees, which are the best guarantee of good results. When I saw it first, there were less than 100 pupils—now there are more than 130—and both boys and girls are received there. The proportion of the two sexes is usually about one girl to five or six boys; at the date of the last report, a year ago, among the 131 pupils there were only 36 of American parentage; while 48 were Irish, 41 French Canadian, one English and one Russian child, and four Negroes. In the forty years it has existed, it has received nearly 1,000 different children, and has restored most of them to society, self-supporting and law-abiding. It could now, probably, place more of its pupils in families than has been the custom, and could receive from the almshouses some of the children kept there, who would benefit by a stricter discipline.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PRISON SYSTEM.

In a recent visit to the well-built and now frugally managed state prison at Concord, I was interested to see that the discipline is still carried on there upon the steady and strict principles established by its first warden, Moses Pilsbury,—the ancestor of many good prison officers, and the first founder of a system since developed by his son, the late General Pilsbury of Albany, and his more gifted pupil, Z. R. Brockway, of the Elmira reformatory, into a far better, because more scientific and correctional, method of dealing with convicts. Moses Pilsbury, after managing the New Hampshire prison successfully, went to the Connecticut state prison in Wethersfield, and remained there till he turned it over to his son, Amos, who controlled it from 1828 to 1844, and who there took young Brockway as an under-officer. On removing to the Albany penitentiary, General Pilsbury carried Mr. Brockway with him, and kept him until he was qualified to build and manage a prison of his own,—first, at Rochester, N. Y.; and then at Detroit. From Detroit, Mr. Brockway went to take charge

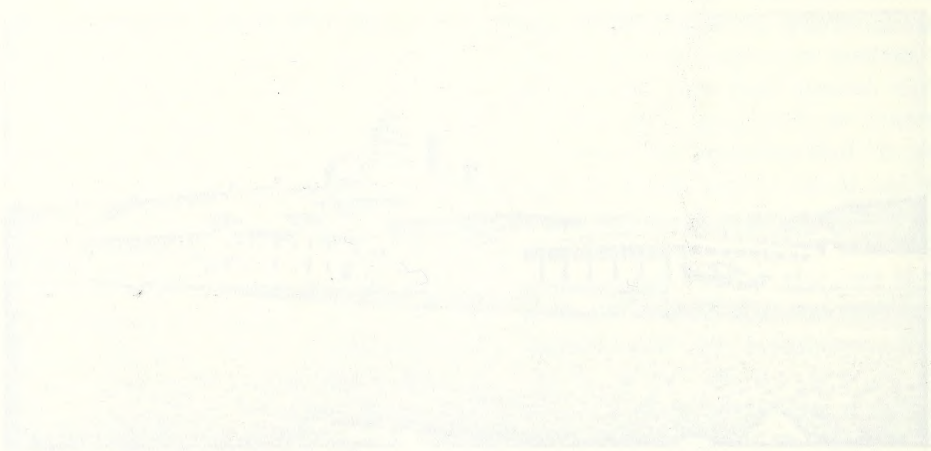
of the great Elmira prison in 1876; and his old teacher, the son of Moses Pilsbury of Concord, lived to witness his remarkable success in that reformatory. In view of these facts, we may almost claim the Elmira system as a New Hampshire prison-system; but, in fact, it is not in force in that state. The rigid Pilsbury method of silence and separation is still kept up; and its results are by no means bad. But it would be well to adopt those modifications of it which Mr. Brockway began to introduce at Detroit, and has now so extended that there is little left of the Pilsbury system except its inflexible justice and its honest application to both convicts and officers.



New Hampshire State Prison.

The present warden of the New Hampshire state prison, Mr. Nahum Robinson, had the oversight of its construction, in some degree, when it was removed from its old location near the state house to its more northern site near the granite quarries about ten years since. In consequence of financial troubles in the labor contracts, the management was changed at the prison last winter, and Mr. Robinson was put in charge. He has had no special training for the place, is advanced in age, and cannot hold it long. When a change is made, it should be the effort of the governor and council of the state, who control the prison, to find a man with a knowledge of convicts, and trained in the newer science of reformatory management, as it is now understood and practised at Elmira, at our Woman's reformatory in Sherborn, and at the Concord reformatory. It will not be feasible to put in practice, in a prison for all classes of convicts, all the regulations of those special prisons; but their spirit should be studied, and the main features of the system adopted. The prison is well built for such uses, and, with certain additions which are soon to be made, I learn, would admit of that classification by grades which is the basis of all good discipline at present.

In some respects the New Hampshire prison is an example to other states. That foolish yielding to labor



agitators which has disorganized prison-labor in New York, and injured its efficiency in Massachusetts, has found no place yet in New Hampshire. There it is still held that the original command laid upon all men to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows, applies with added force to rascals who have been sentenced for crime. Such are expected to work for their living,—not to be supported in idleness at the expense of honest men.

Consequently, the prison industries are so handled as to pay by their product the cost of carrying on the prison. This was not the case last year, but I was told by the secretary of state in September that the earnings are now equal to the daily cost, making no account of repairs and improvements. It used to be so in our Massachusetts state prison, but that day has long since gone by. If the discipline is reformatory, and does send the convict out a self-supporting man, it is not so important that the prison should pay its expenses. In the county jails, where the number confined is small, no considerable labor can be done; and it is doubtful if the prisoners are as carefully separated as they should be. At the county almshouses, the sentenced persons are not separated from the paupers in general.

SUMMARY VIEW OF THE CHARITIES.

It may seem strange to reckon prisons among the state charities, yet a place of restraint and reform is the most charitable situation in which the offender can be put. For young culprits, such as go to the state industrial school, few will doubt the charitable nature of restraint: it is essential to the future good of the child. Indeed, a large part of public charity must consist in restraint and discipline; where the insane are concerned, we see this at once. It is equally needful when the poverty is the fruit of intemperance or other vice; and though I do not believe in sending all the poor to almshouses, still there are many who must be kept there. The almshouse system of New Hampshire, defective as it now is, can be made much better, and serve as an essential part of the poor-law administration. The same can be said of the rather lax distribution of out-door relief in the towns; with a proper administration, this is the best way to provide for poor widows, for children, and for the honest aged men and women. The almshouse is never the best place for a child; and we shall all bid God-speed to the New Hampshire women who are working to send the almshouse children into good families. It is possible also to maintain a part of the chronic insane in private families—not of their own relatives, usually—as is now done in a small way in Massachusetts, and to a much greater extent, and with good result, in Scotland, Belgium, and Germany. It is now a settled maxim that all the insane should be under state supervision. This does not mean that the public shall support them all, but that all shall be looked after by the sovereign authority, to guard against private harm and local neglect. In New Hampshire about half the registered insane are well cared for; with the other half much remains to be done, and women can see that it is done.

The regulation of the introduction

of immigrants, particularly from Canada, would diminish the pauper burdens of New Hampshire, as of the other states of the North. At present the laws are defective, and those we have are not well enforced. There are reasons why insanity—one of the great causes of pauperism—is naturally more common among immigrants than in a like number of residents of all ages. Many of the latter being children are not exposed to insanity, while most immigrants are above the age when insanity first occurs. Moreover, the change of climate and conditions, the regret for home and friends, etc., directly promote insanity. That any considerable number come to the country insane, I have never seen reason to believe. But most immigrants are poor, and many of them are quite willing to be paupers.

New Hampshire is fortunate in having still many small communities where crime is rare, and permanent pauperism almost unknown; fortunate also in the manly spirit of her native people, and the tender mercy of her daughters. The temptations of village life; the vice and destitution and crime of cities; the many evils of developing civilization, will make demands upon all the wisdom and all the goodness of her inhabitants. But I believe they will meet those demands, as they have met the other exigencies of the past three centuries, with that combination of affection and practical good sense, of courage and good nature, which seems to characterize the true son and the genuine daughter of New Hampshire, wherever they find themselves.

FRANKLIN BENJAMIN SANBORN.

Franklin Benjamin Sanborn was born at Hampton Falls, N. H., in the house where all his ancestors had lived for one hundred years, and on the farm which the son of the first American ancestor, Lieut. John Sanborne of Hampton, occupied from about 1675. This property has never passed by grant or deed, but always by inheritance, and in 1831 (December 15), when F. B. Sanborn was born, was the property of his father, Aaron Sanborn, son of Benjamin, who married Lydia Leavitt, daughter of Thomas Leavitt, Esq., a neighboring farmer, and had a family of four sons and two daughters, of whom all but the youngest son still survive. The eldest son is Charles Henry Sanborn, M. D., born in October, 1821, who has practised medicine in the Hamptons, Kensington, etc., for nearly forty years. He taught his brother Frank the rudiments of Latin, French, and German; the English branches and some of the languages were learned in the common school of the town, under competent teachers; and Greek was learned from books with no instructor, until Professor Hoyt, in 1850, began to direct Frank's Greek studies, in preparation for Phillips Exeter academy, where Professor Hoyt was the Greek instructor, and where young Sanborn finished his fitting for college in 1851–'52,—entering Harvard college a year in advance, in the summer of

1852. He had already become a politician and author, having joined the Independent Democrats, or Free-Soil party (of which his brother Charles and Professor Hoyt were early members, from 1845 onward), before becoming a voter; and having published verse in the organ of that party, the Concord *Independent Democrat*, as early as 1850. In college he pursued his Latin, Greek, and German studies, read extensively in English authors, and continued to write for publication in newspapers and magazines. Before leaving college he was invited by Mr. R. W. Emerson, of Concord, Mass., to take charge of a small school in that town, where his children were pupils, and went there in March, 1855, to begin teaching,—at the same time carrying on his college studies, until he graduated in July of that year. He continued in this school (which grew to be a large one) for eight years, when he gave it up and became editor of the Boston *Commonwealth*, in 1863. Later in the same year he was appointed by Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, secretary of the first Board of Public Charities established in the country; and thus began a long period of service in the inspection of prisons and poor-houses, insane hospitals, schools for the deaf and the blind, etc., and in the general administration of charities in Massachusetts. He retired from office in 1888; but still continues to be connected with schools for the blind, deaf, and feeble-minded, and with the National Conference of Charities, of which he was one of the originators in 1874.

In concert with Dr. S. G. Howe, then chairman of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, and his colleagues, Mr. Sanborn called the meeting in Boston, October, 1865, which organized the American Social Science Association, of which body he has ever since been an officer, and for twenty years its chief secretary. In 1870 he coöperated with Dr. E. C. Wines, Mr. Z. R. Brockway, and others in forming the Prison Congress of Cincinnati, out of which grew the National Prison Association and several international prison congresses; and he has also been active in several other philanthropic organizations.

Mr. Sanborn's course in life was early and powerfully influenced by an admirable and beloved woman, Miss Ariana Smith Walker, of Peterborough, daughter of James Walker, Esq., of that town, and grand-niece of Judge Smith of Exeter, a celebrated lawyer and wit of New Hampshire, from the Revolution to the year 1842. Meeting this charming person in the summer of 1850, he fell in love with her, and was much guided by her gentle wisdom for the next four years, during which his higher education was going forward, and his purposes in life were forming. After a long engagement, and many romantic and affecting incidents of their mutual love, they were married in August, 1854, only a few days before her death—a protracted illness, continuing for years, having at last proved fatal.

After some time Mr. Sanborn returned to college, from which these circumstances had long detained him, and in accordance with his wife's wish, was arranging to complete his studies in Germany, when the pressure of the contest against slavery,

turning for some years on the colonization of Kansas as a free state and its admission to the Union, determined him to remain at home and serve the cause of freedom. This he did by acting on committees, raising money to promote free-labor colonies, and furnish them with the weapons of self-defence against the aggression of the slave-holding party; and in other ways coöperating with the practical anti-slavery men of the North. During this contest he became acquainted with John Brown, the hero of Kansas and Harper's Ferry, and was able to give him effective aid in his memorable career, from 1856 to his death in 1859. His friendship for Brown involved him in some difficulties, and led to an attempt to arrest and convey him to Washington in the spring of 1860; but this ill-advised attempt was defeated by the spirit of the Concord people, who took him out of the hands of the senate's emissaries, and by the prompt action of the Massachusetts supreme court, which declared the night-arrest illegal, and discharged the young champion who had defied the usurped authority of the southern slave-masters. Twenty-five years later, in 1885, Mr. Sanborn published his "Life and Letters of John Brown," now the chief authority for the events of that remarkable career.

In 1878 he joined with A. Bronson Alcott, Dr. W. T. Harris, now commissioner of education, Dr. H. K. Jones of Illinois, Miss Elisabeth Peabody, Mr. S. H. Emery, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, and others, in establishing the so-called "Concord School of Philosophy," which for nearly ten years held summer sessions in the neighborhood of Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, and the wood gods of Concord, and taught a high and consoling philosophy to all who chose to attend the lectures and conversations. This school closed with the death of Alcott in 1888, but its work is now carried on elsewhere, with marked results.

Since 1880 Mr. Sanborn has lived in his picturesque house beside the Concord river, devoting himself to literary, philanthropic, and social studies. He is an editor of the Springfield *Republican*, and a frequent contributor to the magazines and reviews. He edits the *Journal of Social Science*, and has had much to do with editing the publications of the National Conference of Charities and the Concord School of Philosophy. He has written lives of Thoreau and of Dr. Howe, and several other books.

JOHN B. PEASLEE, PH. D.

By H. B. Metcalf.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S generosity in rearing, equipping, and sending into the service of other states the men who were made for leadership in the great world's affairs, has become almost proverbial. Her sons are found in every commonwealth, winning for themselves, in every professional field, honors as enduring as her own granite hills,



John B. Peaslee, Ph. D.

and reflecting upon her a glory as real as that of her matchless scenery.

It is not the Websters, the Starks, and the Greeleys alone who have given to New Hampshire the credit that is justly hers for the production of strong men. Hundreds have gone out from her borders who, seeking not riches or renown, have entered into the world's work and done a giant's part, content with the esteem of their fellow men and the knowledge that they have done something of permanent value in their chosen field. One of these is John B. Peaslee of Ohio.

The subject of this brief sketch is a native of Plaistow, born September 3, 1842. His paternal ancestors were Scotch, coming to this country in 1642 and settling in Haverhill, Mass., at which place they left, as a monument, the old Peaslee Garrison house, which still stands to remind present generations of the dangers and the privations of Indian warfare. His mother was a Miss



Willets, of an English family which came to New York city in the early years of the present century.

Dr. Peaslee was educated in the public schools of Plaistow, at the academies at Atkinson and Gilmanton, and at Dartmouth college, entering the latter institution in 1859, and graduating four years later. His bosom friend and room-mate during his college course was Col. Thomas Cogswell of Gilmanton, and among his classmates who have won distinction were Judge Nathaniel H. Clement of Brooklyn, Judge Jonas Hutchinson of Chicago, Hon. Charles A. Pillsbury of Minneapolis, and Congressman Henry M. Baker of the Second district of this state. Soon after graduation young Peaslee went to Ohio to assume the principalship of the North grammar school at Columbus, a position for which he was highly recommended by Dr. Nathan Lord, president of Dartmouth.

Mr. Peaslee at once demonstrated marked ability as a teacher, and after a year's service at the state capital he was offered the position of first assistant in the Third District school of Cincinnati. In 1867 he was promoted to the principalship of the Fifth District school. He was now rapidly advanced, going, two years later, to the head of the Second Intermediate (grammar school), and in 1874, at the age of thirty-two, being made superintendent of the public schools of Cincinnati. Very rarely has so young a man been placed at the head of so large a system of schools, but during his career as a teacher he had displayed the qualifications that the responsible position required, and his twelve years' incumbency therein more than proved the wisdom of his appointment.

During this time he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the work of improving the schools of the great city, and as a result of his efforts measures were adopted which have since been generally applied throughout the country.

Among the many improved features of instruction originating with him are the "Peaslee Method" of addition and subtraction for children of the primary grades, a systematic course in reading and literary training, and the celebration of authors' birthdays. As superintendent he brought the study of American literature to a position of eminence in the schools, and with results so successful as to command the attention of the leading educators of the country. In 1878 Mr. Peaslee received from the University of Turin, Italy, a diploma of life membership, in recognition of the superior excellence of the Cincinnati school exhibit at the Paris exposition of that year, and of which the Hon. John D. Philbrick said,—"No other exhibit of school work equal to it was ever made in the known world." Dr. Peaslee also took a great interest in the observance of Arbor day, and in a series of exercises that have been adopted in other cities, has impressed its meaning forcibly upon the minds of the school children of Cincinnati.

After retiring from the office of superintendent, he served nearly seven years as clerk of the common pleas, superior and circuit courts of Hamilton county, his election being that of the only Democrat on the

ticket. He not only overcame the majority against his party, but was given a plurality of 6,317 votes over the opposition candidate. It was his great personal popularity, coupled with his decided ability, which commended him to the last Democratic state convention as a candidate for lieutenant-governor, and his unanimous nomination was a compliment eminently deserved.

While Dr. Peaslee has been in no sense a candidate for public honors, he has been assigned to many positions of trust, and he is at the present time a director of the University of Cincinnati, a trustee of the Woodward high school, a member of the Union Board of High Schools of Cincinnati, a life member of the National Education Association and the National Council of Education, and president of the Ohio Forestry Bureau. He is an ex-president of the state board of examination for teachers, and was, with ex-Senator Thurman and others, an incorporator of the State Archæological Society.

Dr. Peaslee took up the study of law while pursuing his educational work, and received from the Cincinnati Law school the degree of LL. B. in 1867. He was made a Doctor of Philosophy by the Ohio State University in 1879. Among his published works are,—"Graded Selections for Memorizing, for Use in Home and School," "Tree Planting and Forestry, with Exercises for the Celebration of Arbor Day," "Moral and Literary Training in Public Schools," "History of German Instruction in Ohio Public Schools," and many articles for educational journals.

In 1878 Dr. Peaslee married Miss Lou Wright, daughter of Hon. Joseph P. Wright, ex-insurance commissioner of Ohio. She died July 18, 1894.

AUTUMN AMONG THE HILLS.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

The hoary hills in dreamy languor sleep;
The year is old; blue mists and golden haze
Light up the vales, and fill the forest ways
With iris-colored tints; the rugged steep
Is clothed in glamours gay, till shadows creep
Forth from their hiding in the pine land maze
And dull the hues that mark the perfect days.
A silence falls, and then the river-leap
Mingles its roar with pipe of evening bird,
And crickets chirp a cheery vesper croon
That blends with tinkling bells of homing herd;
The night comes on; the full-orbed harvest moon
Spreads o'er the earth a challis frail and rare,
And autumn scents are teeming in the air.

AN OLD BARN AND ITS SWALLOWS.

By Henry Whytmere.

AN interesting building to happen upon is an old New England barn, such as stands before me now. On the north side old-fashioned doors swing open into the road and similar ones on the south side into the yard protected from winds by the barn itself and by a long, low building called the cider-mill.

Before this southern door-way snow melts soonest in spring, the grass starts earliest, and here eyes that are adjusted to such things may watch the growth of leaves upon apple trees near by, or as the season advances, apple and lilac blossoms, the swallows of summer, and last of all the changing colors of autumn upon the mountain that gradually rises from neighboring meadows until it fills the south and south-west.

But if the day is rainy, then examine the interior of the barn itself. How many reminders of men and things! On this beam, near one end, is the master-builder's autograph, two perpendicular lines made with a scratch awl and crossed by a third one. On the post into which it fits are similar lines. They were made before the raising and saved that event no doubt from awkward mistakes.

High in each gable is a small square hole for the use of swallows and over the door at the south are two irregular holes that speak of some boy's interest in doves. Even the cows contrived to link their memory with the building—a post near where they used to stand still bears the marks of their horns on a well-rounded corner.

Great pine boards nearly two feet wide cover the north side of the barn; hand-wrought nails hold them on. These boards and a single piece of sawed timber bear the marks of the old-fashioned "up-and-down" saw. The lines made by the saw teeth are straight instead of curved.

But whether the old barn is or is not worth more than a moment's thought, it would not figure here at all but for the swallows that make it their home for about a quarter of the year. Of a certain company of these birds—the summer residents of 189–,—I shall have most to say. Early in June they came from the south and at once began to put their nests in order or in some cases to build new ones.

These nests hardly ever fall down and some of them are no doubt very old; for swallows were summering here sixty years ago just as they do now. There were at the beginning of the season eighteen pairs of birds and twenty-seven nests, one of which was in use, however, as will appear later. Two new nests were built.

The process in one case I watched daily, beginning with June 7, when the small semi-circle of mud was apparently wet. The work was done in about ten days. From the start it

was a partnership affair. If the bird with the somewhat darker breast left the barn his mate was sure to accompany or very soon hasten after him, and when one came back from the meadow, a hundred rods distant, with house building material, the other came, too, or with little delay. Sometimes both crowded into the half-finished nest together, but more often one waited outside as near as possible while the other was at work.

Then such a deal of warbling and fluttering of wings as there was. The bird outside would change places with his mate, turn around a few times, settle down comfortably, and express unqualified approval of all that had been done.

On the tenth of June a feather was brought in and carried around the barn several times, followed by a crowd of demonstrative friends. The feather was at length deposited and inspected; whereupon the pair began to warble with such ecstacy that their neighbors all fell to warbling too. Jubilees of this sort were quite common, especially as the young ones began to try their wings.

But to return to the builders of nest number twenty-eight. In course of time their small tenement held five much crowded youngsters that behaved like all the rest. Early in life their big triangular mouths fly open on slight provocation, and nothing sets their tongues in motion but the coming of something to eat. When their feathers are well under way and they have reason to be better pleased with themselves a very sociable feeling develops.

They have much to say to each other and to the passer-by, but it all sounds like "each-each-each" or "witch-witch-witch," syllables that appear to be at the foundation of the swallow vocabulary.

The coming of the parent birds is the signal for a chorus of "eaching" that often begins when the expected lunch is at least ten feet away. Sharp eyes these birds must have, else how can they distinguish their parents from the other birds that are always coming and going?

It may be, however, that they depend somewhat on the route of the advancing bird. As a rule I noticed that any given one always came in with the same sweeping, graceful curve, under this beam and over that, perhaps, or with a simple upward curve, according to the location of the nest.

In one instance there was a decided difference between the paths of *pater familias* and his spouse. One swept in from the north at full speed, gradually facing about to the nest in the northwest corner. The other slowly wheeled in at the same door but mounted to the nest more directly.

When the young ones are large enough to sit in a row on the edge of the nest they are nearly ready for the active life of their family. They watch every movement in their neighborhood,—a floating feather, a passing fly or swallow. A great deal of time is given to dressing their feathers, and now and then one mounts the edge of the nest, turns about, and vigorously flaps his wings in the faces of his nestmates. They are doing just the right thing without a hint of instruction, but when the day comes for them to leave home it is hard to say whether the young or the old birds decide the matter.

Nestful after nestful took wing

before I happened to see the process. Early on the morning of July 4, however, I noticed that the birds in No. 10 had their minds made up. The young birds were unusually wide awake and talkative and their much excited parents were flying back and forth between the nest and a convenient beam underneath. After a deal of trying of wings and much "eaching," one youngster and then another suddenly scrambled out of the nest and clung to the sloping side of the timber upon which the nest is built.

The last one out made haste to get back again but the ambition of the other was aroused and presently he made a sudden start as if flying were as easy as breathing, and brought up against a brace several feet above the chosen landing-place.

From the nearly upright brace the little adventurer, amid much approving chatter, soon descended to the beam below, and within a few minutes two of his fellows reached the same spot. The fourth and last one remained stolidly at home until the next day. Meanwhile, the old birds, as happy as possible, were on the wing half the time and using simple phrases and complicated expressions of satisfaction by turns. Once out of the nest these young ones acted like all the others. The greater part of the first day they sat in a row watching everything keenly and devouring rations as usual. On the first day a young bird usually takes a turn or two around the barn followed by a noisy crowd of scolding swallows, scolding it seems because they fear the bird may blunder into the wrong nest.

More often the end of the first long flight comes when, completely exhausted, the bird drives against some obstruction and stops with a bump.

The second or third day may introduce the young swallow to the outside world but he does not even then lead an entirely independent life. He still has the knack of picking up a living to learn and strength to gain.

Consequently little family groups of four or five or larger groups of a dozen or twenty select convenient perches like fence rails or the tops of bean poles where they spend much time awaiting the frequent visits of their parents with something to eat.

Orioles and robins at this period in their offsprings' lives are full of anxious cares and doleful complaints but swallows seem to have nothing to fear. Very little came up during the summer to disturb the swallows in the old barn, but there was one disagreeable affair. Several weeks before the swallows came a pair of pewit fly-catchers appeared in the barn, picked out one of the swallows' nests, and refurnished it. The natural result, a little later, was a series of skirmishes between fly-catchers and swallows. The swallows soon came to ignore the intruders unless attacked by them; but the fly-catchers never fully regained their self-possession, and as soon as their second brood was ready to take wing, old and young moved out together. Some of the swallows celebrated the event in an unexpected way, by tearing out the lining the fly-catchers had put in their nest.

My frequent visits to the barn gave the swallows very little uneasiness apparently. A chorus of "chee-chits" often greeted me, but the fault-finding was momentary, and if I stationed myself in a doorway the swallows

passed in and out a few feet overhead without a word. I was glad to have them entertain a good opinion of me, and accordingly showed due respect to their rights, with perhaps one exception.

On a hot August day five nearly full-grown birds crowded into one nest suggested the idea that they would be more comfortable if the family were divided. About ten feet from their nest was an unoccupied one, and in it, after one or two fits of rebellion, two of the young birds consented to stay. As they were soon discovered and fed as well as the rest, my meddling was perhaps justifiable. But the idea as to dividing the family was not well received, for the first use each of the five birds made of his wings was to carry him to a convenient meeting place on a beam near by. Toward night their fraternal spirit was plainer still, for everyone of them flew back to the home nest.

Some of the books had led me to suppose that swallows start southward in a body, and I reasoned that they would all stay in the neighborhood until the youngest birds were equal to long distance flying. In this I was much mistaken, for on August 13th, at which time two families of young birds had been on the wing but a few days, I was surprised to find that the greater part of the birds had disappeared. A little examination showed that those remaining were the youngest members of the flock and their parents, only a dozen or so in all. During the middle of the day not a swallow was to be seen, but toward night the same two or three families returned. The old birds circled about outside the barn as usual at that time of day, but the young ones went to their nests.

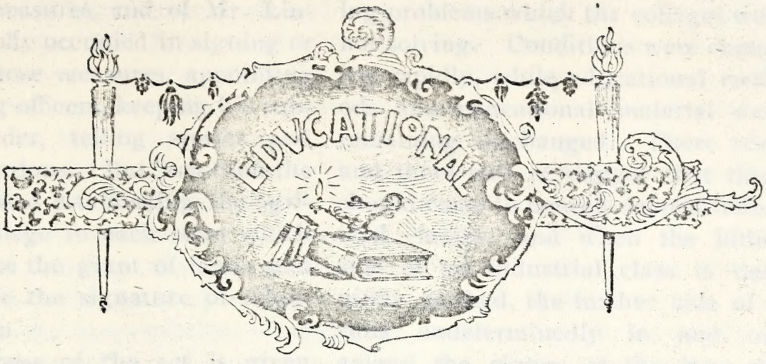
On August 16th only two old birds continued their twilight evolutions about the barn, and inside not more than two or three young swallows were to be seen. For a week after this date I saw now and then single swallows, or small groups of them, flying toward the South; but I could not be sure they belonged to the company that had made the old barn its headquarters. The swallows had gone, and for several days the quiet was fairly oppressive. A hundred swallows cannot drop out of the sky without giving at least a twinge of lonesomeness to one who has taken a friendly interest in their domestic affairs.

After the season had unmistakably come to an end, I looked over my notes and made out the following report: During the summer six broods of five learned to fly, nine broods of four, six of three, and one brood of two; eighty-six birds in all, everyone of which, so far as I know, lived to go southward.

THE DYING LEAF.

By John H. Bartlett.

O leaf of the forest, how sad is thy quiver,
As fondly thou cling'st to the twig of thy birth!
How soon autumn frosts check thy life's sweet endeavor,
And the breath of the breezes bears thee gently to earth!



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE RELATION OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE TO THE COMMON SCHOOLS.[1]

By President C. S. Murkland.

The phrase "agricultural college," inadequate as it is, suggests that institution in each state, which is endowed by the general government, is helped or hindered by the state government, as the case may be, and which is an attempt to solve some of the pressing problems in education and in life. It is not, in theory or in practice, opposed to other institutions of learning; it is not regardless of any true educational ideal; nor is it established to maintain anything but the highest standard of intelligence and culture.

But impressions to the contrary, which are not uncommon, are not altogether accidental. If the agricultural college does not always occupy a place of acknowledged importance in the common educational system, it has itself chiefly to blame. It must win its place; vindicate its claim, and create its constituency. And, in the mean time, it need not worry over-much if it be called by a name which is always misleading, and which is particularly trying when its apparent incongruity appeals to the jaded wit of the chronic joker.

It is a rare bit of humor which can make one smile three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

Certainly, there are some reasons why the agricultural college should exist. It could hardly have come into being when it did without some good reason. The year 1862 was not the darkest the nation has known, but even then the war was assuming vast proportions, and it began to seem as if every thought must be absorbed in preserving the national life. In the treasury of the nation there was certainly no money to burn. And I find myself thinking of the congress of that time as constantly concerned

[1] A paper read before the high school teachers, at Nashua, September, 1895.

with war measures, and of Mr. Lincoln as wholly occupied in signing or rejecting those measures, appointing or removing officers, keeping his cabinet in order, telling stories and granting pardons. But just then the bill was passed establishing the agricultural college in each state which cared to take the grant of land; and the bill bore the signature of Abraham Lincoln.

The purpose of the act is given clearly enough in the bill itself; it was "to provide a liberal and practical education for the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." That means, I suppose, not something less than a "liberal education," but something more. But it leaves all the problems of application and adjustment to be settled by the several states through the officers to be appointed in each state for that purpose.

We may, in a word or two, get at the considerations which called for the agricultural college. For, although that was a third of a century ago, the passage of years has simply added emphasis to the demand then recognised by congress and the president.

Let us catch at the phrase "industrial classes." It is not altogether felicitous, for education knows no classes. And there has not been a time, in the last two hundred years, when children of the wage-earners could not be found in our colleges. But, after all, there is something in the use of this phrase in such a connection. Education was moving toward the several pursuits, as well as toward the several professions, of life, but with step altogether too halting. Immigration, especially, was proposing problems which the colleges were not solving. Conditions were changing rapidly, while educational methods and educational material were remaining unchanged. There was, and there still is, danger that there should come to be well-defined industrial classes; and when the hither side of an industrial class is definitely marked, the further side of it runs undeterminedly in and out among the classes of the lazy, the shiftless, and the dangerous. The phrase "industrial classes" becomes harmless, in an act whose object was to *prevent* separation into classes. And the date I have given you gains a profound significance. The agricultural college was established as the army was maintained,—to preserve the Union. Disunion among the states may be trivial; disunion among the people is fatal.

The necessity was, that the people who barely lived from day to day should not be separated too widely from those of more leisure condition. How prevent that separation? In less pressing times it is safe enough to wait, and let the small wage-earner (there is no other satisfactory designation that I can find), make a way, for himself and for his children, into the larger privileges. But that was no time for waiting. We cannot afford to do too much waiting now.

Then, congress did the only thing it saw to be done. And I may confess that I cannot see what wiser thing it could have done. It could not say, "Let the small wage-earner share all the highest privileges of life on and after the first day of January, 1863." It could not well call upon the churches to consider more definitely the application of the gospel to

the conditions of the nineteenth century. Nor had it any authority to interfere with the established institutions of learning. But it could declare its belief that by more generally educating the people, and by blending liberal education with practical education, there was a possibility of keeping the people united. And it could throw upon the several states the responsibility of applying this educational remedy to the national social disorder.

So the states got the agricultural college. Still keeping the "industrial classes" in mind, we may see what the several states were asked to provide for, at the expense of the nation. For it is the nation, not the state, which pays the bills of the agricultural college. The states were to consider the people who had little money, who required the proceeds of their children's labor, and who, with their children, needed the union of broad intelligence with practical efficiency and wage-earning power. Here are three items.

1. Money. The colleges were growing more and more expensive. They are now so growing, and it is a thing to rejoice over. For it means that the demands upon the colleges outstrip the concessions to them. Twenty or twenty-five more students in each class require a new college inside the old one. After a while they pay for themselves in gifts and legacies. But meanwhile twenty-five or fifty more students have come in, each year, and the college has reached the limits of its funds and has been compelled to increase the charge for tuition. There is no wrong in this. The college gets all the students it can accommodate at the increased charge. But there are those who find the cost prohibitive. On the other hand, among those who can pay the larger price are more and more of those who have more money than they know how to use. And they tend to create a local sentiment which is, perhaps, the worst feature in the life of a large college. It is all well enough to say that a boy ought to be able to maintain his dignity while practising an economy which marks him a separate unit. But it is not so easy. And there are incidental considerations, of a social nature, which make the inevitable sacrifice of opportunity a serious loss to the college boy who has to count every cent he spends. So far as concerns this country, there have been two large factors involved in founding new colleges: the post-mortem benevolence of individuals; and the increasing expense involved in attendance at the colleges already established. Congress attempted to found colleges for the children of those who had no money to spare, when it gave land for the state colleges.

2. Time. Time is money, to those whose money is scanty. The colleges of older form are not to be blamed for making it harder and harder to gain the stamp of their approval. No one of us who is not the gainer by their increasing requirements. But the gain has its attendant loss. It was one thing when a boy could graduate from college at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and then, after a year or two of study with some individual, doctor, lawyer, or minister, enter upon the practice of his profession fully accredited as a man of liberal education. It is a very different

thing when he must be the exception if he get his college degree before he is twenty-one or twenty-two, and must spend three or four years more in a professional school before he can enter upon the work of his chosen calling. How real and pertinent this consideration of time is may be easily understood if one fairly estimates the requirements of professional life. Is it not true that the intellectual demand made upon the professional man was never so great as now? Yes. But, on the other hand, the ministry is the only profession which affects to require a college education as its pre-requisite. One may pass an examination for the bar without having attended either a law school or a college. Some years ago it was my delight to coach in mathematics a high school graduate who, with that mere trace of special preparation, found easy entrance to the Harvard Medical school. And even to the ministry there are short cuts, —institutions whose aim is to supply men who have not had collegiate education, but who may adequately serve the churches of smaller pay and lesser requirements.

To me all this is significant. It suggests the possibility that the time requirement of our common educational process is too great. Either the professional schools are wrong in admitting those who are not college graduates, or the colleges are wrong in consuming so much time. Of course, there is another possibility. The colleges may assume that they have no professional responsibility, and that they have only the culture of the individual to regard, and not his immediate efficiency. But the men are few who dare stand upon this ground and meet, face to face, the men of their own colleges. The "industrial classes" are the sufferers when more and more time is required by the educational institutions. For they have no time to spare, their own or their children's. The value returned justifies the outlay of time, of course,—but there are people who simply cannot put the time into such an investment. As the average age of college students advances, the requirement of time becomes prohibitive in more cases. Therefore, congress set for the states the task of providing facilities for a good working education which should not involve excessive outlay of time.

3. Practicality. This is not a luminous word. But in this connection it may suggest *keeping in touch with life* Colleges are not often wholly free from the vice of monasticism. "Four years of college life may do very well," said a certain historian, "but forty years of it would very likely make one a sot or an imbecile." What forty years would do four years may begin to do. The evil is not in a specific temptation, but in the general one. The most exemplary student, the thoroughly good boy, may by his very scholastic excellence be most deeply touched with the perverse monastic habit. His virtue becomes his bane, unless he have a saving genius which will work somehow in him to the service of men. The problem which congress faced in 1862, was that of keeping education in touch with life, with all life, and most of all with life in our country. Therefore, the agricultural college was ordained.

These characteristics then properly

mark the agricultural college,—economy in money, economy in time, and practicality. How are these features preserved?

The first item presents no great difficulty. The cost of tuition is reduced to a nominal sum, and even that is remitted in every case where it appears to be necessary. That is, in nearly every case. For the constituency of the agricultural college is, as it was meant to be, a constituency of people with no money to spare. In some states the tuition is free, and the states appropriate, to maintain the colleges, a certain percentage of the income from taxes. In New Hampshire the state does nothing of the sort, but does make certain appropriations for the evident necessities of the institution. The expense of attending the agricultural college is practically the expense involved in eating, sleeping, and wearing clothes.

The trouble begins with the second item. How shall the outlay of time be reduced to smallest limit? There are two ways: increasing the amount of the day's work, and lessening the variety of it. More study and fewer studies. This, I take it, is the distinctive intellectual feature. It is not worth while to keep up the long discussion over the value of Latin and Greek; that value is manifest, and is inestimable. But it is not well to say that unless a student will learn these languages he shall not learn anything, and shall not be admitted to the fellowship of culture. The older colleges, acting, perhaps, under the impulse given by the agricultural college, concede the fact that a co-ordinate college course may be pursued without either Latin or Greek.

Then there is the educational possibility involved in technical studies. It is just beginning to be understood. The general introduction of manual training illustrates this. The gain in studies of this sort is two-fold, accuracy and the coördination of mental processes. And the agricultural college is under some definite obligation to use technical studies and manual operations, so as to secure the greatest possible economy of time. Upon the whole, it fairly meets its obligation.

The same changes in the curriculum work towards that practicality which is *contact with life*. The student is not simply learning a trade, but he is so learning that he keeps in sight of all industry. He may, when he receives his diploma, turn whithersoever he will; but he will have taken little of the spirit of the agricultural college with him if he go out into the world with no sympathy with the life of productive effort.

But what has all this to do with the common schools? Much, every way. Because these three features, practicality, and economy in time and in money, are characteristic of the agricultural college they must have recognition in the common schools; and by "common schools" I mean all the schools maintained at the public cost. The agricultural college is itself a common school, and may, perhaps, claim the title with more absolute right than can any other institution, for the burden of its maintenance is borne by the general government, and its professed object is to promote the common welfare. But just now the natural connection is broken. The high schools, under the strain put upon them by the

older colleges, are likely to offer their students these alternatives,—a very good college preparatory course, and a very doubtful something else, devised to fill up the three or four years' time. The agricultural college offers a better alternative in place of this latter one. There are two separate things represented by the imperfect names, classical college and agricultural college. And the high schools, forcing their demands down upon the lower grades, may as well recognise the facts. It is the veriest provincialism which refuses to let the high school take advantage of its opportunity. The few should have, as they now do have, the facilities for the broadest and highest culture; but the many should not be told, as in effect they now are told, "if you do not want to spend four years in college, and three years in a professional school, you need not enter the high school." The agricultural college offers a possible way to act on the boys and girls in our cities, like those who now drop out of school here and there along the line, and to keep them in the schools. With few exceptions they are of the "industrial classes". And they drop out of the schools, not because they want to, nor because their parents want them to, but because of the apparent hopelessness of securing either a "liberal" or a "practical" education. The cost is too great, when that cost is estimated upon the basis of four years spent in the high school, and four years spent in college.

It would not be hard to outline a course, leading up to the courses in the agricultural college, and of such manifest worth as to appeal to the parents who now look askance at the courses in our high schools, and at the implications involved in those courses. And perhaps the relation between the agricultural college and the common schools may be indicated most clearly by suggesting such a course.

First, and foremost, that course should have two years' steady drill in English, including letter writing, social correspondence, and the various details now so completely ignored.

Secondly, that course should have two years' earnest work in mathematics, one year in elementary algebra, and one year in geometry.

These are the essentials. To them might well be added two years' work in Latin, and one year's work in history, physiology, and some other study, such as is suggested either by Guizot's "History of Civilization" or Macy's "Our Government." A two years' course without Latin, or a three years' course with Latin, would give a better preparation than is sometimes given by a heterogeneous course consuming four years.

Neither chemistry nor botany should be included, nor any other elementary science. The agricultural college is supposed to have better facilities for scientific work than the high school can possibly have. So far as our own case is concerned, we find that we can do better work with the student who has had no chemistry, for instance, but who has had thorough training in English and elementary mathematics, than we can with one who has had a little mathematical work and a smattering of chemistry. From an educational standpoint, a few fundamentals have greater value, certainly, than a mul-

tiplicity of studies hastily run through.

It lies with the common schools to determine, in large measure, the value of the agricultural college. Students who come to us well prepared, like those who have come to us from the high schools of our cities, make demands upon us which we cannot ignore. And the agricultural college and the common school thus act and react upon each other to the ultimate good of the people.

One thing should be understood. The agricultural college does not stand for a spirit of strife. It is not in competition, save that of the most friendly sort, with other colleges. Least of all has it any antagonism with that institution which has been for so long the chief glory of New Hampshire, Dartmouth College. I may say, as I have indicated before, that if the two institutions in our state were entirely of the same sort, they would be coöperative, not antagonistic. Being as they are, supplemental one to the other, they make the fear of antagonism a mark of utter provincialism. The agricultural college is designed to round out the circle, and make the educational sequence a complete whole. To work out its fundamental idea it thus needs the coöperation of the common schools, and waits only for intelligent consideration from those who have most influence with the scholars in the public schools.

One more item, and one only, should be noticed. There are many towns which have no high school. And there are not a few people who cannot, or will not, send their children to the excellent private institutions so abundant in New Hampshire. With these facts in view, the last legislature established a two-years' course in our own agricultural college, prescribing certain conditions which may or may not have been well considered. Congress gave to the legislatures of the several states power to exercise some discretion in the use of the appropriations put at the disposal of the states. But in using the word "college" congress limited the powers of the several legislatures, and made it imperative that the institutions called agricultural colleges should be of collegiate grade. The New Hampshire legislature appropriated certain sums to maintain a two-years' course, and so long as that appropriation is continued the agricultural college of this state must maintain a course of this kind for the benefit of the boys and girls who have not the privilege of attending a high school or academy. That course must be at once independent of the regular four-years' courses and preliminary to them. In this way the agricultural college comes into still closer contact with the common schools of the state. For it must admit students who have not had the high school training, while still offering to the graduate of the high school a course, or several courses, worthy of their wider preparation. But there is no new principle involved in all this. It remains the essential function of the agricultural college to "provide a liberal and practical education for the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." To accomplish this is the steadfast purpose of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

THE SENTINELS.

By Laura D. Nichols.

A Lombardy poplar, spare and prim,
  Grew tall on a hill-side bare,
And bowed in the storms of threescore years
  O'er the homestead nestled there.

Two generations of boys and girls
  Grew up 'neath its narrow shade;
Then the house was burned, and the farm was sold,
  But still the poplar swayed

In the winter gales and the summer breeze,
  North, east, and south and west,
As if it would point to the scattered homes
  Of all who had left that nest.

But one of the girls who went, a bride,
  To a farm on a distant hill,
Had carried a shoot of the dear, old tree,
  And it throve—is thriving still.

Now, in the sunset of life, she sits,
  Widowed, saddened, and gray,
Watching her children's children dance
  Round the younger tree in play;

Looking across at her girlhood home,
  Where turf o'er its hearthstone is green,
And Father Lombardy's sentinel spire
  'Gainst the sunset glow is seen,

Solemnly waving to and fro,
  Heavy with tales it could tell,
Whispering soft, "Is it well over there?"
  And the young tree nods, "It is well."

NECROLOGY.

HIRAM M. GOODRICH.

Col. Hiram M. Goodrich, a native of Nashua, died in that city, September 19, at the age of 67 years. At the age of 15 he entered his father's store as a clerk, remaining there for eight years. He was then for a few years treasurer of the Underhill Edge Tool Co., later removing to Boston, where he engaged in the metal business. Upon the death of his father, in 1860, he returned to Nashua to carry on the business, and became president of the Underhill Co. He also served as a director of the Pennichuck bank, and as auditor of the Nashua & Lowell railroad. He was a member of the staff of Governor Straw.

JOSEPH SAVAGE.

Col. Joseph Savage died at Wentworth, September 22, at the age of 92 years. He was born at Wolfeborough, and first engaged in the trucking business at Boston, where he remained until 1838, when he removed to Wentworth and there lived until his death. He was a colonel in the old militia, and served on the town's board of selectmen and as its representative in the legislature.

LOUIS POLLENS.

Louis Pollens, A. M., Ph. D., professor of the French language and literature in Dartmouth college, died at Hanover, September 28, aged 57 years. He was a native of Switzerland and educated in that country, having been identified with Dartmouth for about eighteen years. A close and critical student of the French and German languages and literatures, Professor Pollens had published several translations, and was at work at the time of his death upon works on French grammar and literature. He was a strong and good man, whose influence was widely felt.

SAMUEL PIERCE.

Samuel Pierce, the largest manufacturer of metal organ pipes in the world, was born at Hebron, June 12, 1819, and died at Reading, Mass., September 21. He had served the town of Reading as both selectman and representative, and was for many years an active member and officer of the Old South Congregational society.

EDWIN D. BLANCHARD.

Rev. Edwin D. Blanchard died at Los Angeles, Cal., August 6. He was born at Wentworth, April 14, 1858, and obtained his education at Phillips Andover academy, Dartmouth college, and the Andover Theological seminary. He was ordained a Congregational minister in August, 1893, and entered upon a pastorate at Hudson, from which ill health forced him to retire.

WILLIAM L. GOOCH.

Deacon William L. Gooch, of Exeter, died September 23, at the age of 79 years. He was a native of Portsmouth, and for many years a leading carriage manufacturer. He was made a deacon of the Congregational church in 1846, and since that time had never missed a communion service.

EDMUND EATON.

Edmund Eaton, a native of Hillsborough, died at Fairbury, Neb., September 19, at the age of 97 years. He moved to Reading, Mass., at a very early age, and there learned the shoemaker's trade, which he had followed ever since. He was a member of Reading's first fire company, and cast his first vote for president for John Quincy Adams.

JASON J. KIMBALL.

Prof. Jason J. Kimball, one of New Hampshire's best known musicians, died at Manchester, September 27, at the age of 66 years. He was a native of Windham, Vt., and gained early repute as a violinist and conductor. He studied under the best masters in Boston, and there was noted as a bass soloist. Since 1872 he had been a resident of Manchester, where for a long time he was director of the choir of the Unitarian church.

ALBERT G. SINCLAIR.

Albert G. Sinclair was born at Haverhill, January 14, 1845. He moved to Massachusetts, where he engaged in the emery trade, and was a member of the legislature. He later studied law in Michigan and was admitted to the bar there. In 1884 he became sole proprietor of the emery business at Peekskill, N. Y., where he died, September 27.

WILLIAM C. TRUE.

Hon. William C. True, of Plainfield, died September 24, at the age of 65 years. He was a prominent farmer, and had been moderator of the town for over thirty years. He had also been a candidate for state senator and member of the governor's council.

JOB W. HILL.

Job Winslow Hill, a native of Lowell, Mass., but for the past forty years resident in Manchester, died in the latter city, September 28, aged 72 years. He was president of the Landlords' association, and a well-known and successful inventor, the Hill valve and self-closing stop and waste being among the more prominent of his patents.

JAMES C. TAYLOR.

Hon. James Calvin Taylor, an honored citizen of Derry, died in that town, of which he was a native, September 21, at the age of 78 years. He had held various offices of trust, and was for a long time treasurer of the Taylor library, to which he made generous gifts

ROBERT H. PERKINS.

Robert Hamilton Perkins was born at Exeter 50 years ago, and died at Chicopee, Mass., where he was superintendent of schools, October 6. He was educated at Phillips Exeter and had spent the whole of his life teaching.

CHARLES H. REYNOLDS.

Charles Henry Reynolds was born November 30, 1830, and died in South Barnstead, September 26. He was a veteran of the Mexican and Civil wars, a Forty-niner in California, and as a sailor a visitor to all the principal ports of the world.

FRANK C. TOWLE.

Hon. Frank C. Towle, member of the state senate from the ninth district, died at his home in Hooksett, September 30, at the age of 48 years. He was a native of Epsom, and was one of the leading business men of the Merrimack valley. He had served as postmaster at Hooksett, and as a member of the house of representatives.

ORIN CURRIER.

Orin Currier died at Kingston, October 4, after a long illness. He was a graduate of Boston university, and practised law in Boston for many years. He was Kingston's most honored and respected citizen.

LEWIS SIMONS.

Maj. Lewis Simons died at Manchester, October 6, at the age of 80 years. He was a native of Weare, but went to Manchester in 1853, engaging very successfully in the lumber business. He was a member of the Unitarian church and the Derryfield club, and had held all the offices in the Amoskeag Veterans.

WILLIAM P. CHESLEY.

William P. Chesley, a native of Dover, died at Jersey City, N. J., October 12, at the age of 59 years. He went to Boston in 1854, and entered into partnership with Francis F. Morton in the business of builders. Some of Boston's most prominent edifices were their work. The firm was dissolved in 1891.

SHERMAN LITTLE.

Sherman Little, a native and life-long resident of Webster, died September 27, aged 60 years. He had represented the town in the legislature, and was for many years secretary of the Merrimack County Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

O. F. R. WAITE.

Maj. Otis F. R. Waite died at Claremont, October 12, at the age of 87 years. He was a native of Weathersfield, Vt., learned the printer's trade in New York, and was editor and publisher of *The Spirit of the Times*. He was later editorially associated with the Springfield *Republican*, Berkshire *Eagle*, Claremont *Eagle*, and *American Stock Journal*. He held the position of engrossing clerk to the legislature, 1856–'57, state insurance commissioner, 1859–'62, recruiting officer for Sullivan county, 1861, major of the Twentieth regiment, New Hampshire militia, and brigade inspector, 1875. He was the author or compiler of several works, including the New Hampshire Register for three years, Claremont's war history, "New Hampshire in the Great Rebellion," and Eastman's Coast Guide.

REV. W. C. JACKSON.

Rev. William Chamberlain Jackson, born at Eaton, February 17, 1808, died at Newton, Mass., October 17. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1831, delivering the salutatory address, and spent the four subsequent years in study at the Andover Theological Seminary. For six years he engaged in missionary work at Smyrna, and then held long pastorates at Lincoln, Mass., Dunstable, Mass., and Brentwood.

CAPT. H. G. WOOD.

Captain Henry Gage Wood died at Natick, Mass., October 17. He was born at Hollis, August 1, 1853, and was educated for a civil engineer, being engaged during most of his life, however, in the shoe business. He was prominent in military and Masonic circles, and an enthusiastic horse breeder, owning the celebrated stallion, Pure Wilkes.

DR. F. W. UPHAM.

Dr. Francis W. Upham, the famous Biblical student and author, was born at Rochester, September 10, 1817, and died at his home in New York city, October 17. He was educated at Phillips Exeter academy and Bowdoin College, and was admitted to the bar in Boston. He soon turned his attention to the defense of the Bible against "the higher criticism," and to this end devoted his life. He published half a dozen works, was an extensive traveller and a thorough and devoted scholar.

LIEUT. J. A. CHESLEY.

Lieut. James A. Chesley died at Wakefield, October 18, at the age of 71 years. He served throughout the Rebellion and until 1884, when he was retired. For conspicuous bravery in a great fire at New Orleans he received the special thanks of the navy department.

F. R. KENNETT.

Frank R. Kennett, representative to the legislature from Madison, died in that town recently, aged 34 years. He had held all prominent town offices, and was a leading Odd Fellow.

S. H. PIPER.

Stephen H. Piper, for a long period a leading dry goods merchant of Exeter, died there October 19, at the age of 81 years. He retired from active business life fifteen years ago.

MRS. LUCINDA KNIGHT TAFT.

Mrs. Lucinda Knight Taft, widow of the late Richard Taft, proprietor of the Profile House, died in Boston, October 18. She was born in Hancock, September 5, 1817, and was for a time a teacher in Nashua public schools. She was married in 1839, and to her efficient aid much of her husband's great success as a hotel proprietor was undoubtedly due.

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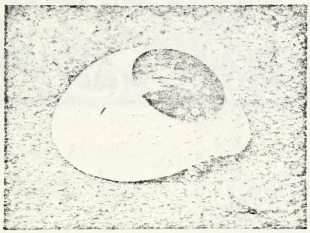
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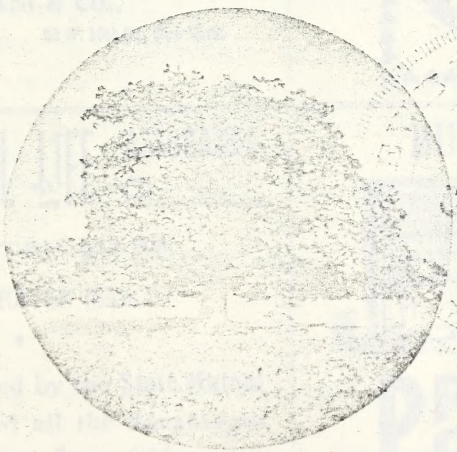
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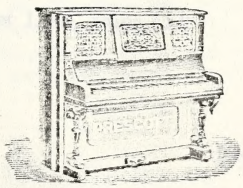
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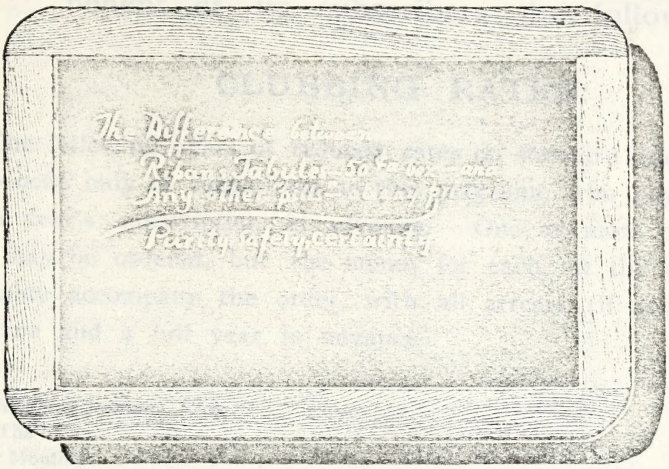
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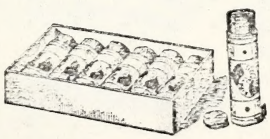
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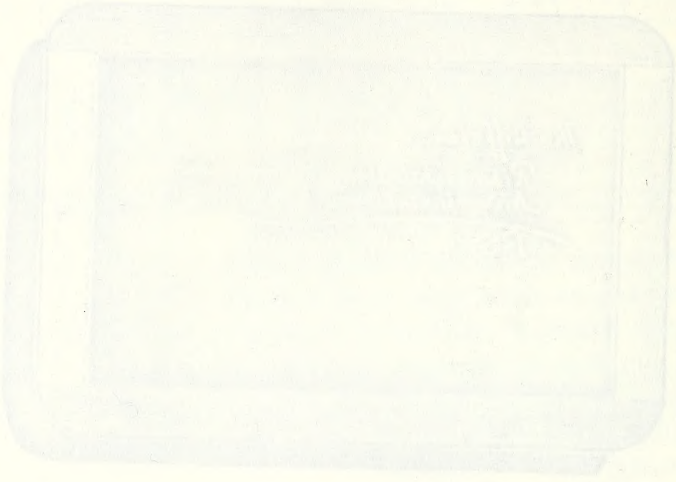


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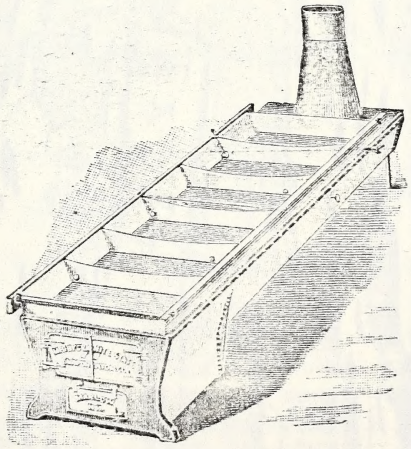
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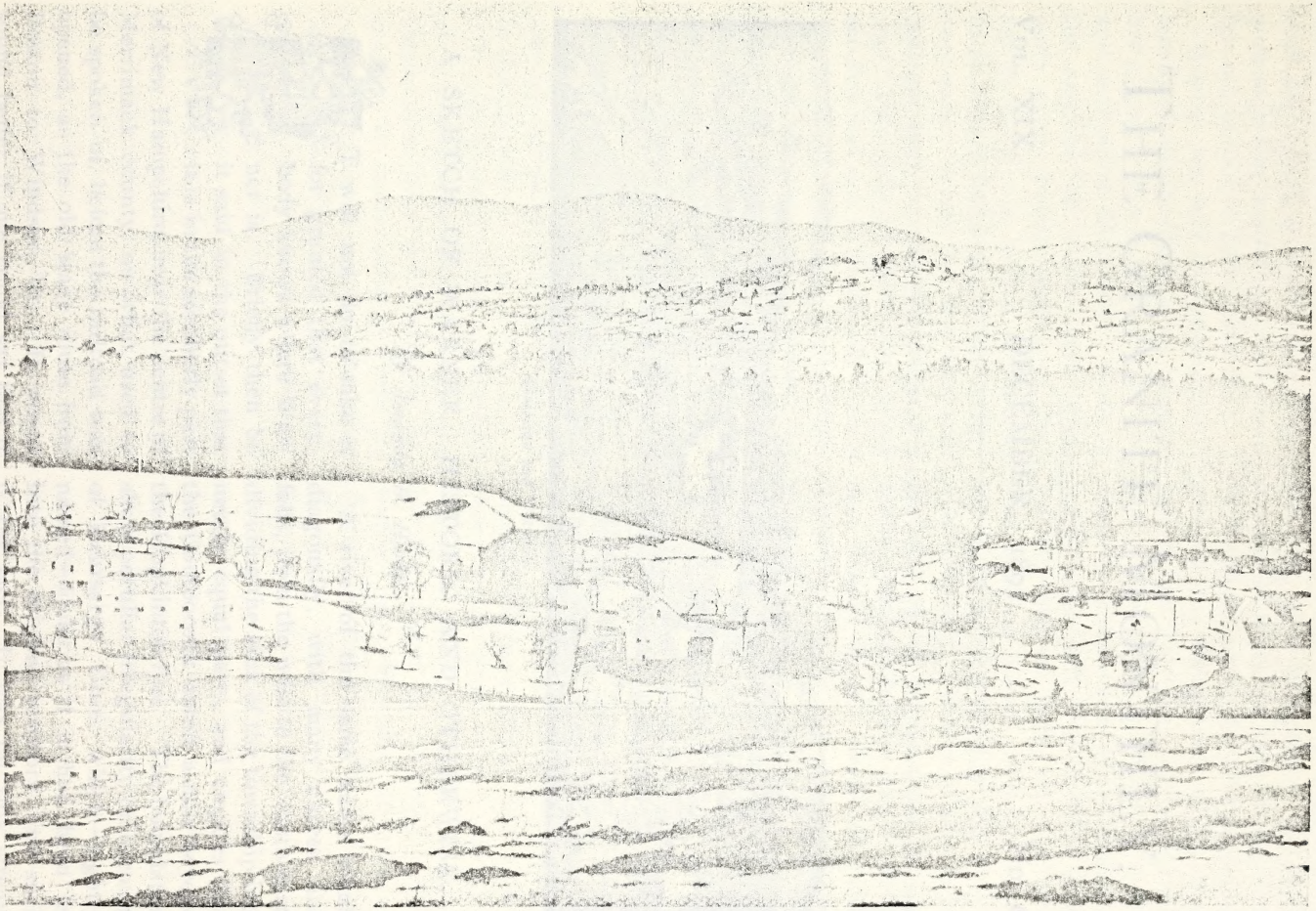
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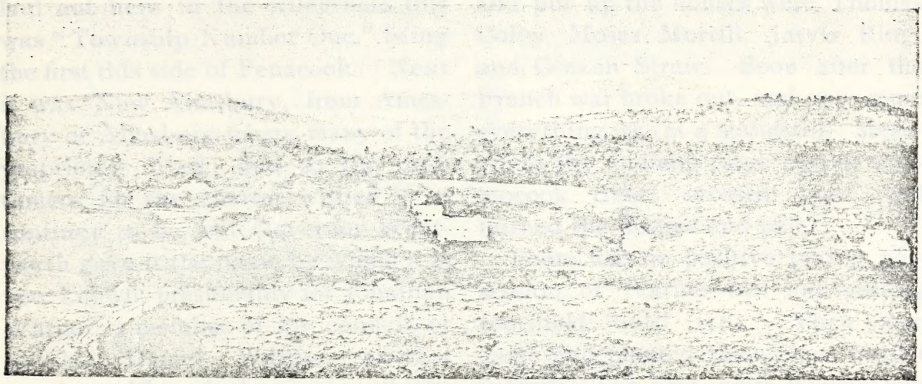


From a photograph by Leonard Bean.

KEARSARGE IN WINTER.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

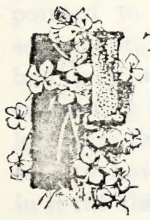
VOL. XIX. DECEMBER, 1895. No. 6.



Kearsarge and Waterloo.

A SKETCH OF WARNER: HISTORIC AND OTHERWISE.

By Amanda B. Harris.



IT will not do to take it for granted that everybody knows where Warner is. Briefly then be it said in the outset that it is in the southerly part of New Hampshire, near the centre of Merrimack county, on what used to be spoken of, before the railroad was opened, as the old stage route from Boston to Windsor, Vt. It would sound better if one could say that it is on one of those substantial, famous, old, incorporated turnpikes, but, unfortunately, it would not be true.

A river of the same name winds diagonally, with many curves and falls, from the west to the south-east, dividing the area of the township into nearly equal parts, and empties into the Contoocook about a mile beyond the Hopkinton line. The boundaries show peculiar irregularity on account of Kearsarge Gore, which—rightly named—looks as if it had been let into the original territory, and such is the fact. It was on this stream and some of its chief tributaries that most of those saw-mills were located, and grist-mills, clothing-mills, bark-

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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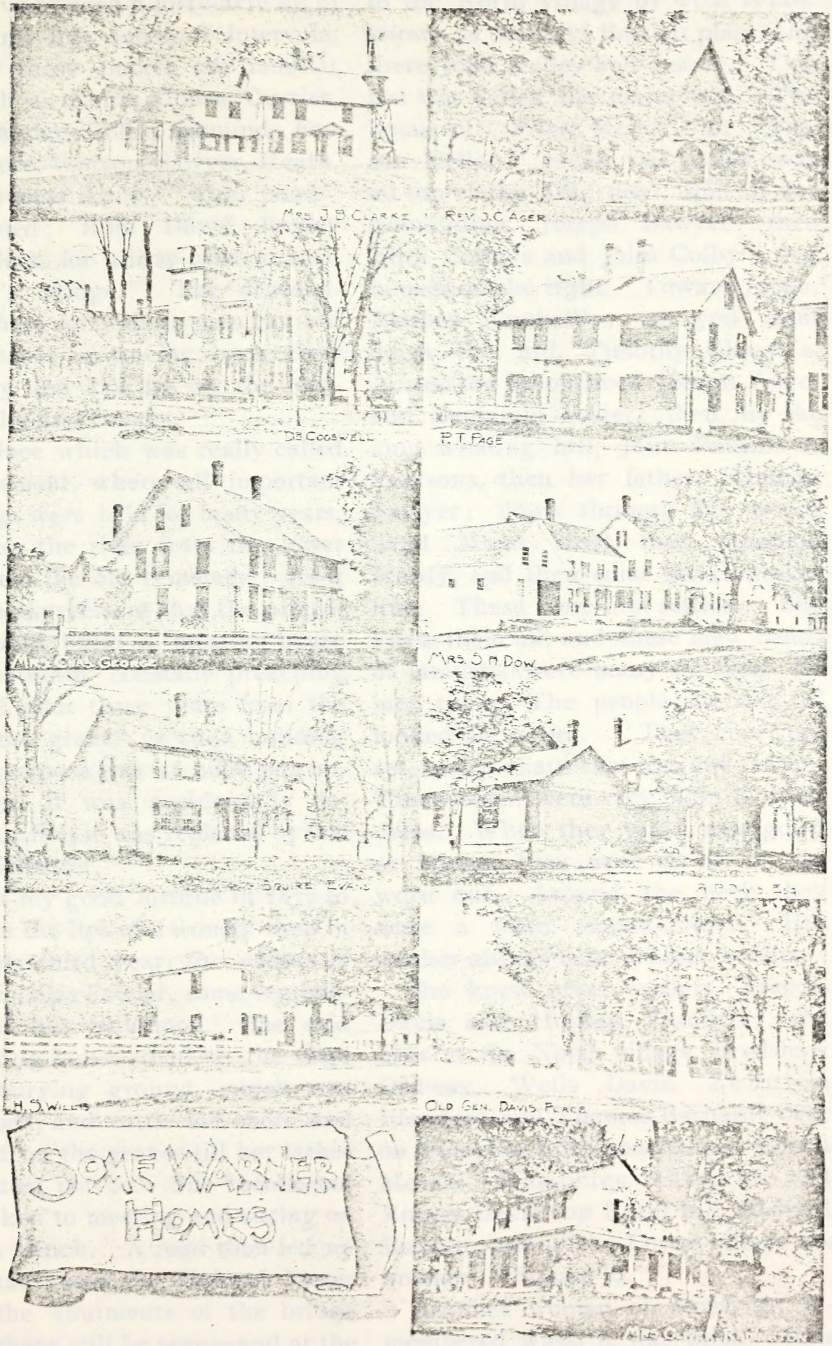
mills, and tanneries which we have read and heard so much about—important in the beginning of the town but not needed in these latter days.

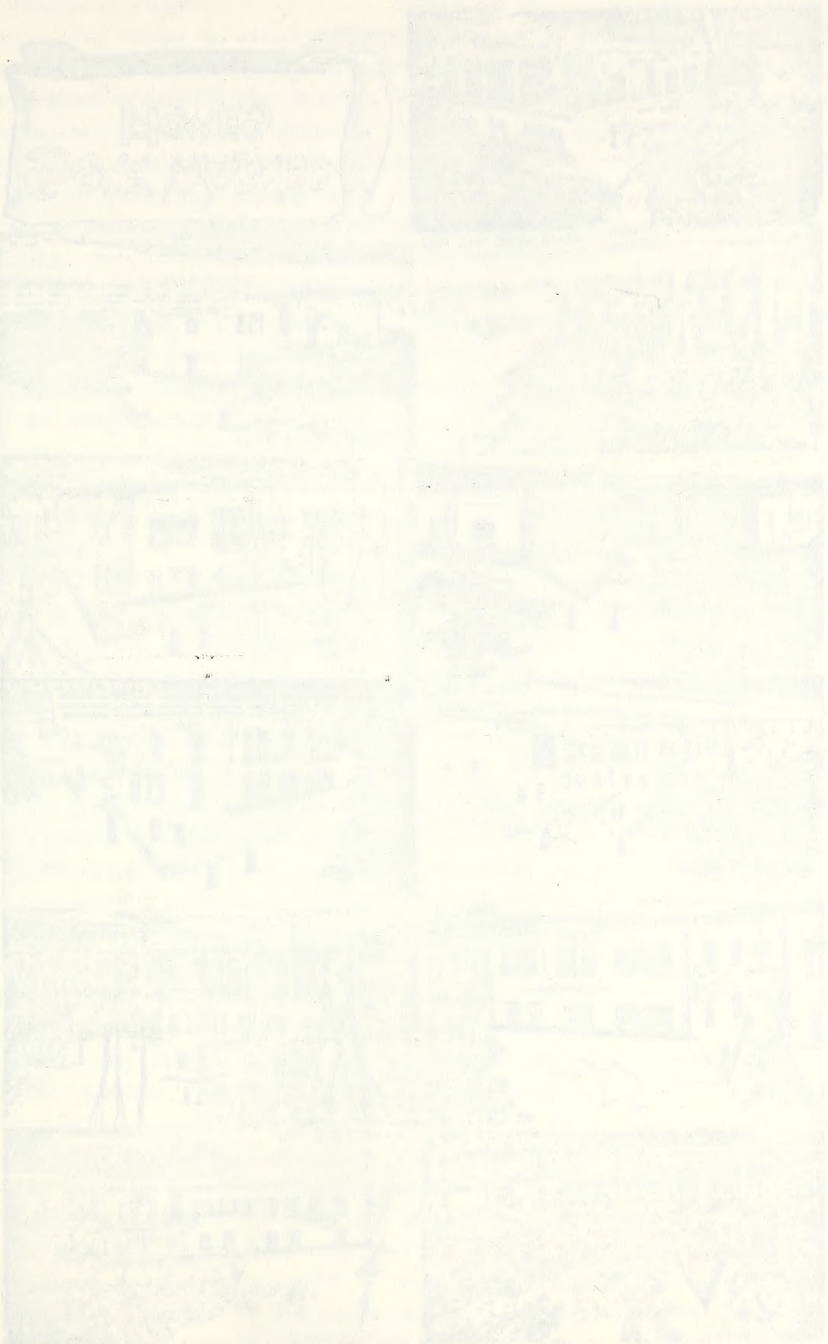
Warner has had an existence as a legally established town since September 3, 1774, when it was incorporated and received its final name. Some of the neighboring towns were originally given Indian names, as Boscawen which was known as Contoocook. Many had two or three temporary ones. When the first lots were laid out here in the wilderness this was "Township Number One," being the first this side of Penacook. Next it was New Almsbury, from Amesbury or Almsbury where many of the proprietors lived; and so the petitioners for the charter wished it to continue to be, but Governor Wentworth gave it the name by which it is now known, presumably for Jonathan Warner, a member of his council, or possibly Daniel Warner, another member, although there are opinions to the contrary.

It was granted by the government of Massachusetts Bay in 1735, and three years later the committee appointed to make some surveys for settlement, etc., reported that they had laid out sixty-three house lots, containing about five acres each, and lots were then drawn by men who are said to have continued their interest in it till the actual settlement. The laying out of these lots, which were near Davisville, can hardly be said to have amounted to anything, although measures were taken by the proprietors to clear a road from the Contoocook river and build a saw-mill to induce people to settle.

They seem to have been more persistent than successful. It was a fearfully long way up from Massachusetts, and it required no small amount of pluck to dare the perils of the Indians whose favorite tramping ground was along these rivers, then full of fish, by which they took their miserable captives to Canada. However, the proprietors at last took the matter into their own hands in good earnest, and at their own expense had four log houses built, in 1749, not far from where is now the Davisville cemetery. The men who came and put up the houses were Thomas Colby, Moses Morrill, Jarvis Ring, and Gideon Straw. Soon after the French war broke out, and once more everything was at a standstill. Meanwhile the Indians came up the Contoocook river, crossed over, and burned the houses and mill.

There was no positive taking possession of Warner soil and getting root-hold until 1762. Then men came and planted themselves farther inland. The first white woman was brought there, a bride; and at last there was a home. The first child was born, and for the first time family life began in Warner. The woman was Hannah, daughter of Daniel Annis and wife of Reuben Kimball. The rude cabin of these beginners of a town was up on the rising ground across the road in the neighborhood of Willard Dunbar's. It was not long before more and more families came. There was a revival of business activity throughout the colonies, and enterprising men made clearings and set up their homes along these valleys and on these hills. According to Rev. Henry S. Huntington in his "Historical Discourse," there were forty-three men with their families here in 1763 who had settled


Mrs. J. B. Clarke
Rev. J. C. Ager
D. B. Coggswell
P. T. Page
Mrs. S. M. Dow
Old Gen. Davis Place
Some Warner Homes



on the conditions of the proprietors, which gave to each a forty-acre lot of upland and five acres of intervale. Some of these names are familiar ones, such as Annis, Chase, Currier, Davis, Flanders, Colby, Edmunds, Foster, Gilmore, Watson, Sawyer, Heath. From Thomas Annis, "Tom pond" was named; from David Bagley (town clerk for thirty-nine years), "Bagley's bridge." The descendants of these forty-three men can but take pleasure in tracing back their genealogy and looking up the locations of the first comers.

The place which was really called the settlement, where all important gatherings were held for many years, was across the river from the lower village near the old cemetery. As it was in the agreement that the proprietors should build a meeting-house and "maintain constant preaching from and after three years from the date of the grant," a rude building for the purpose was at once put up, and when it was accidentally destroyed by fire, it was replaced by one somewhat better.

It was my good fortune in 1872 to hear from the lips of a woman then in her eighty-third year, the widow of Capt. Nicholas Fowler, some reminiscences of her childhood. She said the meeting-house stood on the edge of the burying ground, which was unenclosed, and cattle fed there and trampled on the graves till her father said it must not be. She recollected being taken to meeting and sitting on a rough bench. A road then led up from what is now the Richard Foster place—the abutments of the bridge may perhaps still be seen—and at the top of the hill the roads crossed, "making a real cross." One went to Joppa, one down over the plain, one to the North village by what is now known as the Levi Bartlett place, and there John Kelley had a store. This last was called the main road. The house of "Priest Kelley," or "Parson Kelley," as he was called, was on top of the hill; next, that of her grandfather, Joseph Sawyer; then Eliot Colby's and John Colby's, two houses on the right. Toward Joppa, Reuben Kimball's; as you went down the hill, Timothy Clough's. Across the brook lived Joseph Foster and Benjamin Foster; then, up the long winding hill, John Parsons or Pearsons, then her father, Edmund Sawyer; down through the woods lived Major Hoyt, then Jedediah Hardy, and then came the Henniker line. These were first settlers. She knew them all, and these men, heads of families, were many of them old men then. The people she said all looked old to her. "They were very set, and perhaps that was one reason. The women were very plain in their dress. When they got a new gown or bonnet they wore it till it was worn out. Around the neck they wore a white handkerchief. Her mother always wore a black bonnet."

She knew other settlers, Francis Davis and Hophni Flanders; and over at the North village, Bradshaw Ordway, Wells Davis, Zebulon Flanders, and Thomas Barnard; over on Pumpkin hill, Isaac Chase, Enoch Morrill, Humphrey Sargent, and Robert Davis; on Burnt hill, Richard Bartlett, and at the Lower village his brother, "Squire Jo."

Another woman of ninety-six remembered when it was thick woods all the way down from Waterloo to Warner village, and there was just

one little cabin down there, and no more, near where the Dr. Eaton house now is, and a man lived there named Cole Tucker. She said people had no time for recreation. "They used, however, to get together and sing. There were so few of them that they were drawn together in kindly feeling and used to go a long distance to see one another, two on one horse, or with an ox team."

Affairs seem to have gone on reasonably well with the settlers. In compliance with the conditions, they must settle a learned orthodox minister. Accordingly, on the 5th of February, 1772, William Kelley, who had preached for them a year, was ordained, and on the same day a Congregational church was formed. He built for himself a small house on the lot set apart for the minister, and later put up a larger one. It was afterwards taken down and rebuilt at the Lower village and is now the home of W. H. Sawyer.

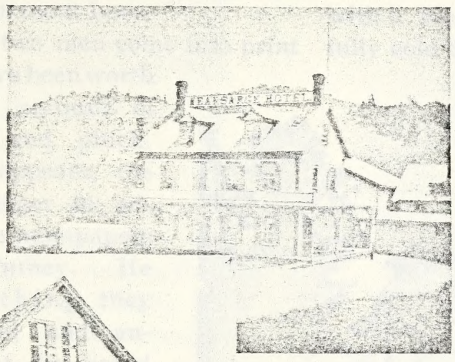
If that was an epoch in the religious history, there surely was soon another of civic significance; and presently one of momentous import to the state and the nation. The great event of getting the town incorporated came next after the organization of the church. Francis Davis was the man who went to Portsmouth on the errand and returned with the precious document in his pocket and authority from Governor Wentworth to call the first town meeting.

In a little more than seven months came the alarm of the fight at Lexington. The War of the Revolution had begun. Warner had then only 262 inhabitants, the majority of whom must have been women and children; yet soon the number of men in the service was creditable to the town. Seven volunteered at once for three months, Charles Barnard, James Palmer, John Palmer, Richard Bartlett, Jonathan Roby, Francis Davis, and Wells Davis. Richard Bartlett, son of one of the proprietors, had already at the age of twenty been three years at his settlement on Burnt hill, where Thomas H. Bartlett now lives—the family homestead for three generations. The Davises were sons of Francis. Hubbard Carter, Thomas Palmer, John Palmer, Wells Davis, Joseph Clough, and William Lowell were in Stark's regiment at Bunker Hill. The Revolutionary War rolls show many Warner men, enlisted for different periods of service or raised to fill up the Continental army. Among them were Amos Floyd, Philip Rowel, Jacob Waldron (Lieut.), Pasky Pressey, Daniel Young, Isaac Dalton, Stephen Colby, Solomon Annis, and Isaac Walker. The last named settled in Schoodac and was ancestor of the family represented by Reuben E. Walker of Concord. The Stephen Colby descendants are numerous. Indeed so many are the "Sons of the Revolution" and the "Daughters" now living in Warner that large "chapters" might easily be formed here.

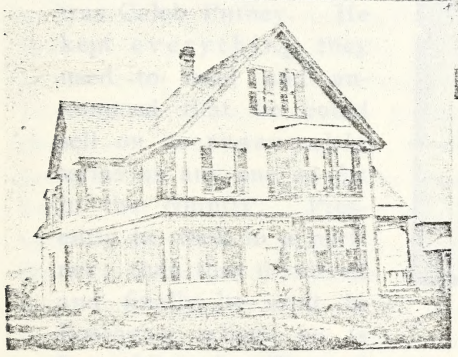
Many other names appear which undoubtedly belong to this town. Many came here after the war was over who had seen much and honorable service like the Badgers. The first physician of Warner, native born, was surgeon in the army, Dr. John Hall. One other man must not be left out—a negro, Anthony Clark, known throughout this region as "Old Tony." He may never have

fought, but he carried water and distributed cartridges at Bunker Hill, and in his capacity of waiter he served Washington. He was present at many battles and at the surrender of Cornwallis. He used to fiddle for the officers, and after peace was restored he drifted to Warner where he was ready with his fiddle for fifty years, dying at the age of about 102.

In the mean time, till the century closed and 1800 came in, what was going on in this young town of Warner that "got into the newspapers" as we say, and let the outside world know a few items about us? In 1793 there was a vendue at the inn of Dr. John Currier (the first tavern in town, at what is now known as the Brooks place) to sell the right of land, about thirty-two acres, which had been granted as a parsonage. At this day we cannot help wondering why they sold it. The committee were David Bagley of the location where is now the cluster of well-kept buildings on the Samuel H. Dow estate, and Benjamin Sargent who lived on Tory hill. William H. Ballard at the Willard Dunbar place, father of the celebrated schoolteacher, John O., who was no doubt born there, offers real estate for sale, 600 acres. Later, Tappan Evans, collector, advertises taxes at John George's inn. This man lived over the river at the Lower village and had that numerous family of so much influence there in after years. And again, David Bagley brings up what somebody speaks of as the "everlasting taxes." Notice is given of an act just passed for arranging the state militia, Warner coming in with Hopkinton, Salisbury, Bradford, and Fishersfield (now Newbury), forming the second battalion of the first regiment in the fourth brigade. Kearsarge Gore, which did not then belong to us, went into the first battalion. And Ebenezer Smith has for sale two houses, a tan-yard, bark-mill, saw-mill and grist-mill three fourths of a mile from the meeting-house.



Kearsarge Hotel.



Prospect House.

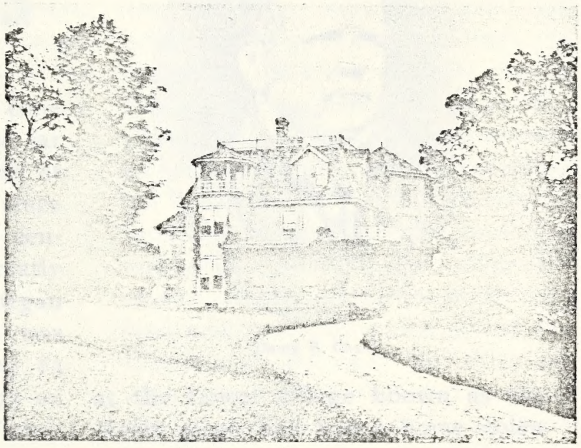
And now an advertisement recalls the fact that in the charter one right was granted for the use of schools forever; yet, for some reason four of the lots are to be "leased for 999 years"—meaning that there is to be the end of it. One of the men who signed it was Nathaniel Bean, ancestor of all the Beans, who built on Pumpkin hill (just above where John F. Jewell lives) the fine mansion so

well known to Warner people, four square, flat roofed, with big chimneys, and "decorated" with Lombardy poplars—a house famous for its unstinted hospitality.

No other in town had such a stately look except the Wells Davis house (long since taken down), on the site of which the gifted and distinguished authors, Charles S. Pratt and his wife, Ella Farman Pratt, built their tasteful villa when they chose Warner for their permanent home.

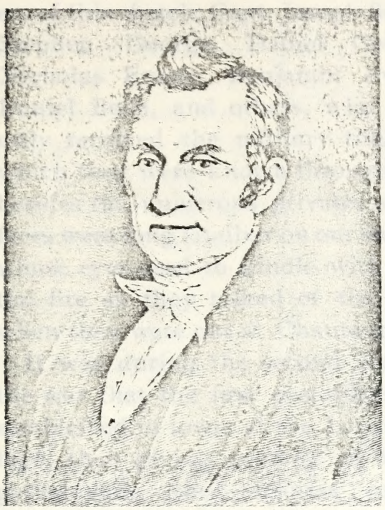
Just here two men come into print who must have been worth knowing on account of their push and pluck. So far as appears, the first store-keeper to advertise in the newspapers was Caleb Putney. He kept everything they used to need and announced that he could sell on as reasonable terms as any one so far in the country. Presently he took in a partner; then they dissolved and finally he went to Boscawen where he is lost sight of. The other man is Capt. Asa Pattee, ancestor of the Pattees, who gives notice that he has sold out the situation where he had kept a public house for many years, and taken the Dr. John Currier place at the Lower village. The tavern he left was one built by himself, still standing, the oldest house in the Centre village, kept for a short time by Mr. Whitman, later owned by Capt. Joseph Smith, then bought by Dr. Leonard Eaton who spent the remainder of his life there.

Serious trouble arose towards the close of the century about building a new meeting house—where it should be—but the matter eventually righted itself and the house was erected. Everybody in Warner who is fifty years old remembers it as the "old town house," a great, barn-like structure with the beams in sight overhead. It once had square pews with turn-up seats. When the congregation rose, these were turned up, when they seated themselves they were let down with a dreadful clatter. It was fearfully cold there in winter, but in summer it must have been delightful, for birds were singing in the woods just back, and swallows darted and skimmed and twittered among the rafters over the heads of the people. It was used for a town house till the present one was built. The proceeds of the sale after paying the pew holders seventy-five cents each was $77. The timbers were worked into the Ela bridge. The new town house was first used at the presidential election in 1852.



"Maple Ridge"—Residence C. S. Pratt.

When once fairly over the boundary, out of the seventeen hundreds



Benjamin Evans.

into the eighteen, it really seems coming nearer home, though still so far away and though the men active at that early period have long since passed away, and the business centres and industries have so greatly changed. The new century began prosperously. The population was 1569. At the March meeting 83 votes were cast for governor, 73 on the Federalist ticket. James Flanders, a man of remarkable ability who had been repeatedly in office, was again senator, and Joseph Bartlett representative. Oliver Davis was keeping store near the "Whitman Tavern." In those days people talked over in the stores and taverns what was going on, the same as they do now. So the talk was how Mrs. Abner Watkins had drowned herself in a well while deranged, how Obadiah Gookin was setting up a clothing mill at Bean's mills in Waterloo, and how Diah Huchinson's bound boy had run away—the bound boys were always running away and nobody seemed to care, for one cent was the usual reward offered for their return. Ebenezer Stevens wanted to sell his farm; the estate of Roger Colby, blacksmith, was being settled; and over at Captain Floyd's house on Burnt hill, where Reuben Clough lives, some property of Robert Wadley Smith was to be sold, including half of a saw-mill on the Salisbury road; Ezra Flanders, who kept store down in the rambling yellow building



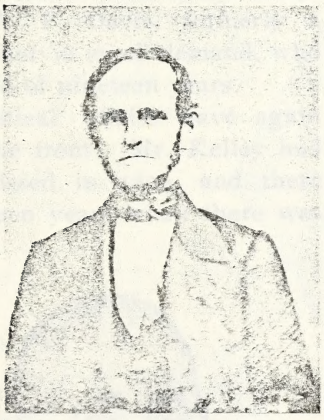
Henry B. Chase.

at the Lower village known as the Heath place, had had a horse stolen —a horse that was apt to be "very skittish when passing tan-yards." The tanning business was brisk then and for a long time after. Timothy Felton, an educated man who lived where the lower of S. H. Dow's houses stands, has a large, new, convenient tannery for sale.

When the war broke out in 1812, more than thirty men enlisted in a volunteer regiment under the command of Aquila Davis, then commissioned as colonel. Warner was liberally represented and has a record of good service. Names familiar in the more than twice told tales of the campaign will at once occur to the read-

ers of this sketch, Capt. Joseph Smith, Stephen George, Daniel George, Nicholas Evans, Benjamin Evans, Daniel Bean, and others, who honestly received the military titles by which they were known through life, besides the numerous privates whose faces were long familiar on our streets, whose eyes used to kindle with martial fire as they talked of the days when they were out at Chautauguay.

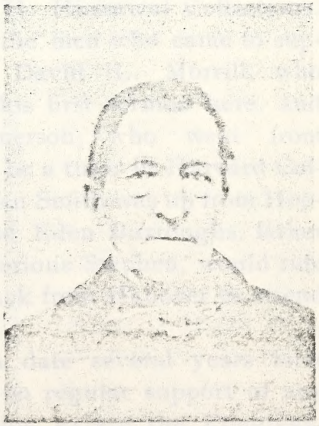
It was during the second year of the war that the first post-office was established in town, at the Lower village, then giving promise of being permanently the business centre. Previously the mail had been brought by post-riders. Henry B. Chase was made post-master, succeeded by Dr.



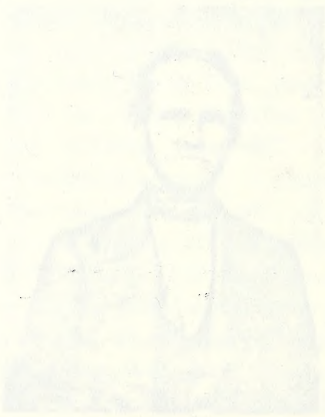
Harrison D. Robertson.

Henry Lyman, who held the place eight years, when Levi Bartlett was appointed, who kept it until it was closed in 1830. In that year this office and one which had a brief existence at Waterloo were consolidated at the Centre village, with Harrison D. Robertson as post-master. There have been eleven in office since, including the present incumbent, Fred Myron Colby.

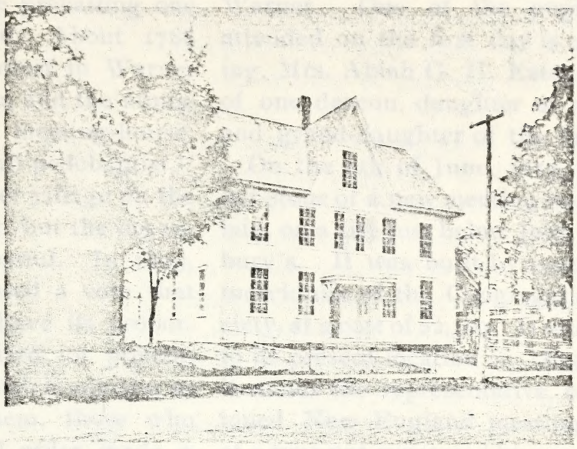
In 1823 a change occurred which was of interest to many. The bill for constituting the new county of Merrimack passed the senate on June 27, and it therefore became necessary that new places should be designated in which to hold probate courts. Warner was one of the four, and sessions were held on the first Wednesday of March and third Wednesday of September, no doubt at the office of Esquire Chase, who was register. Henry B. Chase, of the family of Salmon P. Chase, had opened a law office at the Lower village in 1804, and there he continued until his death in 1854. There had been no lawyer in Warner except Parker Noyes, who was here two years. Mr. Chase was a man of fine appearance and superior ability and held at different times many responsible offices, including those of clerk of the senate and speaker of the house. The only other lawyer who remained any length of time during that period was Harrison G. Harris at the Centre village, who came in 1816 and was here till his death at eighty-five. These rival lawyers lived on fraternal terms;



Harrison G. Harris.



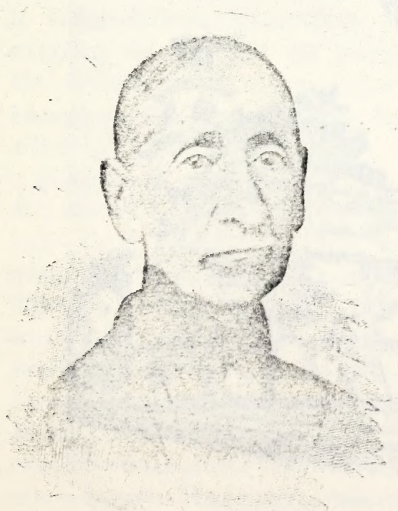
and of neither could it be said that he ever furthered a lawsuit for personal gain. The latter has been known to dismiss — declining any fee — a would be client who was all on fire to begin a lawsuit against a neighbor who had wronged him, with the advice, "You'd better go home and settle it in some way. You don't want to get into a lawsuit with your neighbors."



The Town House.

Next in duration of practice in Warner is Samuel Davis, who has spent thirty-five years of his professional life here, with the exception of a short absence while in the army. Next is A. P. Davis, formerly a school-teacher in much demand, who has a record of nineteen years.

Ecclesiastical affairs have again come to the front. Mr. Kelley had been dismissed in 1802, and there were thirteen years when there was no settled minister. In his day everybody went to meeting and everybody liked him. After the service all the people waited and he would pass out, bowing right and left. One of the old ladies before mentioned said he "put on a flowered gown before he left the pulpit." Two of his children were long well-known in this community, Abner B. Kelley and Mrs. Levi Bartlett. His son John was a lawyer and a fine scholar, for many years editor of the Exeter *News-Letter*; he was author of the valuable "Ecclesiastical Sketches" in the N. H. Historical Collections.



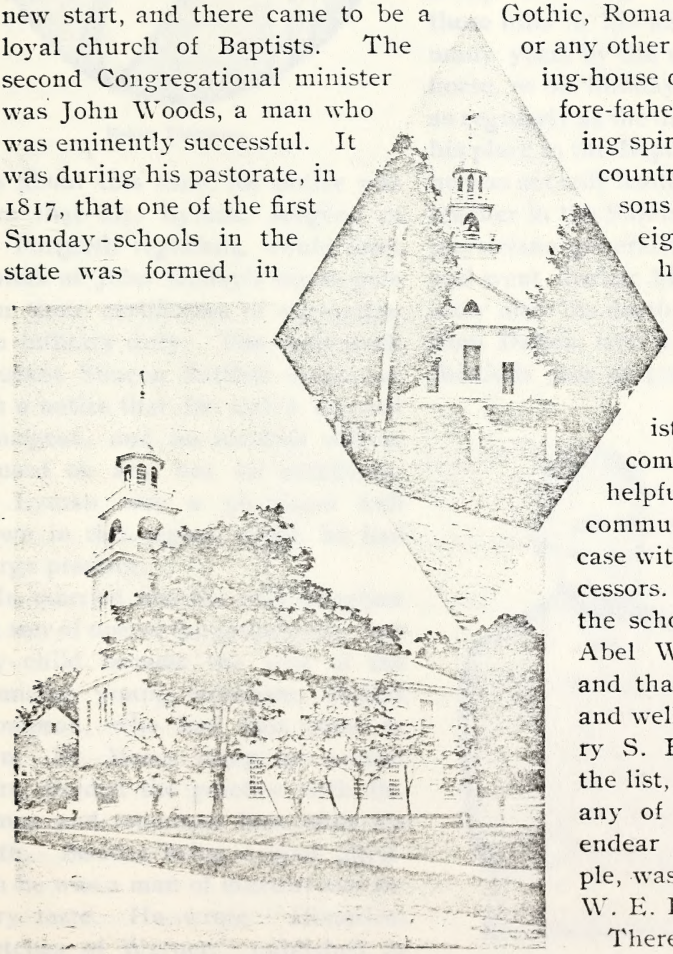
Warner's First Sunday-school Puril, 1817.

Among the men who came to supply were David L. Morrill, who preached his first sermon here, and Joseph Emerson, who went from Warner to be a tutor in Harvard College. Ethan Smith was up from Hopkinton, and Eden Burroughs, father of the notorious Stephen, would ride on horseback from Hanover to attend a council.

Up to a date several years later there was no regular support of any denomination except the Congregational. As may be seen by Belknap's

History, this was the prevailing one throughout the state. About 1788 there had been a protest in Warner against infant baptism and the minister rates. A small meeting-house, considered as the "Anti-pedobaptist," was built at the Lower village on the slope across the river, but the organization was not successful. In 1805, the town having passed a vote that each society should have its proportion of the money raised for preaching and should hire such a minister as was agreeable to them, those who differed from the old order made a new start, and there came to be a loyal church of Baptists. The second Congregational minister was John Woods, a man who was eminently successful. It was during his pastorate, in 1817, that one of the first Sunday-schools in the state was formed, in Warner. One of the pupils who attended on the first day is still living, Mrs. Abiah G. H. Eaton, widow of one deacon, daughter of another, and grand-daughter of the first two.

On the 8th of June, 1819, the corner-stone of a new meeting-house was laid, on a site just below John Tewksbury's. It was built by twenty-nine individuals of the Congregational society, at a cost of $2,300. It was moved to its present location in 1845, where it stands the representative, old-fashioned New England meeting-house, of a type not surpassed by any revived Gothic, Romanesque, Old English, or any other style. It is the meeting-house of our fathers and our fore-fathers, with its sky-piercing spire, a landmark in the country towns which her sons and daughters in foreign lands might be homesick for a sight of. The artist has made a perfect picture of it.

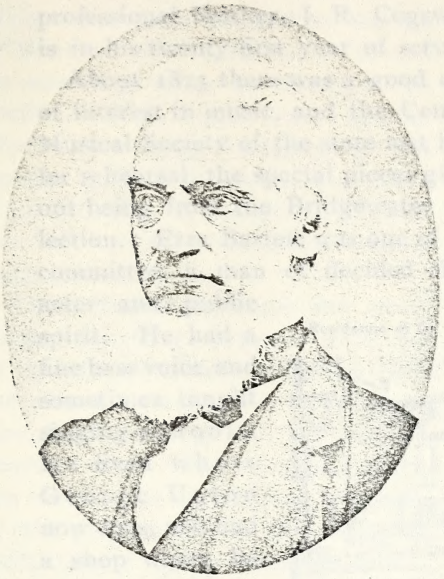


Congregational Church. Baptist Church.

In the line of ministers, Jubilee Wellman comes next, a man vastly helpful to both church and community, as has been the case with so many of his successors. It is easy to recall the scholarly Mr. Blanchard, Abel Wood, Mr. Howland, and that Christian gentleman and well-balanced man, Henry S. Huntington. Last in the list, and not surpassed in any of the qualities which endear a pastor to his people, was the recent minister, W. E. Renshaw.

There seems to have been a little hitch in military af-



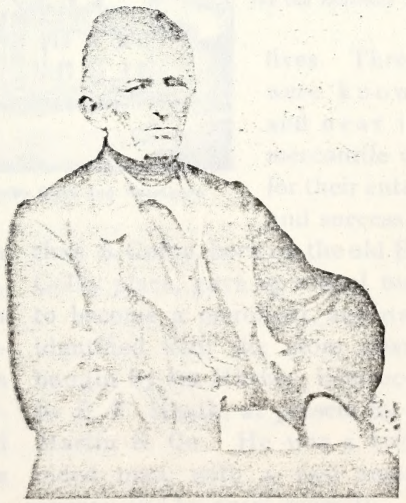


Robert Thompson.

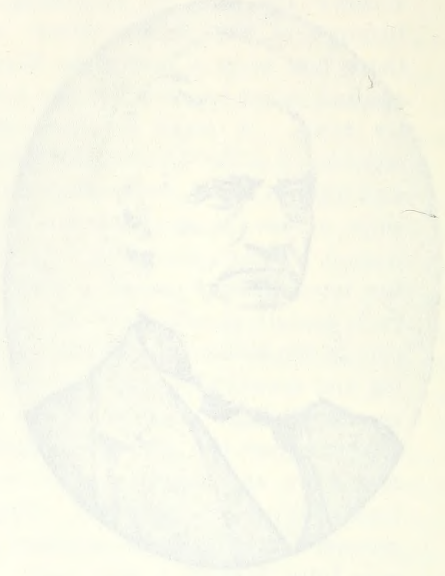
fairs about this time, for notice was given that Dr. Lyman, surgeon of the Thirtieth regiment, would meet invalids at John Kelley's inn to give them their certificates of exemption from military duty. The next week Adjutant Simeon Bartlett comes out with a notice that Dr. Caleb Buswell is surgeon, and no invalids will be excused on any but *his* certificate. Dr. Lyman was a physician well known in this region where he had a large practice.

He married first the only daughter of a son of one of the proprietors; her only child became the wife of the promising young merchant, Robert Thompson, who had just come to town. Dr. Moses Long for several years divided the practice with Dr. Lyman and remained here after his death. Besides being a good physician he was a man of musical and literary taste. He wrote "Historical Sketches of Warner," published in the third volume of the N. H. Historical Collections, understood to be reliable. To that work the writer of this article is indebted for many facts.

Dr. Caleb Buswell, elder brother of Hiram, was physician at the Centre village for a few years, then removed to Newport, dying in early manhood. His office was taken by Leonard Eaton, who was constantly engaged in his profession nearly forty years, till his death. No one who knew him has forgotten Dr. Eaton, who had the affection of many, the respect of all. Many will recall him jogging over these hills in his sulky, drawn for so many years by the white-faced sorrel horse, or on Sunday morning, almost as regularly as the day came round, in his place in the Baptist church, where he was not only leader of the choir but teacher in the Sunday school. Many physicians, generally good ones, came and went during his day. Immediately after his death came J. M. Rix from Dalton, who is approaching his thirtieth year of practice here. His



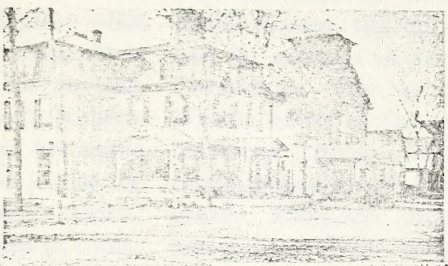
Dr. Leonard Eaton.

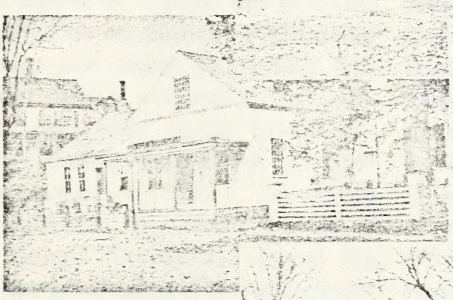


professional brother, J. R. Cogswell, is in his twenty-first year of service.

About 1823 there was a good deal of interest in music, and the Central Musical Society of the state met here for rehearsal, the special pieces given out being from the Bridgewater collection. Ezra Barrett was one of the committee, a man of decided character and public spirit. He had a fine bass voice, and sometimes taught singing schools. He lived where George Upton now does, and had a shop where he carried on an extensive business in making scythe-snaths, the steaming and drying of which required such great heat that his neighbors on either side lived in terror of fire. This fear was heightened when on Saturday nights the week's accumulation of shavings was carried across the street and burned in a big bonfire, into which the children leaped with that mad spirit which dares a perilous joy. One night the buildings all went up or down in flames.

Residence of Dr. J. M. Rix and Union Hall Block.

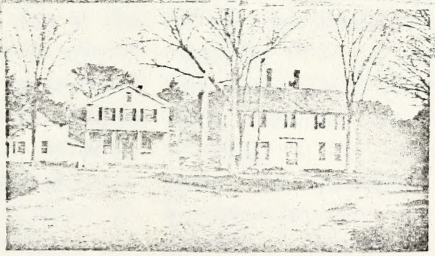




The Old Thompson Store.



The Old Robertson Store.



The old Nathan S. Colby Store and Residence.

It would be pleasant to bring up the names and record of the men who made their mark in the first half of the century. Foremost among them would be Benjamin Evans who was vigorously active in business and in political life for thirty-five years. A man of commanding presence and indomitable will which he meant should carry everything before him, he would have been a conspicuous figure in any community. His home was the large house where J. W. Clement lives. Three men were known far and near in the mercantile world for their enterprise and success. Nathan S. Colby, born on the old Ezekiel Colby place, gave up school teaching to become a merchant, and was long identified with the store afterwards bought by Ira Harvey, later occupied by B. F. Heath, at present by Davis, Martin & Co. He was a brisk, decided man, with a vast amount of energy and business capacity. While still in trade he built the hotel which



after a few years he sold to Nathan Walker, a model landlord well known on the stage route up through this section. This hotel after passing through many vicissitudes was bought by N. G. Ordway, who fitted it up and made it attractive for summer boarders till it was unfortunately destroyed by fire.

There had been stores and storekeepers all along—many of them lost to history beyond identification—but the places established by these three men have been known for seventy years or more. Harrison D. Robertson came in his youth and his name is still perpetuated in the store he built, known as Robertson's block, where Upton & Upton are in trade. He carried on an extensive coopering business, was much in public life, and interested in everything concerning the prosperity of the town, subscribing liberally whenever a paper was presented to him. Surviving these brother merchants by many years, Robert Thompson, one of the last of the gentlemen of the old school, died a few years since at an honored old age. The store which he built is occupied now by Jewell & Putnam.

In 1833 the Baptist meeting-house was built. It was not long since remodelled and decorated within, and has now a tasteful and beautiful interior. The first pastor was George W. Cutting, a genial and lovable man, very popular with the townspeople. A little incident shows his kindly spirit. One Sunday morning when starting for church he heard much shouting and strong language, and saw that one of those big, covered wagons such as were used to convey merchandise and produce between Boston and the back country towns, was stuck in the sand on that hill hard for horses near his house, where Thomas Nelson lives. There *were* men so strict that they would have left the Sabbath-breaking teamster to his fate. Not so the minister. He ran to the rescue, helped the man out, and then went on his way—late at church. That was the kind of man Mr. Cutting was.

In the intervals when there was no settled pastor, the church sometimes had the services of such men as Dr. Cummings, the gentle Edmund Worth, editor of the leading denominational journal, and that man of rare personal magnetism and spiritual graces, Phinehas Stowe, afterwards and till his death pastor of the Seamen's Bethel in Boston. The successor of Mr. Cutting was John M. Chick who came in 1840, and the next year brought his bride fresh from teaching in the famous New Hampton Seminary. She at once opened a select school, and those now living who attended it will need no reminder of her cordial manners, her fine face lighted by those wonderful dark eyes, and the way she had of kindling in her pupils new enthusiasm for knowledge. The church has been favored with many excellent ministers. Some of them were deeply interested in schools and had a true citizenship in matters relating to the well-being of the town, like Mr. Herrick, Mr. Pinkham, and Mr. Walker. To Mr. Pinkham the village is indebted for the fine shade trees in front of the church. The present earnest and devoted pastor is E. Lewis Gates.

In 1844, largely through the influence of Daniel Bean, Jr., of Waterloo, a meeting-house was built for the

Universalists on a fine site on the grounds of Hiram Buswell. There some of the best preachers of the denomination were heard, Mr. Barron, Mr. Tillotson, Dr. Miner, and others. For a time the pulpit was occupied by Walter Harriman, who afterwards went into political life and was known as one of the best stump speakers in the state. In this new field he won distinction, and in 1867 was elected governor. Later, the preacher was Lemuel Willis, who had become a citizen of the town, where the remainder of his useful and honorable life was spent in the house at the Lower Village which is now the home of his son, H. S. Willis. The meeting-house was bought by N. G. Ordway in 1865, moved to a more central place, and fitted up for a business block, used for nearly twenty-five years by A. C. & E. H. Carroll. The occupants at this time are Davis, Martin & Co., and George L. Ordway, who has an attorney's office in the building.



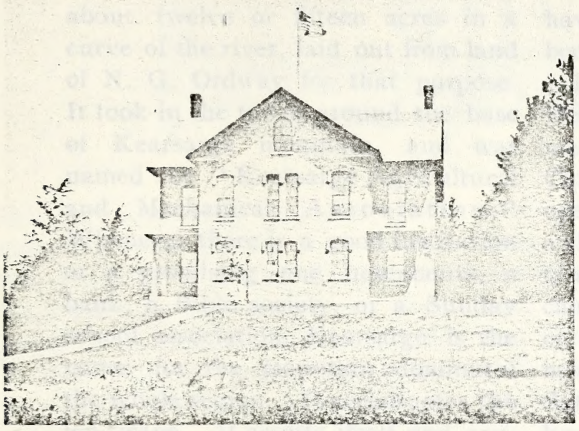
Residence of Mrs. A. C. Carroll.

The locality is associated with the meetings of the sect known as Osgoodites, from the founder, Jacob Osgood, a man of striking appearance and considerable ability who about 1805 began to preach, soon promulgating his peculiar doctrines and gathering a band of disciples. They did not believe in doctors, lawyers, ministers, or churches. They considered themselves the saints. They protested against paying taxes and refused to do military duty, preferring the penalty of imprisonment. They were just in their dealings and loyal to the brotherhood, though never in any sense communists. For a long time they were conspicuous in Warner by their dress, loud singing in the streets and otherwise, but they are now nearly extinct.

A trim little meeting-house was built many years ago at the Lower village for the use of the Methodists, —a denomination which, like the Freewill Baptists, has always been represented in town though not having the permanent strength as a body of believers to maintain regular services.

Up to 1849 travellers had to depend on the stage coach for conveyance, but in that year we began to feel that we were really in touch with the great world, for the Concord & Claremont railroad was opened to Warner. No more of the old coach, swaying and swinging with its sea-sick sort of motion, loaded down with passengers and piled high with trunks. No more of the big teams. Anyone incredulous of mind would be slow to believe that there were ever such bustling times as in the transportation and traffic of that old style way.

Some old things passed away, and some new ones came in; for one thing, a bank in 1850, with Joshua George, a man adept in financial affairs, as president. Seventeen years later when this was closed, another with N. G. Ordway as president; and then the Kearsarge Savings Bank in connection with it, the last president of which was George Savory. Francis Wilkins, George Jones, and G. C. George were the different cashiers, the last holding the office till the banks were closed.



Simonds Free High School.

Some enterprises had only a beginning and were cut short, like the U. S. signal station on the top of Kearsarge thought out by N. G. Ordway, which for some inexplicable reason fell through. But there *were* events the record of which should begin with an illuminated letter, after the fashion of the ancient missals decorated by the monks. One was the establishment of a free high school, for which the town is under obligation to a man who was not a native but for many years a resident. Franklin Simonds, during his last sickness planned it, after taking counsel of several citizens interested in education, selected his own board of trustees (to be self perpetuating), and left an endowment of $20,000, to which his widow added $5,000 and gave an equal sum towards the building. Gilman C. Bean and Samuel H. Dow each contributed liberally. George Jones, C. G. McAlpine, and John E. Robertson (now of Concord), made up $750 more, and other citizens gave money or work. On the proposal of Mr. Dow, it was named the "Simonds Free High School." The building was erected in 1871, dedicated December 1 of the same year, and opened December 4 with 60 pupils, Edmund C. Cole, a graduate of Bowdoin College as principal, Helen S. Gilbert of Concord assistant. There have been 24 teachers and 104 graduates. Mr. Bean recently died at Woburn, and Mr. Dow at his home in Warner where he had lived in the enjoyment of the fortune he had acquired by his own judicious management.

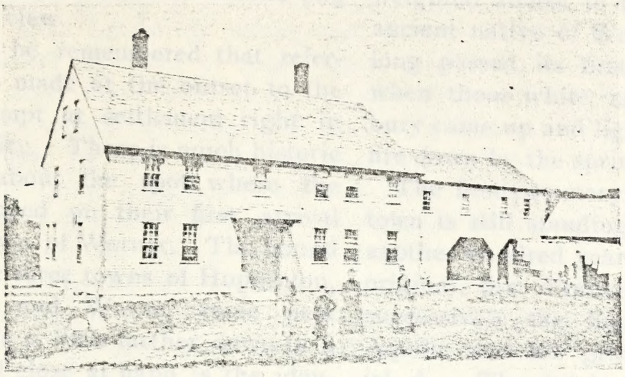
An agricultural town like Warner should of course be identified with fairs, and such has been the case here ever since the days of the old Merrimack county fair, when such men as Gov. Isaac Hill used to address the farmers. Those were the days when the earliest grafted fruit was in its prime, Hubbardston Nonesuch, Rhode Island Greenings, and the like, and were on exhibition with mammoth vegetables and ladies' handiwork—long before crazy quilts and Kensington stitch were ever



heard of—all displayed in the Baptist meeting-house which was always freely thrown open, for there were no halls except the one in Nathan Walker's tavern. Now we have seven. That sort of fair went by; but in 1873 a big one was held at Riverbow Park, a beautiful tract of about twelve or fifteen acres in a curve of the river, laid out from land of N. G. Ordway for that purpose. It took in the towns around the base of Kearsarge mountain, and was named the "Kearsarge Agricultural and Mechanical Association." Whenever there is a good institution or a promising one hereabouts, a bank, a Bible society, or a Sunday school association, Kearsarge is the name, for the mountain dominates the whole region. It accentuates the landscape. It asserts itself and cannot be ignored. We could not in Warner lose sight of it if we would. And no man or woman Warner born can fail to take pride in it. There is a feeling a little akin to one's pride in the old flag. It is the first thing looked for when home returning from long absence, and whatever other landmarks may have changed, Kearsarge is there.

On that fair ground was witnessed on one memorable year a sight the like of which this generation will not be likely to see again—428 yoke of oxen and steers, hitched together in line, were driven around the half mile track. The days of those magnificent oxen, a delight to the eye of one fond of cattle, have gone by. Instead of a procession of oxen, it is a bicycle race, and the world moves faster in the same ratio. Another fair made a record by reason of a barbecue, something hardly known in this part of the country since the one at Hillsborough during the Pierce campaign. It was successfully carried out by Mr. Ordway after genuine "ole Virginny" directions. Owing to unfortunate circumstances, interest for a time decreased, but this present year the granges of Merrimack county have taken control and a new era has been inaugurated.

Pleasantest of all, Warner has the Kearsarge Mountain road which was made practicable by the efforts of Mr. Chandler and Mr. Ordway, and opened July 4, 1874. Warner owns a slightly larger portion of the mountain than any other town—if charts can be trusted—with ample foothold on the summit. Wilmot comes next, meeting Warner on the tip-top; then Sutton, next Andover, and Salisbury has a moderate portion. To Warner belongs the sunny, southern side; and Warner has to ask permission of no town to get to the highest place. The old Tory hill road leads to the real mountain road, up past the house of S. C. Pattee and the summer home of his brothers, Dr. Luther and Dr. Asa, the homesteads of Stephen Edmunds and Walter Sargent, by the old Clement and Seavey farms, and those of the Hardys, Watkinses, and Savorys, and the birth-place of Gov. Ezekiel Straw, through the Kearsarge Gore, to the toll-house at Hurricane corner—so named as memorial of the awful tornado of 1821. Then begins the delightful winding road, through woodsy places, across the open upland pastures where cattle are grazing, up, up, over ledges to Mission ridge, and on through "the garden" to the topmost point. Nothing grander can be beheld in this part of the world than from the summit of



The Oldest House in Town, at Davisville.

this high and lonely mountain which stands up, bare granite rock, solemn and alone, as if all the other mountains and hills had receded in a circle and left it in its incomparable majesty. A blue line of peaks and chains bounds the horizon. At the farthest south may be seen Mt. Tom and Holyoke and Wachuset; at the west, dim against the sky, the Green Mountain chain; at the east and north-east, Ossipee, Chocorua, Whiteface; in the north-east, eighty miles away, the White mountains and some of the Franconia range on a clear day. Nearer are Moosilauke, Gunstock, Cardigan, Ragged mountain, Sunapee, Ascutney, the grand Monadnock, and Uncanoonucs.

It was from Mission Ridge that the boulder for Admiral Winslow's grave was taken on the 17th of June, 1875, drawn down the mountain by oxen, and forwarded by rail from Warner village to its destination in Forest Hills cemetery, Boston Highlands, which it reached on the 19th, being the eleventh anniversary of the Kearsarge victory. It gave me a thrill of patriotic pleasure to stand by the grave in October of the same year and read the inscription on that stone from my own town—that hoary stone which was not cleft from any quarry or cut out of the mountain with hands, but taken entire as it was, to mark a hero's grave.

Warner people, and a good many others, think our scenery exceptionally fine; and as good fortune or accident will have it, the roads are many, and are as inconsistent and uncertain in their turns and where they will come out, as can be imagined. Suppose one should go up by the old Colby and Clough and Evans homesteads, by the "coal-hearth" and the Fisher house, once the Woodman place, to the high, bare level where the ancient Pumpkin Hill burying-ground is, and then take a choice of roads by some of the early farm-steads—Morrills, Sargents, Davises, Harrimans—around the base of Burnt hill, down into Schoodac, where the Joneses, Straws, more Sargents, Trumbulls, and Walkers early took root, where Richard Straw had a tavern in the olden time; then, by a circuitous way, till presently one comes upon the hamlet of Davisville, tucked in among the trees and hillsides and bends in the river—a delightful route all along, over the

sightly places, and with brooks and ponds in view.

It will be remembered that reference was made at the outset to the first attempt at settlement right in this locality. There is much historic interest about the spot where the men camped on their first arrival in this town of Warner. The bound where the three towns of Hopkinton, Webster, and Warner come near meeting is a little farther down in a bog. But close at hand is the identical site of "the old Camp," near the spring so familiar to every traveller on the road who has stopped to let his horse drink at the stone watering-trough. Now, replaced by one more convenient, it serves as a basin for flowers in the front yard of Miss Lucretia Davis. On the hillside back of her house (which was built by General Davis for his home in his later years) stands a tree worth going a long distance to see—by one who cares for trees—an oak supposed to be the largest in Merrimack county. Of immense girth—twenty-six feet—gnarly of bole, knotted, seamed, with limbs spreading ninety feet heavily weighted almost to the ground, this ancient native of Warner must have long passed its first hundred years when those white men from Amesbury came up and lighted their campfire down by the spring.

The first two-story frame house in town is still standing, and good for another hundred years. Built by the original, first Francis Davis, it was successively the home of his son Aquila, and his grandson, Nathaniel A. The kitchen fireplace, usable yet, is of the kind that takes in wood of a cord length, roomy enough to do the roasting for a regiment; and a regiment may have dined at the house for aught anybody knows, for General Davis was from first to last a military man. The dancing-hall in the wing, built on when, as a tavern, such a room was considered essential, remains the same. Probably there is only one other of those halls in town, with the raised platform at one end for the musicians, and the seats on each side running the length of the room where the dancers waited till the summons came to "Form on."



The Falls at Davisville.



The river goes tumbling over the rocks at the falls, furnishing abundant water-power for mills of some kind. And mills there once were, and a foundry, wheels whirring and machines going for one thing or another. The latest enterprise was the manufacture of straw board, carried on extensively for several years by W. Scott Davis and his brother, Henry C., but sold to a syndicate in 1887, since when the mills have been closed.

The Davisville people have a right to great pride in the past, for no man had better proof that his abilities were recognized than that first Francis whose figure stands out so prominently against the background of history. His sons and his sons' sons sustained the inherited characteristics of trustworthiness and those qualities which make the real worth of a town.

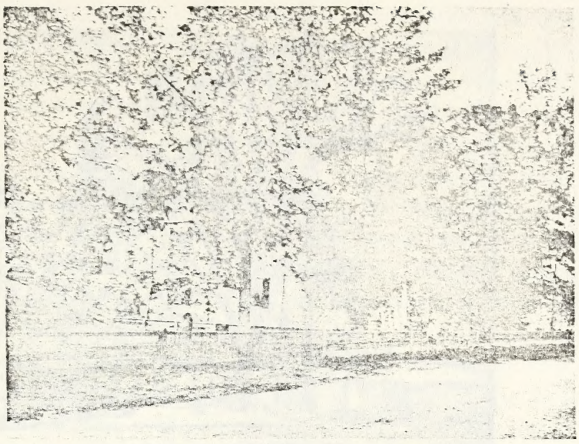


Summer Residence of F. G. Wilkins.

For an ideal, all-day trip—a long-summer-day trip—what could be more varied and delightful than down through the Lower Village and home by the most round-about way ever heard of—through Melvin's Mills and Waterloo! We shall find the Lower Village a long, clean, green-bordered street, with its little unused Methodist meeting-house, and the roomy houses which have a-long-residence look and plenty-of-real-estate look about them—the old Currier places, the ancient Sawyer house, the house of Mrs. John B. Clarke, and the George houses built by the brothers who once held such potent influence there, and had such numerous connections that the community was clannish and has the prestige of family to this day, although in only one do descendants of the original owner live, that of Joshua George, now the summer home of his grandson, F. G. Wilkins. The street continues over the river where once was the stately house of Dr. Lyman and the first home of Levi Bartlett, with a laid-out garden like the garden in a story. Of all the substantial houses only one, that of Mrs. Runels, remains in the family.

Keeping on down by the Dow residences and the ancient Alpheus Davis house, and where the "Old Pottery" was, a hill-road takes us up past the comfortable, cosy-looking farm-house of Charles Currier into Joppa, up where on a favorable day Mount Washington can be seen—a glistening point against the sky. We keep on along these roads laid out by the early settlers, rich in associations, and at the top of the hill we can but stop, for from there a landscape of wonderful beauty meets the eye. Governor Harriman said people crossed the ocean to look upon scen-

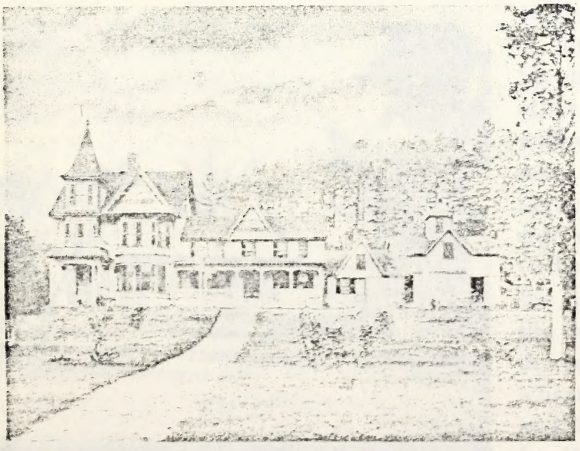
ery not so fine. From the corner where the first rude meeting-house was built, and "the Parade" where military drills were held before the century came in —all lonely now—a road will take us down through the green wood and across the brook, then, worn and gullied, and closed to much travel, over Waldron's hill. We can get across from here to where the Badgers settled—attractive place still in the family—and down into the valley in the shadow of the solemn Mink hills, near the birthplace of the Harrimans, Stewarts, and Fosters.



Summer Residence of Senator W. E. Chandler.

Here we find the John Graham and Goodwin farms, and at the eastward, near one of the many corners, that of Mr. Mooney, and the ancient homestead of Evans Davis—one of the few kept in the family for over a hundred years. We come out at the North Village where the Flanderses, Osgoods, Barnards, and Daltons settled, with the old Ordway home in under the hill. An ideal hamlet the North Village seems, with a look as if the neighbors could call across to one another, and "run in" by paths across the fields.

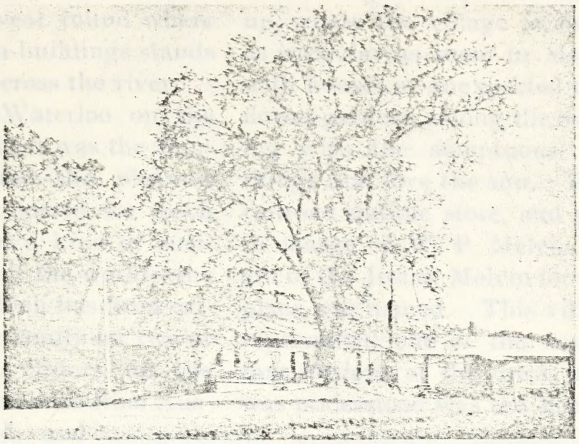
Right in the midst of this rural life we come upon a transformation, where the new "Silver Lake Reservoir Company," under the management of N. G. Ordway, A. P. Davis, and the Messrs. Gustine, are changing a green meadow into a lake, using the old Wells Davis mill-pond, where the second saw-mill in town was built, in creating at great expense what is intended to be a system of waterworks.



Residence of M. R. Dowling.

From here our road is by the Pratt grounds and the homestead of James Bean, who has just gone from it forever. From the hill we have a fine view of Waterloo, with Kearsarge in the background. Once this village was the scene of active industries. The falls ready for the use of man were known to the

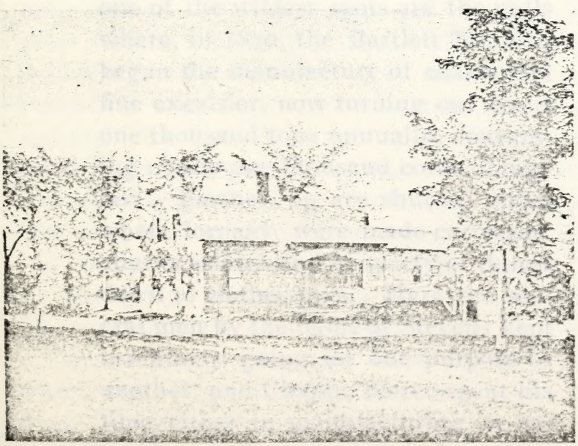
proprietors as "the Great Falls." Once there were saw-mill, grist-mill, tannery, and paper-mill. There were also a bakery and a book-bindery. To-day Waterloo has the leisurely look of a place where the residents can take their ease and enjoy their flowers. It is the summer retreat of many families, who come as early as they can and stay as long as they can.



Residence of George L. Ordway.

Senator Chandler is one of the yearly comers. His first acquaintance with Warner suggests the circumstance that led Daniel Webster to make Marshfield his summer home. He came up from Concord to fish in our mountain brooks, and like most strangers, was enthusiastic over the scenery. When, several years later, the Noah Andrews house on the hill became vacant, he bought it, and has spent more or less of every summer here since. It was a big, old-fashioned, square house, and without taking away from its dignified simplicity, he made convenient additions and laid out a garden. Here, in the unostentatious way characteristic of the man, he finds the retirement and repose imperative in a life so crowded with active duties, and necessarily so much in the public eye.

Rev. John C. Ager, of Brooklyn, N. Y., returns to the old home which belonged to his family, where he takes his pleasure seriously in making artistic improvements. Marshall Dowlin comes to his "Sunnylawn" on the place once the home of the well-known teacher, Stephen S. Bean. On the other side of the street, the widow of Governor Harriman has a quaint red cottage; and the large Riverside estate of ex-Governor Ordway takes in not only his house on the bluff but the farms on the river, with the two ancient red houses where his son, George L., and his daughter, Mrs. E. L. Whitford, spend their summers. The busiest

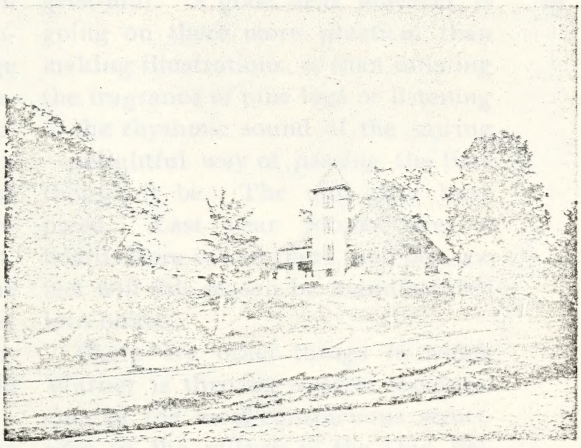


Summer Residence of Col. E. L. Whitford.

man of the village, John Dowlin, has his habitation the year round where the long row of farm-buildings stands on the green level across the river.

Going up from Waterloo on the Bradford road, by what was the Daniel Bean tavern, and the pleasant Roby and Eastman homes, we reach the head-quarters of a kind of business known over half the world—the making of hubs—which has been carried on in the same family for two or more generations. Orders for the Redington hubs come even from Australia, New Zealand, and Africa. The road passes under a green tunnel of over-arching trees, between the house of Mrs. Oliver Redington and that of Charles Redington, now sole manager of the business. Nearly all the region above here to the Bradford line goes by the general names of Stevensville and Melvin's Mills. The road all the distance disputes the right of way with the river and the railroad, which is always perilously near. In one of the wildest spots are the mills where, in 1870, the Bartlett brothers began the manufacture of coarse and fine excelsior, now turning out about one thousand tons annually, consuming nearly one thousand cords of poplar. Farther up are shut-up mills, where formerly were made carriages, churns, chairs, and a variety of things down to clothes-pins. Here the several men by the name of Stevens kept machinery going for one purpose or another, and Chapin Pierce spent his time either in manufacturing or inventing.

The Rogers shops were still farther up, where the village is, on a street as irregular as some in Marblehead, with houses at unexpected turns, and flower gardens among the rocks, blazing with the sumptuous colors of things that love the sun. Here are a railroad station, store, and post-office in charge of W. P. Melvin, descendant of the Josiah Melvin for whom the place was named. This village once represented one of the most important sections of the town, for here it was understood was the back-bone of



Residence of ex-Gov. N. G. Ordway.

Democracy. The men from this neighborhood and from "over the Minks" exercised not unfrequently a controlling voice in close political campaigns. They were men who knew what they believed, Colbys, Melvins, Collinses, Holmeses, Browns, and others, stanch in their opinions, whose advice it was not safe to disregard.

Warner is a good-sized town, understood to have an area of forty-four square miles. There must necessarily be some long-distance trips if one would see remote corners, for instance, the Howe district, where still

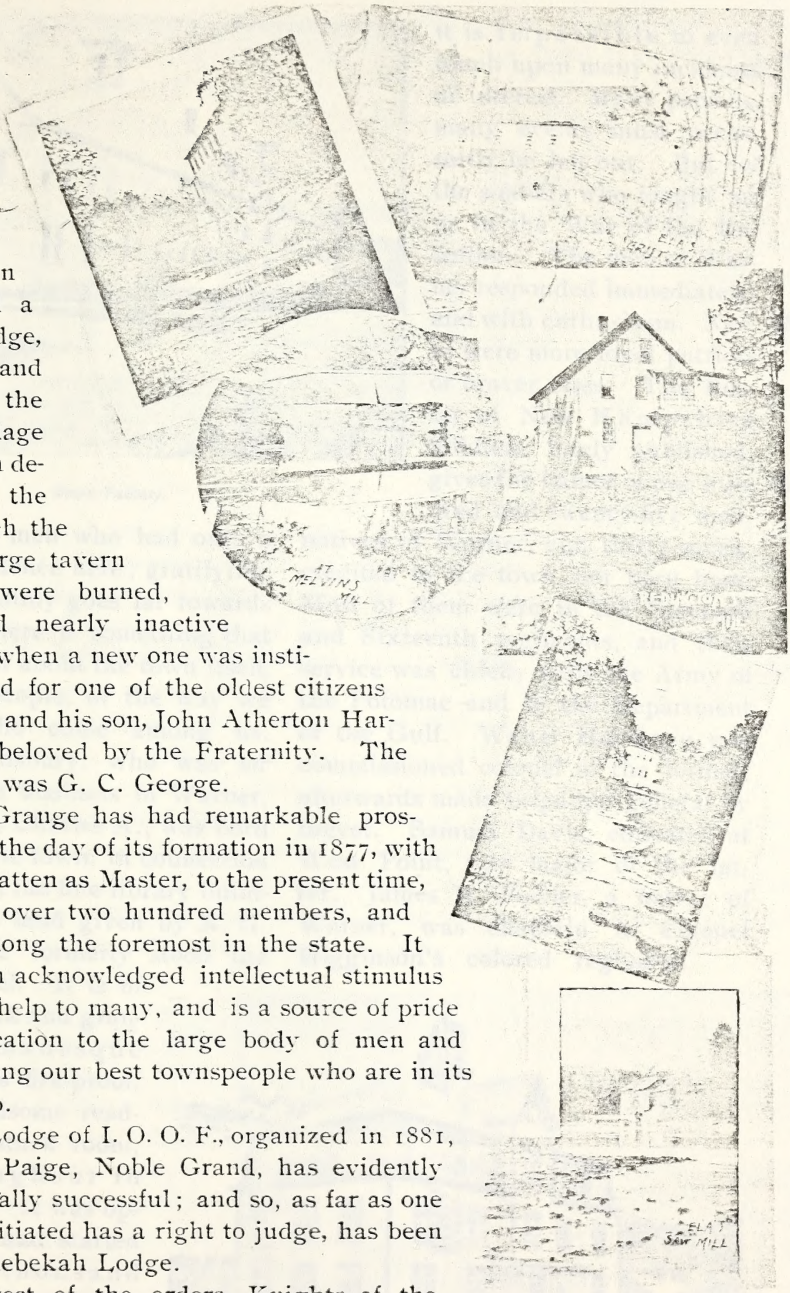
stands the very old Joel Howe tavern just as it used to be, dancing-hall and all, occupied by one of the descendants. To get to some of these out-of-the-way places, one has to do as a certain artist said of some of the roads, "go somewhere by way of anywhere."

It is no disparagement to the town that so many mills have gone by. If we have not 16 saw-mills and 8 grist-mills, as we had in 1823, it is because we have no need of them. Warner is really an agricultural town, but, as already intimated, we have live men here who keep things moving. In 1890 the new Merrimack Glove Company began operations in two large and convenient buildings which replaced those of the former glove factory destroyed by fire after being run several years. The new enterprise started up with vigor under the management of S. Clay, superintendent, and H. C. Davis, president. The manufactures are gloves and coats, and at its best period it furnished employment for more than a hundred persons.

In 1881 the Kearsarge Evaporating Company came into existence, the firm being Robert Thompson and his son, Arthur. The business was a great success, affording a market for thousands of bushels of what had heretofore been considered unusable apples; and thousands of dollars passed into the hands of farmers and the people employed in the buildings. The evaporators are now owned and run by A. J. Hook, who also carries on the grain and hay business in Thompson's block near the depot.

Down on the river, just back of which our village is situated, at the most picturesque turn, have been mills time out of mind. What is now the Ela grist-mill was built in 1829 by Nicholas Fowler, one of the worthy men of those days who could turn his hand to the building of almost anything. This quaint old mill, the quaint house of the miller nestled in the lap of the hill, the island, and the romantic surroundings dear to an artist's eye, have been the subject of many pictures. And a place always suggesting a picture, if one takes it in from the bridge or indeed from any other place, is the saw-mill of M. T. Ela, across the river from his father's grist-mill. A good deal, however, is going on there more practical than making illustrations, or than inhaling the fragrance of pine logs or listening to the rhythmic sound of the sawing —delightful way of passing the time though it be. The mill is a busy place. Last year 700,000 feet of boards were sawed there, and 600,000 feet will this season be manufactured into boxes.

There are other things in which Warner is thriving—secret societies. One of the most conspicuous structures in the village is the Odd Fellows building, and its generous space accommodates two organizations besides its own. Harris Lodge of Free Masons occupies one hall—a beautiful one; Warner Grange has another; the fourth is devoted to banquets; and what with installations, harvest suppers, and occasions of which the luckless outsider may not know, the year is marked off with festivals and feasts. The lower floor, with the exception of the store of C. H. Hardy, is taken up with the printing establishment of E. C. Cole, owner, publisher, printer, and editor of the *Kearsarge Independent*, a weekly newspaper started by him in 1884.



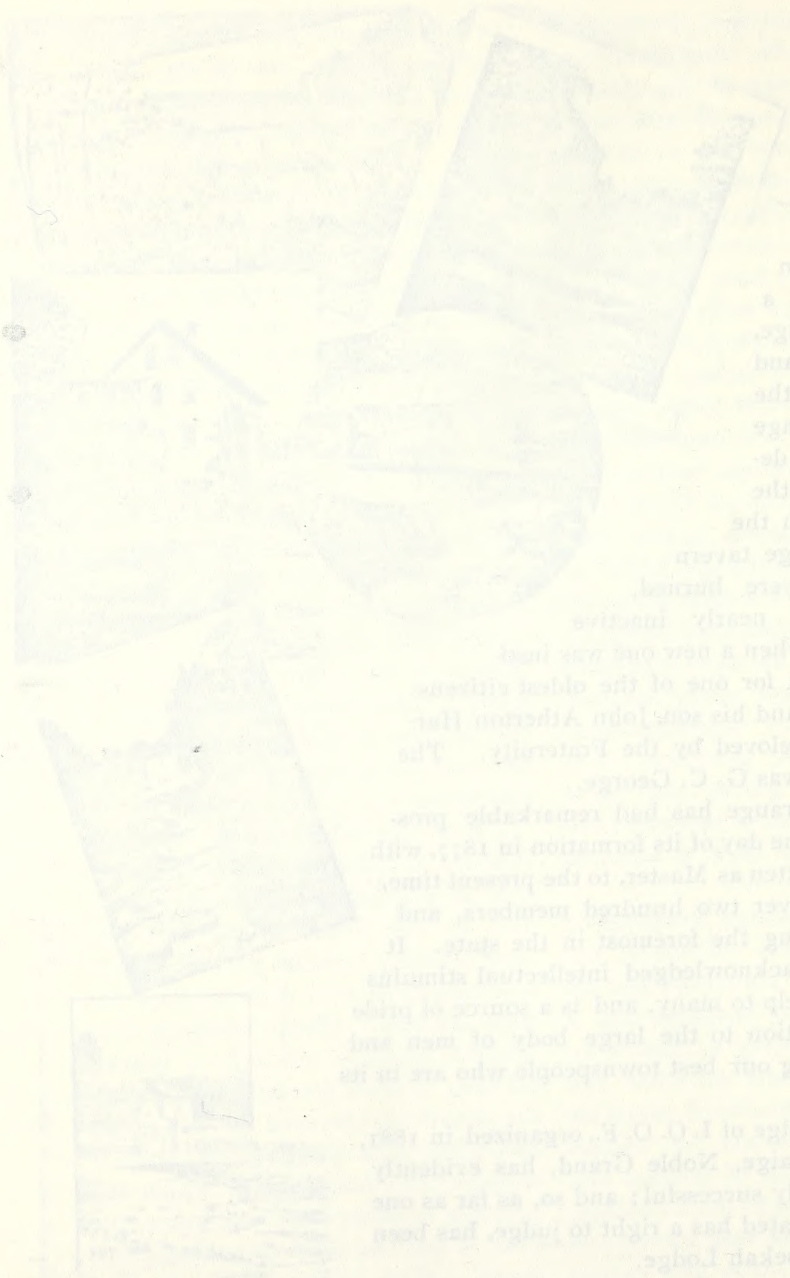
The town early had a Masonic lodge, but its hall and records at the Lower Village having been destroyed by the fire in which the Daniel George tavern and store were burned, it remained nearly inactive until 1875, when a new one was instituted, named for one of the oldest citizens of the place and his son, John Atherton Harris, a man beloved by the Fraternity. The first Master was G. C. George.

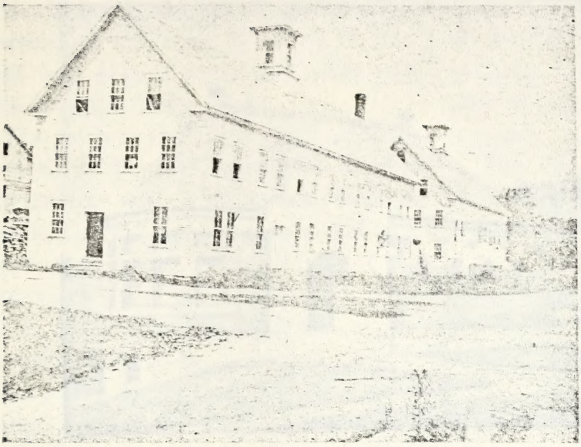
Warner Grange has had remarkable prosperity from the day of its formation in 1877, with Hiram G. Patten as Master, to the present time, numbering over two hundred members, and ranking among the foremost in the state. It has been an acknowledged intellectual stimulus and social help to many, and is a source of pride and gratification to the large body of men and women among our best townspeople who are in its membership.

Central Lodge of I. O. O. F., organized in 1881, with S. K. Paige, Noble Grand, has evidently been unusually successful; and so, as far as one of the uninitiated has a right to judge, has been Welcome Rebekah Lodge.

The newest of the orders, Knights of the Golden Cross, holds its meetings in the hall in Robertson's block.

To do justice to the libraries of Warner—the first of which was incorporated in 1796—a separate sketch must needs be written. The present one will only briefly outline the history of the Pillsbury Free Library. It is a gratifying fact that two of the most generous gifts to this town have





Glove Factory.

been made by men who had only a temporary residence here; gratifying, because it certainly goes far towards proving that there is something that commends itself about the town itself, or about the people, or the way we treat those who come among us. George A. Pillsbury, who was for twelve years in business in Warner, and whose son, Charles A., was born here, gave to the town, in connection with his family, the fine library building, located on land given by N. G. Ordway, where formerly stood the Kearsarge hotel. It is of red pressed brick and granite, in the Romanesque Gothic style, is fire-proof, and has a handsome reading-room and stack room, finished throughout in quartered oak. It was opened in 1892, and started with over four thousand volumes, the gift of Mr. Pillsbury and his family. The number is now nearly five thousand.

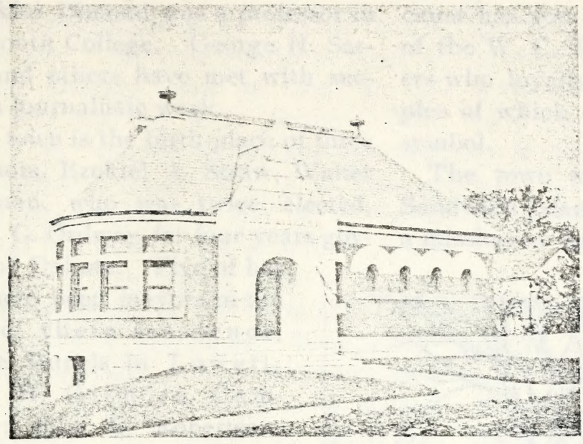
Within the limits of an article for this magazine it is impossible to even touch upon many incidents of interest. Many persons, many events must necessarily be left out. But *not* the soldiers who fought for us in the War of the Rebellion. The men of Warner responded immediately, and with enthusiasm. Never were more loyal patriots or braver ones. The Roster of New Hampshire Soldiers, lately published, gives the names of one hundred and twenty-five men, natives of Warner, and thirty-seven, credited to the town, not born here. Most of them were in the Eleventh and Sixteenth regiments, and their service was chiefly with the Army of the Potomac and in the Department of the Gulf. Walter Harriman was commissioned colonel of the former, afterwards made brigadier-general by brevet. Samuel Davis, educated at West Point, was major of the latter. James H. Fowler, a native of Warner, was chaplain in Colonel Higginson's colored regiment.



Odd Fellows' Building.



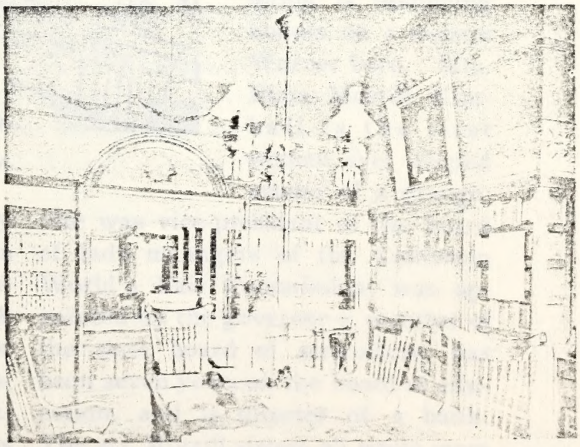




Pillsbury Free Library.

Several persons natives of Warner have added to the world's stock of books. Levi Bartlett, well known as an agricultural writer, compiled the "Bartlett Genealogy." Isaac Dalton Stewart, successful as minister of the gospel and as editor of the *Morning Star*, prepared a "History of the Freewill Baptists"—some of the material being from other sources. To Walter Harriman belongs the authorship of a "History of Warner" and "In the Orient." Fred Myron Colby, a constant contributor to many newspapers and periodicals, is author of several books, the best known of which are "The Daughter of Pharaoh" and "Brave Lads and Bonnie Lasses." Henry E. Sawyer, an eminent teacher, has contributed to educational works, "A Latin Primer," "Metric Manual," and "Words and Numbers." John C. Ager, besides his pastoral and editorial work, has translated seven octavo volumes of Swedenborg's writings. Mrs. Olive Rand Clarke, for more than thirty years editorially connected with the *Mirror and Farmer*, is author of "A Vacation Excursion." Mrs. Flora Morrill Kimball, now of National City, California, a woman of exceptional ability, is author of two books for young people, "The Fairfields" and "The Tyler Boys." Her sister, Hannah F. M. Browne, for many years editor and publisher of *The Agitator*, a paper devoted to social and political reform in Cleveland, O., wrote several books for children. She died in 1881. Amanda B. Harris is author of six books for young people. A considerable amount of miscellaneous work has been done by a few of the above and by others.

The number of ministers born in Warner, so far as can be ascertained, is twenty-three; of physicians, nineteen; of lawyers, thirteen. Without doubt the actual number of each profession exceeds these figures.



Interior—Pillsbury Free Library.

Ezekiel Dimond was a professor in Dartmouth College. George H. Sargent and others have met with success in journalistic work.

The town is the birth-place of three governors, Ezekiel A. Straw, Walter Harriman, who was twice elected, and N. G. Ordway, for four years governor of Dakota. Five of her sons have been mayors in the cities of their residence, George Runels in Lowell; Henry H. Gilmore, Cambridge; John E. Robertson, Concord; George F. Bean, Woburn; Byron Harriman, Waterloo, Iowa.

Warner women have been always ready for any service that had a claim upon them. When the plan for preserving Mount Vernon was made in 1859, the town was canvassed by women, and a creditable sum was raised. During the War of the Rebellion systematic and generous work was done, till no longer needed, for the soldiers and the sanitary commission. The various progressive temperance organizations of fifty years having apparently had their day, the cause has now passed into the hands of the W. C. T. U., a band of workers who loyally stand by the principles of which the white ribbon is a symbol.

The town was represented in the Sandwich Islands sixty years ago by a missionary teacher, Mrs. Lois Hoyt Johnson. In these days southern California is bestowing honors on a woman Warner born. Mrs. Flora Morrill Kimball is the first woman ever elected master of a grange. She was vice-president of the board of lady managers of the California World's Fair Commission, was appointed by the governor a member of the state board of sericulture, has been seven years on the board of education, and is director of a bank. The six Morrill sisters all wrote more or less for the press when it was more





The Harris Homestead.



of a distinction to be a writer than it is now. Mention should be made of the literary work of Mrs. H. M. Colby and Mrs. A. B. Bennett. Mrs. E. H. Carroll is an accomplished teacher of music; Mrs. N. G. Stearns, a successful artist; Mrs. M. F. Hayes has had many years of service at the head of seminaries; Mrs. R. B. Seymour stands in the front rank as a teacher of languages. Two Massachusetts women think they have some claim upon us through their Warner mother, who descended from that James Flanders who helped to give character to the town about a hundred years ago. They are Mary F. Eastman, the distinguished speaker for woman suffrage, and her sister, Helen, well known for her histrionic talent.

It is on many accounts to be regretted that the same thing is true of Warner as of most country towns. Many of the enterprising young men have sought careers in the large cities or in the West. There they have built up a successful business or made honorable records in other ways of life. They are publishers, editors, teachers, bankers, political leaders, manufacturers, millionaires, and in all the professions. Their influence goes with them, but it is felt here. They are not lost to their native town. It is said of Manchester-by-the-Sea that there is a certain spring of water there of which if one drinks he will be sure to go back. Warner does not need such a magic spring or any occult agency for her sons and daughters. Sooner or later they come back.

SUNRISE ON MONADNOCK.

By Frank L. Phalen.

Proud over all, Monadnock towers,
  A stern old mountain, lifting high
  His rugged brow to scan the sky:
Mute critic of the swift-winged hours.

O mountain, watching for the morn,
  Serene and calm and brave you seem;
  Serene as life seems when we dream,
Self-poised amid earth's praise or scorn.

At early dawn, 'mid shadows gray,
  The first red rays of sunrise kissed
  Your cloud-capped crest, and, lo! the mist
Was scattered by the god of day.

* * * * *

So shall it be in man's vexed life:
  Shadows and doubts and mists shall roll
  Far off at sunrise from the soul;
At sunrise, peace shall vanquish strife.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SAMBORNES,

WITH A NOTICE OF REV. STEPHEN BACHILER.

By Victor Channing Sanborn.

ALL the Sanborns in America are descended from two of the three brothers, who came to America in 1632 with their grandfather, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, and were sons of an English Samborne who, about 1619, married Anne Bachiler. It has been supposed that the widow, Anne Samborne, came with her children, but no definite record of her life here has been discovered. Her will is not filed here, nor was she at Hampton with her father and sons in 1638.

Very full records of the American Sanborns have been compiled. In 1855 an excellent beginning was made by Dr. Nathan Sanborn; and this has been supplemented by genealogies in the histories of Hampton and of Sanbornton, N. H. No full account, however, has been given of the first generation in America, of which the following is a brief record:

1. LT. JOHN SAMBORNE, born 1620 (as appears by his deposition); lots were granted him in Hampton, 1640; he married (1st) Mary, daughter of Robert Tuck of Hampton; (2d), Aug. 2, 1671, Margaret (Page) Moulton, widow, daughter of Robert Page of Hampton. He was a prominent man in Hampton: Selectman, 1650, 1661, 1665, 1668, 1672, 1674–'75, 1678–'79; representative to general court; ensign in King Philip's War, 1677; lieutenant of the town guard, 1680; commissioner of small causes, 1667–'69. Died Oct. 20, 1692. His inventory amounts to £204, 14s., including "old Bible and other books."* He had these children by the first wife:

i. JOHN, b. 1649; m. Judith Coffin; d. 1723.
ii. MARY, b. 1651; d. 1654.
iii. ABIGAIL, b. Feb. 23, 1653; m. Ephraim Marston; d. 1743.
iv. RICHARD, b. 1655; m. (1st) Ruth Moulton; (2d) Mary Boulter.
v. MARY, b. 1657; d. 1660.
vi. JOSEPH, b. Mar. 13, 1659; m. Mary Gove.
vii. STEPHEN, b. 1661; d. 1662.
viii. ANNE, b. 1662; m. Samuel Palmer; d. 1745.
ix. DINAH (?).
x. NATHANIEL, b. Jan 27, 1666; m. (1st) Rebecca Prescott; and (2d) Sarah Nason; d. 1723.
xi. BENJAMIN, b. Dec. 20, 1668; m. (1st) Sarah ——; (2d) Meribah Tilton; (3d) Abigail Dalton.

By the second wife:

xii. JONATHAN, b. May 25, 1672; m. Elizabeth Sherburne; d. 1741.

Lieut. John Samborne's will is not extant, only the closing words being given in the re-transcript on file in the Exeter, N. H., probate office. It is signed,—"John Samborne, Senior, his marke 'Jo' and seale." Witnesses,— Nathaniel Bachiler, Wm. Marston, Robt. Moulton Hy. Dow.

2. WILLIAM SAMBORNE, born 1622; married Mary, daughter of John Moulton. He was also prominent, and was selectman several years; was bell ringer of Hampton church in 1639, when he must have been but 16 or 17; died in 1692 ae. about 70. Will on file at Exeter. Inventory, £408, 10s. Children:

*Among these was a commentary on certain Bible texts by Thomas Cartwright, the old Puritan divine, now owned in Manchester, N. H.

i. WILLIAM, b. 1652; m. Mary Marston; d. 1744.
ii. JOSIAH, m. (1st) Hannah Moulton; and (2d) Sarah Perkins.
iii. MERCY, b. July 19, 1660; m. Samuel Cass.
iv. MEPHIBOSHETH, b. Nov. 5, 1663; m. Lydia Leavitt; d. 1749.
v. SARAH, b. Feb. 10, 1667; m. Samuel Marston; d. 1738.
vi. STEPHEN, b. Sept. 4, 1671; m. Hannah Philbrick; d. 1750.

3. STEPHEN SAMBORNE, born ———; married Sarah ———. One of a company to build the Hampton meeting-house in 1641; resigned as selectman in 1655 to go back to England with Rev. Stephen Bachiler. The children (born in Hampton) were:

i. SARAH, b June 12, 1651.
ii. DOROTHY, b. March 2, 1653.

For the first hundred years in America (1632–1730) the name was always written "Samborne" or "Samborn." How or when the present spelling was introduced is not known.

Some notes in regard to the English Sambornes were printed by Dr. Nathan Sanborn and Mr. Dyer H. Sanborn in 1855–'56; but the coat of arms which they engraved, and which has been reprinted in the "History of Sanbornton," never was a Samborne coat.

In this article I hope to show presumptive evidence of a connection between our American ancestors and the English family of Samborne; but until definite proof is found we have no right to bear the English arms or crest. The assumption of coat-armour said to belong to a certain name, without actual proof of a connection, is unwarranted.

Unfortunately we have been led into such an error: in the "Sanborn Genealogy" of 1856 was engraved a shield of arms bearing "*Argent, a lion rampant or, between five mullets gules, two and three.* Crest, *A hand holding a sheaf of arrows,* untinctured. These arms, although not claimed for our American family, were said to belong to the English Sambornes,—but, though the crest may be a late Samborne crest, the arms are impossible in heraldry, and never were borne by any one named Samborne. This unfortunate error has led some of us to use this false coat,—it has been copied into family and town histories, and I believe has been adopted by the town of Sanbornton as its seal. I trust this will be corrected.

As a matter of fact, there is practically but one Samborne coat of arms. Burke gives the following references, which I have supplemented from my search at the Herald's College in London:

1. SAMBORNE OF SOUTHCOT, BERKS. *Quarterly,* (1) and (4) [SAMBORNE] *Argent, a chevron, sable, between* 3 *mullets gules, pierced or.* (2) [LUSHILL OF WILTS.] *Argent, a pale fusilly, gules, within a bordure azure, bezantée.* (3) [DREW OF WILTS., BERKS., AND DEVON.] *Ermine, a lion passant, gules.* No crest. This coat in 1566 was allowed and confirmed to Thomas Samborne of Sonning Berks., grandson of Drew Samborne of Southcot, who bore the quarterings as above.

2. SAMBORNE OF TIMSBURY, SOMT. *Argent, a chevron, sable, between* 3 *mullets gules, pierced or.* Crest, *A mullet as in the arms.* This coat and crest in 1672 were allowed and confirmed to Maudley Samborne of Timsbury, sixth in descent from Drew Samborne's brother, Nicholas of Mapledurham. Although Nicholas Samborne had the same right to the Drew and Lushill quarterings as his brother, his descendants at Timsbury did not use them, but bore the mullet as crest,—which I assume to have been a new crest, since Sir Barnaby Samborne's seal, affixed to a document at Timsbury in 1590, shows no crest at all.

3. SAMBOURNE OF MOULSFORD, BERKS. The same arms as (2). Crest, *a bull's head erased, sable, armed or, holding in the mouth* 3 *wheat-ears of the last.*

This coat and crest were in 1665 confirmed and allowed to Richard Sambourne of Cholsey, Berks., a great-grandson of Drew Sambourne, the crest being in allusion to his descent from the Drews.

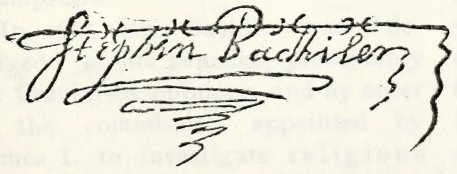
4. SAMBOURNE (said to be of Moulsford, Berks., Cos., Hants., and Somt.). The same arms as (2) and (3). Crest, *a hand holding a sheaf of arrows, all proper*. Although this crest is described in every heraldic dictionary as belonging to Samborne I can find no authority for it at the Herald's College. It may have been a late 17th century grant, but I doubt its authenticity.

5. SAMBORNE (no location). *Sable, (another, azure), a lion rampant or*. No crest. This coat is given in Burke, &c., but I think in error; probably confounded (because of a Samborne intermarriage in 1490 or thereabouts) with the arms of Brocas of Beaurepaire *(Sable, a lion rampant-guardant, or)*. This, I take it, is the coat which the editors of the Sanborn Genealogy still farther confused by adding five mullets to it.

Nicholas Samborne of Mapledurham bore of right the same arms as his brother Drew, in whose shield the Lushill and Drew arms were quartered. My theory is that we are descended from this Nicholas; and his coat of arms is engraved for this article. His descendants of Somerset, Dorset, and Hants did not use the quarterings,—they are not shown on the escutcheon at Timsbury, nor on those at Andover Church and Hatherden School,—but they were entitled to use them, and also the Drew crest of a bull's-head as in (3). What, if any, paternal crest Nicholas and Drew bore, I cannot find; there was none, if I am correct in assuming the mullet to have been a later crest, and the hand to be unauthorized. All three crests are engraved, as there is some doubt on the subject.

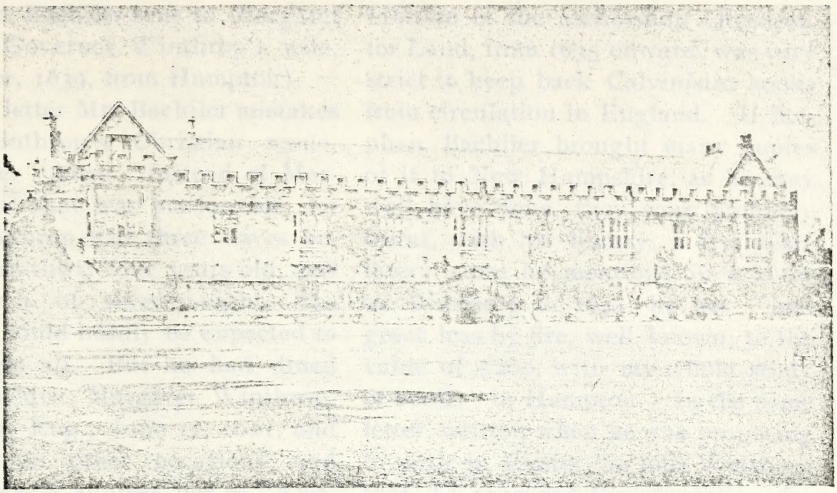
In tracing our family history, our best clue is through discoveries* in regard to Rev. Stephen Bachiler, the grandfather of our first American ancestors. This gentleman was born in 1561, matriculated at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1581, and in 1586, at the age of twenty-six was presented by Lord de la Warr to the living of Wherwell ("Horrell"), a pretty village in Hampshire, on the river Test. The Oxford registers do not give Mr. Bachiler's home, but there was at Kingsclere, Burghclere, and Highclere (a few miles from Wherwell), a large family of Bachilers; and at Upper Clatford in 1571 there died a Richard Bachiler whose will mentions several family names early found in Hampton, N. H.

While Stephen Bachiler was at Wherwell, there was living at Andover and Weyhill, a few miles away, Rev. James Samborne, whose son, Rev. James Samborne, Jr., was rector of Grately (near by) in 1604, and of Upper Clatford from 1610 to 1628. Anne Samborne, a cousin of Rev. James Samborne, Sr., married Rev. Anthony Gattonby, rector from 1572





* Made by H. F. Waters, Esq., and the late Judge Batchelder.



Old Quadrangle, St. John's College, Oxford. Where Rev. Stephen Bachiler was Matriculated.

to 1605 of Goodworth Clatford, the next parish to Wherwell. These Sambornes were of a Berkshire family which derived its Hampshire connexion from a marriage with the Brocas family of Beaurepaire (a few miles east of Wherwell) and the Rogers family of Freefolk (the next parish east of Wherwell). This Rogers connexion made the Sambornes heirs to the estates of the Lisles of Thruxton, a parish near Andover, and thus associated the Samborne family with Hampshire.

In 1605 Mr. Bachiler was "deprived" of his benefice, presumably for Calvinistic opinions, and by order of the commission appointed by James I. to investigate religious opinions. One member of this commission was Lord de la Warr, a son of the nobleman who had presented Mr. Bachiler to the living of Wherwell. Mr. Bachiler is said to have taken refuge in Holland, as the Plymouth Pilgrims did in 1608, but no record of his life there is found. His son-in-law, Rev. John Wing, was the first pastor of an English church at Middleburgh in Holland, from 1620 onward; and it is curious to note that a Mr. Samuel Bachiler, minister in Sir Charles Morgan's* fighting regiment in Holland, was the same year called to a pastorate in Flushing, but declined. May it not be that this was a son of Rev. Stephen Bachiler? Samuel Bachiler was the author of a book called "Miles Christianus"† (perhaps the same volume

* It seems worth noting that another Morgan, Sylvanus by name, in his "Sphere of Gentry" gives a coat of arms (which I cannot verify) for Rev. Stephen Bachiler,—*Vert, a plow in fesse; in the base the sun rising or.*

† *Miles Christianus*, or The Campe Royal, Set forth in briefe Meditations on the Words of the Prophet Moses, Deut. XXIII, 9–14, hereunder following: "When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing. . . . For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp, to deliver thee, and to give up thine enemies before thee; therefore shall thy camp be holy: that he see no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee. Preached in the armie at Danger-Leager, profitable for all sorts of men to reade; and published for the generall good of all that willreade, By Samuel Bachiler, Preacher To the English at Gorinchem. Amsterdam, Printed by R. P. in the Yeare MDCXXV." (There is a manuscript inscription.) "To the honourable Gentleman Mr. Ashley his worthy freind, the Authour wisheth all happiness." The above is the title-page of Bachiler's book; it is a thin, small, quarto bound in vellum,—55 pages in all,—a sermon, rather dull apparently. There is a three-page preface addressed "To all my deare and loving Countrimen in service to the States of the United Provinces, the honourable officers, and all honest souldiers of the Eng-

which Mr. Bachiler sent to Margaret Tyndall, Governor Winthrop's wife, in October, 1639, from Hampton).

In this letter Mr. Bachiler mistakes Mrs. Winthrop's Christian name, calling her "Alice" instead of Margaret; but that was pardonable, for John Winthrop had three wives before he was thirty-four years old, and a patriarch of seventy-eight, like Bachiler, could hardly be expected to recall them all. But he had dined with this Mrs. Margaret Winthrop, at Groton, Eng., June 11, 1621, and no doubt on other occasions, and could properly address her as "Auncient & Christian Frende." He went on to say:

> I present my great respect and thankfulness unto you in a little token. And though it be little in itself, yet doth it contain greater weight of true worth than can easily be comprehended but of the spiritual man. . . . Looking among some special reserved books, and lighting on this little treatise* of one of mine own poor children, I conceived nothing might suit more to my love, nor your acceptance. As God gives you leisure to read anything that may further your piety, and hope of a better life than this, if you shall please to vouchsafe a little part of that time to read this by degrees, I shall judge it more than a sufficient satisfaction to my love and desire of furthering you in the way of grace."

I suppose this "Christian Soldier" of Samuel Bachiler to have been a sermon on the religious life, suggested by his experience with the English volunteers in Holland, and perhaps preached there, and even printed, as many Puritan works were, outside of England, in order to escape the prohibition of the archbishop's licenser, for Laud, from 1635 onward, was very strict to keep back Calvinistic books from circulation in England. If Stephen Bachiler brought many copies of it to New Hampshire, as he may well have done, they were probably burnt, with his library, a few years later; since he mentions, in a letter to Winthrop in 1644, he has "had great loss by fire, well known, to the value of £200, with my whole study of books" in Hampton. In the same letter, written when he was proposing to settle in Exeter, he tells Winthrop that "I procured the plantation for them [at Hampton] and have been at great charges in many ways since, for the upholding and furthering of the same; yet I never had any maintenance from them hitherto."

Assuming that Stephen Bachiler was in Holland for a time, it seems probable this was between 1607 and 1620, although no record has yet been found concerning him in the church, town, or military registers of Middleburgh or Flushing, where his kindred were. But when in London (June 23, 1631), and while he was making preparation to come to New England, permission was granted to him and his wife Helen, with his daughter, "Ann Sandburn, widow," —the latter described as living in the Strand, London,—to go to Flushing for two months to visit his sons and daughters there. Flushing is in Zealand near Middleburgh, and was garrisoned by English soldiers for more

lish nation residing in the Netherlands, and specially (as service bindeth me) to those of Gorcum in Holland, S. B. wisheth all happie successes," etc. There is also "an Admonitorie Postscript," to "the Reader whosoever." Gorcum, in Dutch Gorinchem, is a fortified town of 11,000 people in South Holland, about twelve miles east of Dort, through which you pass in going by rail from Antwerp to Rotterdam and Amsterdam. I did not go there, nor is it now so important as in the time of the Spanish wars, when it was one of the keys to the province of Holland. There is no other work by Samuel Bachiler on the catalogue of the British Museum.

* In 1626 Samuel Bachiler published another treatise on religious questions, mixed with politics, entitled "The Dangers Hanging over the Head of England and France," but it is not likely this was the book sent to Mrs. Winthrop.



Southcote House, near Reading, Berkshire. A Samborne Manor from 1420 to 1506.

than half a century, beginning in 1572. It was easy of access from England, even in time of war; and war was going on in Holland during all the early years of the 17th century. Probably Mr. Bachiler's children and grandchildren were on the island of Walcheren, which contains both Flushing and Middleburgh.

Soon after leaving Wherwell Mr. Bachiler settled in Newton Stacy, the nearest hamlet on the east. There he bought and sold land from 1622 to 1631, as Mr. Waters and I found in the "Feet of Fines" for Hampshire, which contain the following:

Paschal Term, 1622: Stephen Bachiler, Clerk, bought of George Hunter and Dorothy his wife, and Edward Abbott, one garden, one orchard, 44 acres of land, one acre pasture,—all in Newton Stacy, Hants.

Paschal Term, 1629: Stephen Bachiler, clerk, bought of H. Holloway one cottage, two gardens, two orchards, 40 acres of land, —all in Newton Stacy, Hants.

These purchases gave a considerable property, all of which was turned into money by Mr. Bachiler before sailing for Boston in the *William and Francis* March 9, 1632,—as these entries show:

Michaelmas Term, 1630: W. Houghton, Thomas Roberts et al. bought of Stephen Bachiler, clerk, and Helen his wife, two gardens, two orchards, 80 acres of land, two acres pasture, all in Newton Stacey, Hants.

Trinity Term, 1631: Thomas Mann bought of Stephen Bachiler clerk, and Helen his wife, certain land in Newton Stacey.

About 1629 a colonizing society (the "Plow Company") was organized in England, to settle the so-called "Plow Patent" in Maine (Casco); and Mr. Bachiler, then sixty-eight years old, was its pastor. His son-in-law, Christopher Hussey, of Dorking (but perhaps the kinsman of Christopher Hussey, mayor of Winchester

in 1609, 1618, and 1631), emigrated to New England in the summer of 1630, and settled at Lynn, where Mr. Bachiler joined the family two years later. The Plow Company failed, "by the false dealing of those entrusted by us with the Plough's ship and our goods therein;" and Mr. Bachiler formed a small church in Lynn,—baptizing first his grandson, Stephen Hussey, born in 1630. He had come over in the *William and Francis*, with his other grandchildren, John, William, and Stephen Samborne, landing at Boston June 5, 1632, when neither his wife nor the widow Samborne seems to have come.

All the known children of Rev. Stephen Bachiler married in Hampshire or the neighboring counties, viz.,—

i. NATHANIEL, b. 1590; m. Hester Mercer of Southampton, a niece of Rev. John Priaulx, archdeacon of Sarum.
ii. DEBORAH, b. 1592; m. Rev. John Wing of Oxfordshire (her descendants are the Wings of Sandwich, Mass.).
iii. STEPHEN, b. 1594, matr. at Oxford 1610; in Magdalen (James Samborne's) College.
iv. (Possibly) SAMUEL, b. 1596, a chaplain in Holland, 1620.
v. THEODATE, b. 1508; m. Chris. Hussey (with Hampshire kindred).
vi. ANNE, b. 1600; m. John (?) Samborne, about 1619.

If, then, propinquity be any clue it is probable that the husband of Anne Bachiler was one of the Hampshire Sambornes, descended from Nicholas, son of Walter and Margaret (Drew) Samborne of Southcot in Berks., from whom also descend the Sambornes of Timsbury in Somerset.

It seems probable that the connection between the American and English Sambornes came somehow through Rev. James Samborne, son of Rev. James and father of Rev. Thomas Samborne, who all lived in that part of Hampshire where the Bachilers came from, though in different parishes,—at Weyhill, Grately, and Upper Clatford,—or perhaps through Edward Samborne, an uncle of Rev. James of Grately and Clatford. Like Stephen Bachiler, the second Rev. James was an Oxford man, and settled within a few miles of Wherwell, where Bachiler was rector from 1587 to 1605. His patron, Sir Thomas Jervois, was a Puritan, like Bachiler; and his family was associated with Freefolk, very near to Kingsclere, the home of the Bachilers, and to Newton Stacy, where Stephen Bachiler lived from 1627 to 1631. But the exact connecting link between the husband of Anne Bachiler and the Timsbury Samborne family is yet to be discovered.

This old English family of Samborne was originally seated in Wiltshire. My theory would be that the name, very early, either came from or was given to the Manor of Samborne, which is now a tithing of the city of Warminster, Wilts. The *Placita de quo Warranto* of 1211 show one Julian



Samborne Arms and Crests.

de Sandeburne as possessed of that manor. In 1250 William Russell held it. The first mention of Samborne as a family name in Wilts, I find in 1392, when Nicholas Samborne held the manor of Biddestone. In 1395, Richard Samborne, Jr., bought land in Wooten, Poterne, Lavington, etc.



Timsbury Manor-house. Residence of the Somersetshire Sambornes for Three Centuries.

The pedigrees heretofore given are incorrect at important points; the Berkshire and Somerset branches having been called distinct, though really of the same line. Again, incorrect Christian names appear in some early Berkshire generations,—the true names being now known from wills, inquisitions, etc. In the earliest Somerset generation appears a marriage with a "daughter of —— Lisley;" really the father of the first recorded Somerset Samborne married a great-grand-daughter of the famous Hampshire family of Lisle. The correct pedigree begins* with

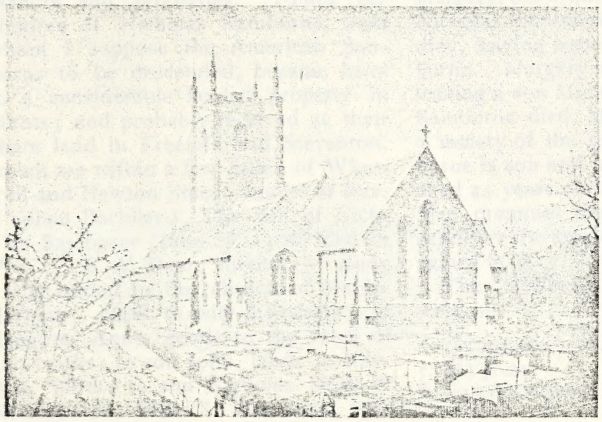
1. NICHOLAS SAMBURNE or SAMBORNE of Wiltshire; probably he who held Biddestone Manor in 1392. His son was

2. NICHOLAS[2] (1) SAMBORNE, Jr., of Fernham, near Faringdon, Berks., and Lushill in Wilts. The manor of Fernham was held in chief of the king, by one knight's service or fee. The manor of Lushill was held in chief of the king as part of the duchy of Lancaster: apparently a royal gift from the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV. Perhaps both manors were held through his wife Katherine, a daughter and co-heir of Sir John Lushill, whose arms are quartered with those of the Berkshire Sambornes. In an old pedigree of Temmes, in the Harleian MSS., Sir John appears as son and heir to Sir Simon Lushill, Kt. Lord of Lushill, and Steward of the Household, being akin to the Earl of Richmond and Derby, a Plantagenet. The Lushill arms are those of Lucells or De Lusel, a very ancient house. Sir John Lushill had four daughters: (1) Agnes, m. Nicholas Cashl; (2) Jane, m. John Temmes; (3) Katharine, m. Nicholas Samborne, and (4) Margaret, m. Wm. Sybele. In 1403, Nicholas Samborne bought of W. Sybele a third of the manor of Lushill. In 1409 license for an oratory was granted to Nicholas and Katherine, his wife. This Nicholas was wrongly called William in the Oxfordshire Herald's Visitation of 1566. His true name is given in old records and an old parchment pedigree shown me by S. S. P. Samborne, Esq., of Timsbury House. This second Nicholas had a son (perhaps grandson, since the years between seem too many for one generation),—

3. WALTER,[3] (2) SAMBORNE of Lushill in Wilts, and of Southcot in Berks. At the latter he lived; he held it with that of Pynsons, now Pinsent's farm, near Reading, through his wife, Margaret, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Drew of Seagry in Wilts, and Southcot in Berks. This Drew (son of Lawrence Drew and Lucy Restwold, of the old family of Restwold, of the Vache, in Bucks,) was fourth in descent from Thomas Drew of Seagry, and bore the arms of the Drews of Devon; these are quartered with the

* Scattered links are found at earlier dates. In Somerset a Robert de Samborne was a prominent churchman between 1360 and 1382.—becoming rector of Jevele (Yeovil) and finally canon and seneschal of Wells Cathedral. His will, filed at Lambeth (201 a. Courtenay), and dated Yeovil, gives "£20 for funeral, £40 to Executors; a small sum to Hugh King, my valet." July 10, 1415, a commission issued to Joan, widow of Richard Samborne, late of Lacock, Wilts., to make inventory of goods.

Lushill arms in the coat of the Berkshire Sambornes. This Walter is also called William in the *Herald's Visitation*; but in the will of his widow, Margaret, dated February 22, 1494 (filed in P. C. C.), is this: "My body to be buried in the church of the *Fratres Minorum* [Minorite Friars] in Redyng, under the same stone as Walter Samborne. To mother church of Sarum [a specified sum]; Residue to Nicholas Samborne," who, with Edward Bartelot is to act as executor. Her *Inquisitio P. M.* (Oct. 11, 1495), shows her seized of the two manors, Southcot and Pynson, in Berks., and that Drew Samborne is her eldest son and heir,—aged 45 years and more. Her children were:



St. Mary's Church, Reading. The Burial-place of Walter and Drew Samborne, etc.

4. (i.) DREW, born about 1449, and
5. (ii.) NICHOLAS.

4. DREW[4] (3) SAMBORNE by *Herald's Visitation* had a wife Elizabeth, but in his will her name is Joan. She was daughter of Thomas Cricklade, Lord of the Manors of Studleigh, Cricklade, and Ford in Wilts, and of Langridge in Somerset. Drew Samborne's will, dated Dec. 12, 1505, and proved Jan. 25, 1506, is on file (at P. C. C.) as follows: "Body to be buried in Our Lady's Church at Redyng, where my ancestors lie; to that church 3s. 4d. and an image of S. Michael in Alabaster; to Mother Church in Sarum, 3s. 4d. All my goods to wife Johan, she to have my Manor of Southcot for a year. Brother Nicholas Samborne, trustee." The *Inq. P. M.* dated Aug. 12, 1508, shows Drew S. seized of the Manors of Southcot * and Buckhurst in Berks (held respectively of Hugh Kenepy *per fidelitatem* and of the Abbey of Redyng), Fernham in Berks, Lushill in Wilts, several messuages near Reading, and a capital messuage in Langridge, Somerset. The children of Drew Samborne were:

i. WILLIAM (not in the direct line of descent), who married Anne Copley, daughter of Sir Roger Copley and granddaughter of the Lord Hoo, great-grandfather (by Anne Boleyn) of Queen Elizabeth. William died in 1503, leaving one daughter and heir, Margaret Samborne, who married William, the second Lord Windsor, ancestor of the Earls of Plymouth; her mother, widow Samborne, married, 2nd, Wm. Lassher.
ii. HENRY.
iii. THOMAS, and
iv. WALTER.

5. NICHOLAS[4] (3) SAMBORNE, of Mapledurham, in Oxfordshire, just across the Thames from Berks., married Elizabeth, daughter of John Brocas of Beaurepaire, Hants., and co-heir of her mother, Anne Rogers, dau. and heir of John Rogers of Freefolk, Hants. John Brocas (sheriff of Hants. in 1482, died in 1492) was of a famous Brocas family,

* Southcot Manor House, where Drew Samborne lived, and which I visited June 7, 1895, is a large and rambling place, with a stone tower,—the house itself of brick, and very fine in its day. It is one of the few moated places left in England, is encircled by a moat still in water and approached through beautiful green lanes. It was rebuilt by John Blagrave, the celebrated mathematician, about 1600,—has since been owned by several families, and lately by Mr. Bristol, whose daughter is the heir.

fifth in descent from Sir Bernard Brocas, master of the royal buckhounds, who died in 1395 (see Burrows's Brocas Genealogy). John B. had first married Anne Langford. Anne Rogers survived him and married (2d) Thomas St. Martin. She inherited from her father, John Rogers, lands in Freefolk and elsewhere in Hants., and from her husband, Brocas, in satisfaction of dower, the manor of Steventon, next to Freefolk. Anne Rogers was also heir to her mother, Margery, dau. and heir of Sir John Lisle of the Hampshire family; and, as we shall see under John (5) Samborne, the Sambornes inherited from the Lisles many large manors and properties. (Thus the children of Nicholas Samborne, from whom I suppose the American Sanborns to be descended, became heirs to a considerable landed property in Hants; and probably received as their share land in Freefolk and Steventon, which are within a few miles of Wherwell and Newton Stacey, homes of Rev. Stephen Bachiler.) The will of Nicholas Samborne (June 27, 1506) filed in P. C. C. 8 A' Dean, directs,—"Body to be buried in the church of Mapledurham; plate to wife Elizabeth; to daughter Anne, goods to the value of 100 marks; to son John, lands in Heyden, Wilts; to son Nicholas, lands in Roddeburne, Wilts." Executors, wife Elizabeth, and Friend Richard Blount, Esq., and Robert Wodeford. (This R. Blount was of the great Oxfordshire family which flourished at Mapledurham in the Tudor and Stuart period; some of them fortified the place in the royal interest during the civil wars; later members were Catholics and friends of the poet Pope, who was often at Mapledurham.)

At this point now come in the evidences of descent and inheritance of the Timsbury Sambornes, from Nicholas (5) of the Wiltshire and Berkshire line, as shown by the Inq. P. M. of John Samborne of Timsbury, taken Sept. 30, 1572 (*Exch. Inq. P. M.* 14 *Eliz. fol.* 144):

"Before the death of John Samborne of Timsbury Esq., Thomas St. Martin and Ann his wife" were seized of the manor of Bury Blondesdon,* 20 acres meadow, 300 acres pasture, 10 acres of wood, 300 acres of land, 20 acres of furze and heath,—as of fee in right of Ann; after the death of Ann this property was to go to Margery Copley, wife of Richard Copley, Jane Wafer, wife of Richard Wafer, and Elizabeth Samborne, wife of Nicholas Samborne,—daughters and heirs apparent to the said Anne, Feb. 14, 1504, the property was devised in trust to Sir Wm. Sands and others, for the above heirs. Thomas and Ann St. Martin died at St. Cross's in Hants.; Richard Wafer and Jane, his wife, conveyed one third of the above manor to Thomas Bushe and Edmund James; Richard Copley died at New Sarum, and Margery, his widow, married Michael Dennis. Nicholas Samborne and his wife, Elizabeth, died, leaving issue the aforesaid John Samborne. Margery and Michael Dennis died, leaving a son Michael. That the said John Samborne died, March 9th, 1572, seized of a moiety of the premises; that John Samborne is son and heir of the said John, and aged 44 years on the last day of May, 1572. The premises were held of the Queen *in capite* by the service of one Knights fee, and valued at £15.

The children of Nicholas Samborne were,—

(i.) ANNE.
7. (ii.) JOHN.
8. (iii.) NICHOLAS.

6. HENRY[5] (4) SAMBORNE, of Sonning, Cos. Berks., and Oxon. A lessee of the bishop, holding the farms of Eye and Bishop's Lands. Married Elizabeth, dau. of —— Richards of Burfield (Burghfield) in Berks. His will, dated January 31, 1549, is given in the "Memorials of Sonning" *p.* 203, filed in Dean Vannes's Visitation, and contains this,—"Body to be buried in S. Andrew's Church at Sonning before Our Lady's Altar." "4s. 4d. to the High Altar; 12d. to poor men's coffer. Wife Elizabeth to enjoy farms of Eye and Bishop's Lands so long as she is a widow. Son Thomas and his children, Harry, Jean, Anneys, and Frances. Daughter Elizabeth, wife of Walter Syngleton, and her children, Thomas, John, Christopher, and Elizabeth. To son Edmund, my house in Reading and my part of the Parsonage barn in Oxfordshire." The children of Henry Samborne were,—

* Bury Town in Blunsdon, Wilts.

9. (i.) THOMAS.
(ii.) ELIZABETH, m. Walter Singleton and had (I) Thomas, (II) John, (III) Christopher, and (IV) Elizabeth.
10. (iii.) EDMUND.

7. JOHN[5] (5) SAMBORNE, of Timsbury, Somerset, inherited from his father lands in Heydon, Wilts, now a hamlet in parish of Rodbourne Cheney, a few miles from Lushill. In 1542, as heir to his second cousin, Lady Mary Lisle, he inherited a third part of the Lisle estate, as appears from an inquisition made at Winchester, Oct. 13, 1542. The heirs were Thomas Philpott, aged 28 years and more; Thomas Dennys, aged 26 years and more; and John Samborne, Esq., aged 30 years and more. In the division of the Lisle estates, John Samborne was given the manors of Maiden Newton, Dorset and Upper Sydling, Dorset, and Timsbury (Somt.) where he lived. This manor-house of Timsbury, a superb old Tudor mansion, is still standing, and the possession of S. S. P. Samborne, Esq., who is descended from the Timsbury Sambornes through an heir female. A view of it is given at page 447.

From the Brocas family, John Samborne, as we saw, inherited the manor of Bury Blunsdon, Wilts, but a few miles distant from Lushill and Heydon. This John Samborne married Dorothy, daughter of Nicholas Tichborne, and Anne White, and granddaughter of John Tichborne, sheriff of Hants., in 1487 (Berry's Hants Pedigrees).

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHY DIDST THOU DOUBT?

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

Why didst thou doubt? What though the cloud
Hung dark above me and the crowd,
As I passed thro' the busy mart,
With gaze averted stood apart
Or hurled denunciations loud?

When sorely pressed but all too proud
To make denial, I allowed
My breast to sheathe each venomed dart,
Why didst thou doubt?

They knew me not when they avowed
My guilt, but thou, O friend, endowed
With power to read the mystic chart
That held the secrets of my heart,
When 'neath a storm of blame I bowed
Why didst thou doubt?

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE.

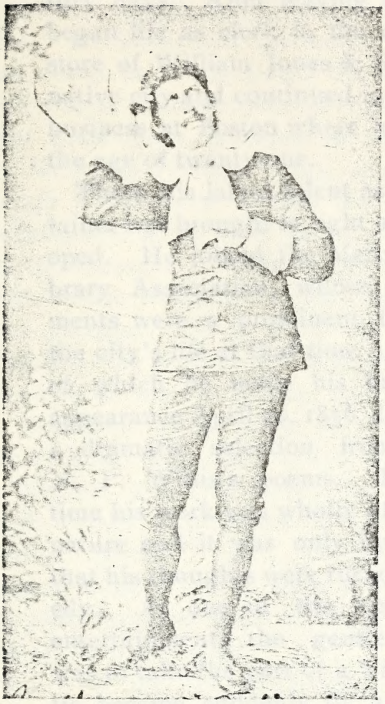
By H. C. Pearson.

IN a list of the half-dozen sons of New Hampshire most widely known throughout this country the name of Henry Clay Barnabee must surely be included. As, at once, the oldest and most successful operatic comedian of the day he has won the favor of the best class of theatre-goers from ocean to ocean, and to these laurels he has added those, perhaps more permanent, of the intelligent, patriotic, and conscientious manager.



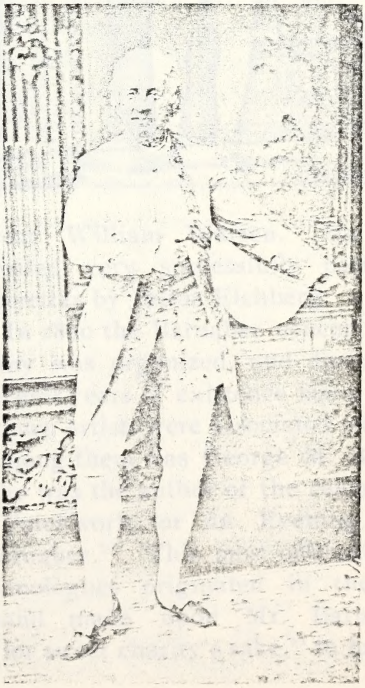
Mr. Barnabee was born at Portsmouth, November 14, 1833, the son of Willis Barnabee, the famous stage driver and hotel keeper of early cen-















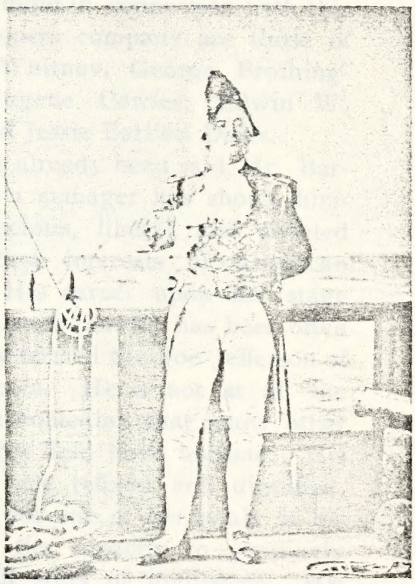
tury days. After leaving school he began life as clerk in the dry-goods store of William Jones & Son in his native city and continued in the same business at Boston where he went at the age of twenty-one.

There his latent talent as an entertainer was brought to light and developed. He joined the Mercantile Library Association, whose entertainments were a prominent feature of the city's life at that time and in one of which he made his first public appearance April 20, 1856, declaiming a dramatic selection from one of N. P. Willis's poems. For some time his work was wholly of a serious nature and it was only by accident that his thoughts were turned to comedy. At one of the association's entertainments the gentleman who was to take the part of a Yankee rustic became suddenly ill, and rather than disappoint the audience Mr. Barnabee assumed the part at short notice, scoring a signal success.

At the same time the future dean of comic opera was beginning his musical career as a church singer, serving for twenty-three years as a member of the quartette of the Church of the Unity besides brief engagements at other churches. Among his associates in this work were Marie Stone, Mathilde Phillips, W. H. Fessenden, and William McDonald.

Mr. Barnabee's city successes brought him into demand as an entertainer throughout New England, and in 1865 he finally decided to abandon his mercantile pursuits and give all his time to the stage. His formal debut took place at a benefit concert in Music hall, in which Miss Annie Louise Cary and others participated. For the next dozen years he appeared in lyceum courses all over the country with such universal success that a "Barnabee night" was looked forward to by every pleasure seeker.

He also obtained better opportunities for the display of his dramatic ability by appearing in various benefit performances. In 1866, at the Boston Museum, he played Toby Twinkle in "All That Glitters Is Not Gold," and Cox to the Box of the



great William Warren. He also created very successfully parts in operettas by Julius Eichberg.

In 1870 the Barnabee concert company was organized, and during its several years of existence many well-known artists were associated with it. Among them was George M. Baker, who was the author of the celebrated "Patchwork, or an Evening with Barnabee." This most celebrated of monologues originated in the demand made upon Mr. Barnabee, "for sweet charity's sake," to furnish



an entire evening's entertainment unaided. He undertook the task with some doubt as to his ability but the result was an instantaneous success.

For some years previous to 1879 Mr. Barnabee's dates were made through the Roberts lyceum bureau of which Miss E. H. Ober was at that time the manager. To her is due the credit for the formation of the Ideal opera company which presented "Pinafore" so acceptably. The cast was a notable one, including, besides Mr. Barnabee, such artists as Adelaide Phillips, Mathilde Phillips, Myron Whitney, and Tom Karl. As Sir Joseph Porter, commander of "The Queen's Navee," Mr. Barnabee scored a triumph which made it evident that the true field of his life-work lay in comic opera.

Still with the Boston Ideals, he created the part of the Pasha in Suppe's "Fatinitza," and almost a score of parts of equal prominence in the operas produced by his organization. In 1887, in connection with Tom Karl and William H. MacDonald, he formed the operatic company known as The Bostonians, whose honorable and successful career from that date to this is a matter for public congratulation.

To this organization American music is indebted for the clean, clever, and high-class production of many meritorious works, both native and foreign. Especially prominent among the former is "Robin Hood," by Reginald De Koven and Harry B. Smith, whose popularity is certainly greater than that of any other American comic opera, and is without doubt largely due to its brilliant presentation by The Bostonians. "The Maid of Plymouth," "The Ogalallas," "Prince Ananias," are other recent products of American composers and librettists which this company has staged with considerable success. Its ranks have constantly been recruited with the best available talent, and many are the songsters, some of stellar magnitude, whose present success is largely due to their development and training with The Bostonians. In addition to the great trio of popular names that instantly come to mind in connection with this famous opera company are those of Myron Whitney, George Frothingham, Eugene Cowles, Edwin W. Hoff, and Jessie Bartlett Davis.

As has already been said Mr. Barnabee as a manager has shown himself sagacious, liberal, and devoted to the best interests of American music. His career upon the stage has been such that he has been often and aptly termed the Joe Jefferson of comic opera. He is not at all the acrobatic comedian that many other stars in his field have become. His methods are refined and dignified, and yet not one of his rivals is his equal in the capacity to genuinely amuse all sorts of audiences. His wit and drollery are always clean and never malicious; they leave only pleasant recollections behind them. It was this quality which made him the unequalled favorite of high-class New England audiences in the old lyceum days; it is this quality which renders him to-day the most potent attraction of The Bostonians.

Personally Mr. Barnabee is the genial gentleman that one would imagine him. He numbers his friends by the thousand and finds them in every city of the Union. He is a 32d degree Mason, a member of the

Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston, and of many other prominent organizations and clubs in that city and elsewhere. He married, in 1859, Miss Clara, daughter of Major Daniel George of Warner, who has been his constant companion and efficient helpmeet in all the years that have followed. Mr. Barnabee loves and honors the state of his birth and residence. It is the pleasure as well as the privilege of THE GRANITE MONTHLY to join with the great American public in wishing him many more years of successful service in his chosen work.

THE CRICKET.

By F. Hodgman.

When the glory of the sunshine has faded in the west;
When the toils of day are ended and the little ones at rest;
When the harvest moon is rising, softly lighting up the scene;
Then is heard the merry music of the cricket's tambourine.
Creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, creak.
Goes the merry strident music of the cricket's tambourine.

When the watermelons ripen in the fields where they are hid;
When the noisy Katydid n't contradicts the Katydid;
When the corn is ripe for roasting and the boys go hunting coons,
Then the cricket keeps on playing just the same old fashioned tunes.
Creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, creak.
One note has all the music that he uses in his tunes.

When the walnut leaves are yellow and the hazel nuts are brown,
And the early apples mellow, and the acorns dropping down,
When Jamie walks with Genevieve, the man that 's in the moon
Looks down and smiles. He seems to think there 'll be a wedding soon.
Creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, creak.
The cricket scrapes his gauzy wings but does not change the tune.

As Jamie strays with Genevieve and gazes on the moon,
It sets his heart a thumping, does the merry cricket's tune,
For the burden of the music as it sounds to him is "speak,"
And he loves her most sincerely though his resolution's weak.
Speak, speak, speak, speak, speak, speak, speak.
How he wishes that he dare to, when the cricket bids him "speak."

Her heart is in a flutter and she wishes he could hear
The wording of the cricket's tune, that seems to her so clear.
Why is it that her Jamie does not understand the creak
And mind the little cricket when it urges him to speak?
Speak, speak, speak, speak, speak, speak, speak.
Why does not he mind the cricket when it urges him to speak?

They are searching for the cricket when by chance their faces meet,—
Each one sees the other's blushes, and the lesson is complete.
The cricket is forgotten though the louder be his creak:
For them his song is ended, and they do not need to speak.
Creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, creak.
He may creak away till morning. They will never hear him creak.

WAR PICTURES.

[CONCLUDED.]

[Illustrated from photographs by Henry P. Moore, Concord, N. H.]

By John C. Linehan.

THIS chapter concludes the series of "war pictures." Many pleasant things have been said of them, and regrets expressed at their conclusion, but the material (for the pictures) being exhausted the curtain falls, as it were, and taps are sounded. It would have been a pleasure, were it possible, to present the portraits of many others who rendered gallant service in the three regiments from this state which had been attached for over three years to the Tenth army corps, or who had since the war distinguished themselves in civil life, but for obvious reasons this was impossible.

Since the publication of the first paper three veterans whose portraits appeared have responded to the last roll call, General Donohoe and Captain Emmons of Boston, and Samuel F. Brown of Penacook. General Donohoe went out in command of Company C of the Third regiment, remaining until July, 1862, when he was commissioned colonel of the Tenth. He served until the close of the war, and for gallantry in action received the brevet of brigadier general. He lived in Concord for some years after the war, but Boston had been his home for the greater part of the time since his retirement from the army. His last day in New Hampshire was spent with the writer in this city, in April of the present year. A little more than a month later he was in his grave. His funeral was attended by a large delegation of representative veterans from his own as well as from other regiments. General Donohoe was a man of pleasing address and blessed with an engaging, genial disposition. As a natural consequence he had a large circle of friends who sincerely lament his early death. Captain Emmons went out as first lieutenant of Company G, Third Regiment, and was later promoted to captain. He was a man of fine presence and a good officer. Since his return from the war he had been in the employ of one of the railroad corporations in Boston. His body was buried in Lebanon this state.

Samuel F. Brown was for nearly half a century one of the best known men in Penacook. He was a native of Massachusetts and a brother of Henry H. and John S. Brown, who were in their day well known cotton manufacturers in that village. He was a member of the band of the Third regiment and of the post band stationed at Port Royal during the war. He was postmaster of Penacook for many years, a member of Brown's band, in its day the best military band in the state, one of the founders and during life a member of the Baptist church in Penacook, and

a sir knight of Mount Horeb commandery, Concord.

In alluding to the group entitled "The Detail for Guard," published in the August number, it was mentioned that "it would not be surprising if among the forms depicted are not a few of those who later on earned their captain's straps, the real heroes of the war, who went in at the beginning and stayed till the end. It was the men of this class that conquered the rebellion. All honor to them!"

This was written for the reason that owing to the lapse of years their features could not be recalled, although all were Third regiment boys. At the last reunion at Weirs Captain Wadsworth of Manchester spoke of this picture, and said that what was written of them was literally true. Four of the number became captains. He was one of the group, being at that time a sergeant, and among the others were Captain Stearns of Company F, then of Nashua, and Captain Atherton, now of Wakefield, Mass.

Another was Sergeant Moore of Company F, who was mortally wounded at James island on June 16, 1862, and who died the following night; and still another was Sergeant Nottage of Company F, of Nashua, for whose widow congress provided a pension by special act, which was vetoed by President Cleveland, whose action at the time was severely criticized. Captain Wadsworth's eyes were moist while dwelling on the subject for the majority never returned to New Hampshire.

Admiral Ammen who was one of Dupont's officers, was the guest of the veterans at Weirs during the reunion several years ago, and while there captured the boys by his bluff, hearty manners. From his own testimony he is of Swiss origin, and in connection with this fact it will be of interest to note, as showing the composite nature of our nationality during the Civil War, that Farragut, Dupont, Ammen, and Rowan, each of whom from the character of their services secured distinction, were respectively of Spanish, French, Swiss, and Irish descent. To these names might well be added that of John Ericcson, the Swede, whose genius furnished what proved to be at the time of more value than an army—the *Monitor*.

But all there is left now is the memory of their deeds, for they have followed or preceded the great soldiers of the war, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, and many others of lesser fame. Twenty-two was the estimate of the average age of the Union soldiers at the time of enlistment. Were this correct the average to-day of the survivors would be fifty-six. Like the leaves in autumn they are dropping, dropping, dropping, noiselessly, but surely. Their departure leaves a gap that can never be filled. Their familiar forms are missed in the post room and the additional flags and wreaths on Memorial Day are a notice of a new contraction of the line which will continue until it fades away, and the soldiers of the great Civil War are but memories of the past. When this period arrives there will be a premium on "War Pictures."

[THE END.]

WILD REUTLINGEN.

A ROMANCE OF THE TIME OF THE GREAT KING.

[Translated from the German of Hans Werder.]

By Agatha B. E. Chandler.

THEN Reutlingen read, at first distractedly, then slowly and thoughtfully. It was Benno von Trautwitz's letter of farewell.

"MY DARLING ULRIKE: When I am dead this letter will be laid in your hands. I am a soldier, and being so, have gained an enemy, who even now follows me and seeks my life. So you should know, my dear one, that I loved you to death, and that life has been a burden to me since I saw the impossibility of winning you. Ulrike, why can't you love me? How can you look in my face so cruelly and tell me that you don't? Do you love the robber whom you call your husband? The thought is worse to me than death, and he at least shall not be happy as long as I can prevent it. Should fate throw us together, I shall tell him that you love me, and I shall perhaps carry that lie with me to the grave.

"I have nothing more to say to you, my dear one. Take back again these two letters that held so much sorrow for me, which are so hateful to me, and yet with which I could not part during my life, for they are the only ones I ever received from you and were therefore precious to me. They shall not fall into strange hands after my death."

Then followed a long farewell and the end. Reutlingen folded the letter with a trembling hand and looked passionately at his wife. She handed him another from the package, the note that she had written Benno when he notified her of his intended visit to Steinhovel. In simple words she had urged him not to come: she lived in her husband's house and wanted to conduct herself in accordance with his wishes, and she did not believe that a visit from her dear cousin would be at all agreeable to him.

"And he came after receiving this letter?" asked Reutlingen as he finished reading.

"Yes; now please read this."

It was a second letter from herself to Benno, written from Leitnitz soon after the battle of Torgau, in which she reproached him for persuading her to leave Steinhovel.

He read:

"I am greatly indebted to you, my cousin, for regarding my wishes and leaving Leitnitz. I thank you for your consideration and I hope that you will not return as long as I remain here. I repeat again that I have already so emphatically spoken my sentiments towards you as to render any further repetition entirely unnecessary. My duty towards my husband as well as towards myself impels me to avoid your presence,

and should you return here I should be compelled to leave myself, for I have no wish to remain under the same roof that shelters you.

"ULRIKE VON REUTLINGEN."

"And did he come again after this letter?" asked Reutlingen.

"No; then you came."

His eyes sought hers with a searching glance. Conviction and doubt, fear and hope fought together in his face. At last he sprang up and scattered the papers from the table with a blow of his fist.

"Now if that is all true, I don't quite understand why you left my house, Ulrike. What should a wife's love be other than devotion and trust? And you believed him, the lying scoundrel, in preference to me? I kept my promise, as you know, and yet you believed his slanders without asking for proof? You should have waited for me, Ulrike, until the war was ended as we agreed to do. What had I done that you should break your promise and go away with my traducer? And I didn't believe it once, God help me! I rushed after you and asked you to explain, to choose between us? You said 'no' to me, you clung to the betrayer! I killed him because of that 'no' from your lips. What do you want of me now? Don't you shudder at my blood-stained hand?"

Ulrike stood motionless under this burst of anger. How should she end it? Should she speak to him of atonement or only of love? Her heart contracted with fear, for after all her sacrifices and suffering he did not approach one step nearer. Of all that she had endured during the two years this humiliation was the hardest, but still she did not break down under it; instead, she gathered her courage and waited for a chance to speak. He turned his back upon her and walked excitedly up and down the room.

"Jobst—" she stammered with burning lips—"how can your having killed him trouble me? I am your wife, and what you do is good and right in my eyes."

He trembled from head to foot, but remained gazing out of the window and did not look at her. Ulrike dropped her head upon the table; her strength threatened to fail her and her slender form was shaken by fever.

"I did not know that you desired my love," she murmured softly, "or I should never have left Steinhovel." A dry sob interrupted her words. "But still I have done for two long years what you did but once, I have followed you like a dog. What can I do to convince you?"

Reutlingen turned around. A bright light seemed suddenly to dawn upon him; was there not love in her voice and in what she had done for him for two long years? He stepped quickly to her side, bent over her, and put his arm around her waist.

"Why did you do it, child?" he whispered in a tender voice. "You were so timid, so anxious; what you must have suffered amidst so many dangers! I wanted to protect you, to give up my life to you! I have loved you from the beginning, and love you as passionately to-day."

He drew her to him as he spoke, folded her in his arms, and stammered in stormy words the joy in his heart.

She listened breathlessly, like one in a dream. Her head lay upon his shoulder and her arms about his neck.

She did not speak, did not tell him that she loved him, for she knew that every one of her feverish heart beats must assure him of it. So she clung to him, and his heart was filled with happiness as he saw roll away the misunderstanding that had come between them. Suddenly he started. A sharp step and a quick knock at the door brought him back from his dreams. He let Ulrike sink into a chair and went out into the hall, where an orderly stood before him.

"The general wishes to see the captain."

"Very well, I will come."

"Ulrike, my duty calls me, but Kleist will not keep me very long, and I shall soon return."

She caught his hand anxiously. "Don't leave me alone again," she whispered softly.

His gentle wife clung to him, but he kissed her passionately and hurried away. General von Kleist had summoned all his colonels and captains to tell them that he had received marching orders, and that they were to form a part of Prince Heinrich's advance guard. An engagement was expected the next night.

"We will remain here to-night," said the general. "I will give our men and horses this rest, for it will be the last for a long time."

A more specific order was expected momentarily.

"We will start early to-morrow morning, then; I thank you for your attention, gentlemen."

The officers all left except Reutlingen, who remained standing in his place.

"Can I have a word with you in private, General?"

"What is it, Reutlingen? I noticed that you seemed excited; have they told me aright that you have received news of your wife?"

"Yes, General, my wife is here. She has sought me for two years, and has at last found me. I must take her to a place of safety before we leave; may I ask to get away for two or three hours?" The passion that stirred him rang in his voice. "You will not consider my request as an abuse of the kindness and friendship you have so often shown me, General?"

"My dear Reutlingen, do as you wish. We march at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and you may have leave until then. Go and do as you wish, but go at once, for your time is short.

"General, if I could only thank you as my heart prompts," murmured Reutlingen, reaching out and pressing the general's hand as the latter turned to go.

The captain stopped a moment on the steps to send a message to the officer of the day and then hurried back to Ulrike. She had risen and advanced with sparkling eyes to meet him as he approached.

"Now, Ulrike, we must leave this place; will you follow where I lead you?"

"Wherever you wish. I could go to my death joyfully for you were it necessary, but without you, nowhere."

He put his strong arm about her and drew her to him, while his voice trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Child, what you say now can't be recalled. Yes, yes; you no longer belong to yourself but to me for the rest of my life."

Her head leaned upon his arm and she looked up into his eyes.

"I am your wife," she whispered softly.

"Say still more," he begged, and then, as though he repented it, closed his lips firmly.

He soon had to tear himself away for there was much to be done, many preparations for the morrow's march to be made, before he could leave his troop, and so the captain had his hands full. In the midst of his work Kleist appeared to pay his respects to Ulrike and to ask the captain and his wife to supper, an invitation that Ulrike was quick to accept, for the general's very appearance invited her trust and esteem.

As soon as supper was over Reutlingen was ready, the horses were before the door, and he lifted his wife into the saddle and rode away by her side.

"Where are we going?" she asked timidly.

"I don't know; or rather, what difference does it make? When we are alone together everything else is as naught. This hour belongs to us and no fiend can rob us of it."

The sun sank behind the golden autumnal forest but still they rode on.

"Aren't you tired, dear one, after your whole day in the saddle?"

She gazed laughingly into his eyes and shook her head, and he rode up close beside her and drew her to him: the horses went on side by side in a walk. Silver gossamer threads formed through their manes, and the branches formed themselves into triumphal arches over the high galleries of the mighty forest. The sinking sun tipped the autumn's wonderful coloring with purple and gold, as they entered a little glade in which lay a small forest hut with its thatched roof and bright windows. A cherry tree overshadowed the door and the walls were covered with red and purple vines.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Ulrike.

"Does it please you, my dear one?" he asked, smiling. "Perhaps they can give us quarters here. It is the home of an old forester and his daughter, and last fall I came upon a couple of hussars who were being rude to the little one, especially an Italian in my troop. I brought the pair to reason and since then the old man has been very good to me."

"The maiden, also?" she asked laughingly.

The gray bearded forester gazed at them through the vine bordered window.

"Ah, the captain?" and he hurried to the door.

"Good evening, my old friend; can you give me quarters for the night for my wife and myself?"

The forester kissed the hand which Reutlingen had extended in friendly greeting.

"You honor me too greatly. Our house is small, but such as it is, it is at your service, my dear sir."

The captain threw him his bridle, lifted Ulrike from the saddle, and led her through a low door into a room which seemed painfully neat and in absolute order.

"You can stay here if it pleases you until I can come and take you home; there is no more secluded nook than this, and the people are true and to be depended upon. Ferdinand shall stay with you to protect you and care for you.

"Not Ferdinand, please," said Ulrike. "You are so accustomed to

his services that you will miss him terribly."

"Not in the slightest, Peter will serve me just as well. Do you suppose, child, that I would leave you here unprotected? You know me very slightly if you do. Early tomorrow morning Ferdinand will be here, he will bring Annette and your baggage from Langenrode, and then I will know that you are provided for. Moreover you can send Ferdinand in the afternoon to our dragoons, so that Eickstadt and Bandemer may know where to find you when I am unable to send you news myself."

Now the old forester appeared in the door. "If the captain and his lady will be contented with this room it will be a great honor to my daughter and myself."

"It is excellent," said Reutlingen, and then he went out to talk more fully with the old man about his wife's stay.

Ulrike looked searchingly at the forester's daughter, a fresh, rosy-cheeked maiden who was busying herself for the reception of her guests. Soon an appetizing evening meal stood upon the snowy table, and Ulrike bestowed a few friendly words upon the little laborer, who wished her a pleasant good-night, asked if she required anything more, and then left the room.

The captain was still outside and Ulrike was alone. She opened the window, threw back the shutters, and gazed out into the forest twilight. White fog lay in the valleys, and the new moon shone in the sky, throwing its silvery rays between the trees. The cry of a stag was heard in the distance, and the notes of the night birds sounded soft and plaintive on the evening air.

"Oh, sing happiness for me and not sorrow," she whispered, her eyes filling with tears and her heart overflowing with happiness.

Then she heard Reutlingen's step in the room, but she did not turn until his arms were around her and he drew her to his heart.

"Ulrike," he whispered, "you must tell me at last. What was it that first drove you from my house and then after me through danger and death? It seems to me that it must have been the same motive; what was it, child?"

She read the passionate longing in his beseeching eyes, and felt that she had been silent too long. With a warm heart she raised herself and threw both arms around his neck.

"You are right; it was the same motive that first drove me from you, and then brought me back to your arms; it was my great, great love."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The morning dawned bright and clear over the forest, the fog rose from the valleys, and the heights seemed tipped with gold in the early light. On the sparkling, dewy turf before the cottage stood Ferdinand, holding the captain's horse by the bridle. Reutlingen stepped from the house, accompanied by his wife, who shivered in the cold morning air and sought protection on his arm.

"Must I really stay here?" she asked softly and sadly. "Can't you take me with you?"

"No, child, I can't." He stopped and drew her to him. "Don't cry, dearest; it makes my heart so heavy, and a soldier should have both mind and heart light when he rides against the foe."

"I am not crying," she laughed, the tears still streaming from her violet eyes. "I will be a soldier's brave wife; that was the first thing you said to me after our marriage at Langenrode, and I have never forgotten it."

"Yes, you have shown that." He kissed her tenderly in the deep pain of parting.

"And if I never see you again, child, never forget that this short hour of happiness more than repaid me for the long years of suffering. God protect you, my darling."

He was already in the saddle.

"My friend, you will guard my wife as you would your own; you will fulfill your promises, that I know. And you, Ferdinand, will protect your mistress with your life."

"Yes, my dear master."

"God keep you then." A small fee and away he went, away from love and happiness, for body and soul once more belonged to his king and to his country.

Promptly at eight in the morning Kleist's division took up the march, Reutlingen in the saddle at the head of his troop. His happy voice ran along the column; he felt that he was going into battle. At the proper moment Kleist joined Prince Heinrich at Freiberg, making good his assurance that "We never come too late."

It was a stormy evening in October, and without lighting fires the men remained in ranks all night in the forest, the column being in motion again before daybreak. The day was the 29th of October, 1762, and the last battle of the seven years' war was to be fought, the first one which Prince Heinrich directed alone without the presence of his royal brother. The plan of action was decided upon with a genius worthy of his able teacher, and its execution, which lay with Seydlitz, Kleist, and Belling, was carried out in a masterly manner. Four columns attacked the enemy at different points, the prince himself accompanying Seydlitz's force, the van of which was composed of Kleist's free riders. They cleared the way for the attack and Seydlitz brought it to a glorious termination. Short, bloody, and decisive was the battle, and after two hours of sharp work the enemy was scattered and fleeing. The victory was a brilliant one and well won at all points.

The king heard the news while at Lowenberg, on his way to Saxony, Captain von Kalkreuth, the prince's adjutant, bringing him the despatches.

"Kalkreuth's news has made me twenty years younger; yesterday I was sixty, to-day I am eighteen," wrote the king to his illustrious brother.

A few days later Friedrich went to Freiberg himself to look over the battlefield and see the results of his victory himself. Prince Heinrich and Seydlitz gave up the command to him, knowing that their work was well done, and the great monarch was not slow to praise his deserving officers, at the same time criticising their action in his masterly manner.

"Seydlitz, I thank you for this

victory," said Freidrich, as he showered praise, field orders, and gifts upon his worthy ones.

General von Kleist with his flying troops took up the pursuit of the enemy on the evening of the battle, and returned the next day, bringing with him the large band of prisoners that usually accompanied Green Kleist.

Reutlingen made this ride, but when the hussars returned to Freiberg he was forced to acknowledge himself done up, having been wounded in the arm during the battle. He had paid no attention to it at first, but now fever set in and it gave him great pain. He had it dressed, but felt unable to mount his horse, so with burning forehead and dry lips he threw himself down with a group of wounded upon a bundle of straw in a peasant's hut. A surgeon passed to and fro amid the suffering men, overworked and able to give them only the simplest and most necessary attention.

And Ulrike was far away.

An officer of hussars appeared in the door, a stately man, whose noble features betokened a kindly heart, and asked in a deep, clear, sympathetic voice:

"Has Captain von Reutlingen been brought here?" The sound waked Reutlingen from his feverish sleep.

"I am here, General; what are your commands? While I live I am at your service." He rose and advanced with heavy steps.

"Don't get up, Reutlingen; I have no orders for you," cried General von Kleist. "I heard of your wound and wanted to see you."

"It is not bad, General, thank you kindly; I shall be in the saddle again in three days."

"Let us hope so, my dear fellow. It is great ill luck that you can't go with us now, though; we march in the morning to make things hot for the Austrians. I think that we will have a lively time, and you will not be there, my wild one."

Reutlingen's eyes flashed.

"I will follow you, General, as soon as I can hold up my head."

"Do so, Captain. And now good-bye."

Reutlingen said that he would be in the saddle again in three days and he kept his promise. With his arm in a sling and accompanied by a single man he mounted his horse and followed his troop. General von Kleist was marching toward Dresden and Reutlingen took the shortest route to that place, without considering possible obstacles, so that, to his utter amazement, he suddenly found himself confronted by the enemy's advance guard. General von Haddick was marching against Meiszen, at which place Freidrich was supposed to be. Reutlingen knew that this advance was unknown to the king, and saw at once the necessity of carrying the news to Meiszen. He at first hoped to escape the sight of the Austrian pickets, but suddenly a couple of bullets flew past him, a troop of cuirassiers surrounded him, and his horse was felled by a ball from a carbine. Weakened by his wound the captain could not free himself, and after a short struggle was forced to surrender. The cuirassiers took away his sword—he was their prisoner. Courage and hope died within him, but no sound escaped his lips.

Later in the evening Reutlingen found himself the centre of a group of Austrian officers near one of the camp fires. He would answer none of their curious questions, nor would he deign to look at them, but stood leaning against a tree and gazing into the fire, his eyes glaring like those of a captive beast of prey, and the swollen veins in his forehead pulsating with the fury that raged in his heart. The night was cold and stormy, and the moon, hidden by dark clouds, was slowly sinking in the west, as it had done but a few days before when he had seen its silver sickle from the vine-clad window, its light shining in Ulrike's happy eyes. What a happy evening then—what a terrible one now. The wild one a prisoner; that could not, must not be.

He had seen nothing more of the hussar who had accompanied him, and who must have also fallen into the enemy's hands, and who was, therefore, not in a position to help him. The Austrian officers gave themselves up to rest, after detailing several troopers to watch the prisoner, and the latter lay down to sleep among his guards, all of whom, wearied by long marching, soon fell into deep slumber.

Reutlingen softly pushed his arm under his cloak to where a sharp knife lay hidden. He had torn the bandage from his arm in his excitement, and softly as a wild beast following its prey he glided past his sleeping guards, the knife in his hand. The horses stood picketed in long rows, and he quickly loosed his own, but in so doing awoke a cuirassier who was sleeping near by. Reutlingen struck him down, threw himself upon the unsaddled horse, and galloped away.

Shouts and gunshots sounded behind him and a bullet struck him between the ribs, nearly knocking him from his horse, but with a superhuman effort he regained his seat and fled from his pursuers. If another shot hit him or his horse he was lost. Soon he saw the pale light of the moon reflected before him upon the calm surface of a flowing river. He knew that it was deep and wide, but without a thought he plunged his horse into the icy stream, and after endless pain reached the other bank, but without his steed; the poor beast had saved his rider, but had gone to the bottom in the effort.

The captain hid himself on the bank of the stream until morning. The wound in his side was very painful and threatened to deprive him of his senses, and beneath his icy clothing he could feel the warm stream of blood slowly trickling down his side. He pulled himself together, however, and set out upon his way on foot, marching ever onward in the misty morning to the goal before him.

"God help me, I can do no more!" he cried to himself again and again, and earth and sky began to reel around him, but still he staggered further and further. In the blue distance ahead lay the town of Meiszen, and he measured the road with hungry eyes, fearing that his strength would fail him. He knew the road well and wanted to reach the little village that lay a short distance ahead on the road from Freiberg to Meiszen, and where he must find troops, where he could tell his important news—that he could do so before he died was his one prayer.

As he reached the outskirts of the village a new spirit and life arose within him. He saw horses and men in the street around him, bright uniforms in a busy throng; it was the king's own escort, he saw it beyond a doubt.

Friedrich made a short stop in the village on his way to Meiszen, and was at that moment standing before a peasant's cottage conversing with General von Seydlitz and the young princes of Prussia. Suddenly an officer of the free hussars appeared in the street before them, on foot, without his sword, in wet clothing, and covered with blood and dust. He walked straight up to the king, apparently to deliver some message, and upon a gesture from Friedrich stopped and saluted.

"From whence do you come; what has happened?" asked his majesty.

In brief and concise words Reutlingen told what had happened and what he had discovered, and the king asked him several questions, but already the captain's mind was wandering. A black veil seemed to fall over his eyes, he staggered, stammered a few words, and then fell, his head upon the ground but a few inches from the king's feet.

"That is Reutlingen!" cried Seydlitz in great excitement.

"Reutlingen? The former captain of the Baireuth dragoons?"

"Yes, your majesty; he now serves in Kleist's free corps."

"I know."

The king bent over the fallen man, who seemed to have received his death wound, whose life blood was flowing in his service, and the great general's heart was touched.

"Send Cothenius here," fell from his lips.

"Cothenius, see to Captain von Reutlingen's wounds, care for his transfer to the hospital, and attend him yourself. I should be much grieved if further harm came to him."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The king had been informed of the Austrian advance at just the right moment, and he sent out a strong force to check the movement, an object that was quickly accomplished.

The might of Austria was broken by this last battle, France showed herself disposed for peace, and Russia had long ago ceased hostilities and assumed a neutral position. Only the empire did not seem disposed to give up the fight, and Friedrich sent Green Kleist with six thousand men to reduce this last opposition. The daring general of hussars ranged through Franken for five weeks, levied contributions, burned, destroyed, and threw the empire into a state of unparalleled terror. Rotenberg, Bamberg, and even Nurnberg opened their gates to the hussars, who attacked the towns in small detachments, each pretending to be the advance guard of a large army. In this way Count von Sturzenbecker captured the town of Windheim with twenty-five hussars.

It was a wonderful campaign, and in mid-December Kleist returned and laid the German empire at the king's feet.

Friedrich had at first established his headquarters for the winter in Leipzig, but in December he changed

to Meiszen, to which place Reutlingen was carried, in order that he might be personally cared for by the surgeon-general in accordance with the king's order.

"The wound was not dangerous at first," Cothenius reported to his majesty, "but the great exertion and the long march with it uncared for, made the matter very serious. The captain must have an unusual amount of strength; I should not have thought such a performance possible."

"He did his duty nobly," answered the king. "Make every effort to save him, Cothenius."

And Cothenius did not fail in any particular. Reutlingen's name recalled to his mind his good Samaritan who two years before had stood by him so nobly in the Leipzig hospital, and whose care of Bandemer had so pleased him. So he sent news of his patient to the Baireuth regiment which was encamped near Freiberg.

Very soon after that, Ulrike arrived at Meiszen, and Reutlingen was tended with all the care of which human hands were capable. With bitter anxiety she fought for his life, and weeks passed before Cothenius could give any hopes of his recovery, but finally the wounds began to heal, and the surgeon-general was sure of his life and thought that he might possibly regain his health, although he would never again be fit for service in the field.

Cothenius hastily entered the ward one day and announced:

"His majesty the king!"

The announcement startled Ulrike, who sat quietly and anxiously by her husband's bed. Reutlingen had been having a few easy days, and had recognized with a happy smile the loving hand that cared for him so unselfishly and ceaselessly, but now he lay with closed eyes and a flushed brow while she breathed her loving prayers by his side.

Then the king entered. Trembling with excitement, Ulrike rose and greeted him, and Friedrich's wonderful memory at once recalled her to his mind.

"Ah, Madam, it is you! I am pleased to see you again. You are in your place here by your husband's side, have you settled your trouble with him?"

"Yes, your majesty, entirely."

"It pleases me that he has behaved so bravely."

The voice of the king roused the sick man from his feverish slumber, but his dreams held him for a time and he could not realize who was there. He saw the king at last, and stretched out his hands to him.

"Your majesty!"

"Don't raise yourself," said Friedrich. "Your wounds seem to have been very severe; cure yourself and then report to me. Adieu, Madam, I wish you much happiness in your future life."

The king left the room, and soon after moved from Meiszen to Leipzig. Ulrike was at first afraid that the great excitement had been injurious to her patient, but a Prussian soldier could not be hurt by a kindly word from his monarch, a word for which he had yearned as a prisoner yearns for the light of day, and for which he would have risked his life a thousand times.

"When you are well, report to me!"—the words were life itself to

the wounded man; they stood before him as a star to guide him from darkness into light.

Slowly, ah, much too slowly, for his joyful impatience, came his recovery at last. January was at an end, and he was so well that Ulrike could take him to Leipzig.

With unsteady step, bent figure, thin face, and large eyes, Reutlingen went to report to the king, but as he entered the royal audience chamber, new strength and life seemed to course through his veins. He drew himself up like soldier and faced his king.

"I am delighted to see you well again," said his majesty. "How did you happen to be in the hussars, Reutlingen, after I had dismissed you from my service?"

"I considered it a sacred duty to serve my king, and I hoped that my blood would be worth shedding for your majesty."

"You were right, and Kleist is much pleased with your work and your bravery. You have also shown much devotion and have done me a great service; you brought me very important information. Would you like to go back to your old regiment?"

"Your majesty,—I want nothing but your majesty's good will and forgiveness for my error."

"You have well merited it; I make you a major in the Baireuth dragoons."

"Your majesty," he stammered. "Will your majesty accept my everlasting gratitude?"

"Very good," said the king. "Moreover, Reutlingen, I have learned to know your wife, a most sensible and charming woman. She did you a great wrong, I believe, but be tender with her for she has deserved it."

"As you will, your majesty."

With that he was dismissed.

Restored to his place, returned to his old regiment with higher rank, received again into the king's favor, his life was given back to him; his heart beat fast with happiness, and a thanksgiving to God who had been so good to him came to his lips as he hurried along the street. His wound pained him at every step—yes, the wound that had thrown him at his king's feet, and that had brought back to him his former happy life, and he gladly welcomed the pain. Still he was forced to stop and gasp for breath, and as he did so, he saw Ulrike watching for him from the window of his room. He greeted her with a smile, and entered the house and caught her in his arms as she ran to meet him.

"Dearest sweetheart, I have you to thank for the king's favor," said he as he pressed her to his heart. "His majesty has commanded me to treat you kindly; do you think that I shall obey him?"

* * * * * *

Major von Reutlingen reported for duty at once at the camp of the Baireuth dragoons at Freiberg. He already wore his old uniform, and he was received with shouts of joy as he stepped into the circle of old friends. He was there again, the wild one who belonged to them body and soul, and who now seemed as though risen from the dead.

He was not yet fit for duty, for he had overtaxed his strength by reporting to the king before he was really fit for it, and his wound once more pained him greatly. So he took com-

fortable quarters in Freiberg, and Ulrike came to stay with him and care for him until the departure of his regiment. The only sorrow that he felt was at leaving Kleist, his beloved chief, but peace was at hand, and the general's free corps would then surely be disbanded so that Reutlingen could have served with him but a short time longer.

The ambassadors of the contending powers now met daily in the castle of of Huberusburg in their endeavors to arrange a peace, but they had much to smooth over and many interests to guard.

Reutlingen was overjoyed at the prospect of peace, for he felt too surely that his wound unfitted him for active service for many years to come, and he could not have borne to stay idly at home with battle danger and glory around him, especially now that his king's favor had raised him to high rank.

In order to learn the exact condition of his health, Reutlingen went to Leipzig and consulted the good surgeon who had tended him so long, and who now made a careful examination of the wound, his face becoming grave as he proceeded.

"You must go home, Major, for you can serve no more. I advise you to spend the summer at the springs of Teplitz." This was his final decision, and Reutlingen returned to Freiberg much depressed.

Ulrike was not much surprised at the news, for she had never been deceived as to her husband's condition. One thing consoled her, however, and that was that as her husband could serve no longer, she could look forward to the fulfillment of her dearest wish, the enjoyment of a quiet life with him at Steinhovel. Her greatest hope was for his recovery, to see him grow strong again, and to have his love for her fill his whole life, and all else appeared to her of but little moment. She revealed her thoughts to Reutlingen, timidly at first, but afterwards with more assurance, as she saw her dreams of happiness springing into reality.

He also looked forward with joy to his return to his long deserted home, to a life of undisturbed happiness with his beloved wife, and the coming of peace reconciled him to laying aside his king's uniform. He could serve no longer, and that his services were no longer needed was a balm to his wounded spirit; the only pain that he felt was at losing his comrades, all of whom were heartily sorry to see him leave again after such a short service.

Wolf von Eickstadt was especially disturbed over the separation from his friend, so that his promotion to a captaincy and the command of a troop was but slight compensation to him. Nevertheless, he hurried to share the news of his advancement with his friend, but did not find Jobst at home, so Ulrike received him, made him tell her of his good fortune, and was heartily glad over it. He sat down opposite her, his slender figure comfortably settled in an easy chair, his powdered head bent forward a trifle, his hands toying nervously with the white feather in his hat, and his thoughts apparently wandering into the distance. Ulrike understood him, and she thought of Susanna, the proud girl who waited for him and loved him without lifting a Psyche's lamp to gaze in his face. Was her trust well placed? Ulrike was sure of it; she had found many opportuni-

ties here in Freiberg to watch him, and she had used them to the utmost. He had doubtless become wiser and knew the world better, but anyone who knew him and understood his peculiarities as did Ulrike, could see that a great passion filled his soul, and raised and ennobled him. Susanna was far away, but through her perfect trust she exercised a great influence over him.

"Herr von Eickstadt," said Ulrike at last, "our thoughts wander in the same direction, and I see that yours bring a frown to your brow. What troubles you? The war is over and you have returned a noted captain in a regiment that has covered itself with glory; will you not stretch out your hand to receive the greatest reward that a man can have?"

"You know about Susanna, my dear friend?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then perhaps you know that her parents will not trust me enough to give their daughter's happiness into my keeping. When I was last at Zellin I asked them and was refused; they said I was too young, not worthy of her, a gambler, a trifler. You can understand, my dear friend, that a man would not subject himself to such a refusal twice. But for me a life without Susanna is a worthless thing, a husk without grain, empty to desolation. Susanna is waiting for me and I dare not go to her; only with her parents' approval will she consent to become my wife. Help me; tell me what to do, Frau von Reutlingen. What can I do?"

He spoke passionately and excitedly, and Ulrike watched him with a happy smile.

"I don't think your case is so desperate my dear friend. You are no longer so young, and it seems to me that one who has fought throughout this seven years war and has been considered worthy of a captaincy by our great king must have won experience in the school of life—in an iron school at that. Will not Herr von Techow be compelled to admit that fact also? Susanna will convince him and call you to her side, depend upon it."

Wolf shook his head sadly.

"You are a clear sighted, intelligent woman and have yourself gone through the war and know all about it, but Herr von Techow knows nothing, and it will be very hard to change his opinions."

"You may fear so, but you can't be sure. Is this the courage gained by seven years of fighting? Herr von Eickstadt, I have raised braver pupils than you."

"I don't doubt it, my dear lady. You have shown yourself a heroine, but very few of us are given a chance to make ourselves heroes."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Peace came at last, after seven long years of battle and bloodshed, of suffering and pain, and a sigh of relief ran through the land while the clang of bells carried the hymn of praise up to the throne of God. King Friedrich, too, was filled with joy to find himself freed from the burden of war, and thoughts of peace held earnest sway in his mind.

The treaty was signed in the castle of Hubertusburg on February 15,

1763. King Friedrich had not acquired a foot of territory, but had held by his good sword the whole of his inheritance against all Europe. Prussia from that day ranked among the first nations.

Peace had come, and the glory-crowned troops of Friedrich the Great began preparations for disbandment, among them the Baireuth dragoons. Many days before, Ulrike had left and hurried to Steinhovel, to get the old house ready for its master's return, and then to await him there.

Upon the day after her arrival she went to Zellin to see Susanna von Techow once more. As soon as the greetings were over she spoke of Wolf von Eickstadt, and only then did Susanna seem much interested. Yes, Wolf was right; Susanna waited for him. She had at last overcome the opposition of her parents, and now Ulrike came to her aid by speaking in warm terms of his bravery as a soldier, as well as of his character as a true and honorable man. The old people said to themselves that Frau von Reutlingen must certainly know him in his true light, and that if he had been so steadfast to his love and so ennobled by it, as she said, why then his conduct must surely be a security for their child's happiness. If the two truly loved each other they would no longer stand between them.

Ulrike and Susanna stood together in the charming little room, where three years before Wolf had knelt for the first and last time at the feet of the queen of his heart, and had told her that he loved her. It was February, and the violets and hyacinths bloomed in the boxes in the windows, although the snow still held prisoner the early blossoms without. In spite of this Susanna knew that the spring-time of her life was come.

Frau von Reutlingen had ordered her carriage for her drive home.

"Dear Susanna, to-morrow I send a letter to my loved one," said she, "for we can't remain separated until his return without hearing from each other. Would you like to send a note by the same messenger?"

"Yes, dear Ulrike, wait a moment; your messenger must carry a letter for me, also."

She picked the violets in the window and laid them between the folds of a little note, in which she had written:

"Come to me; our violet time is here. Your happy SUSANNA."

This letter with its fragrant contents Ferdinand took to the dragoons' quarters and laid in Captain von Eickstadt's hands. Wolf read it and could wait no longer, not even until the regiment was settled in Pasenwalk and the grand review by the king was over. He obtained leave for a few days; his violet time was come and he dared not lose a moment, so he swung himself upon his good horse and rode throughout an entire night until he reached Zellin. So he appeared before Susanna, the violets upon his breast and life and hope shining in his bright eyes, in his heart a heaven of trust and happiness. And Susanna hurried to meet him, at once proud and humble, full of happiness and bliss, content with the feeling of security with which she gave her life into the hands of the man she loved.

* * * * * *

The royal eagle was at rest; the war was ended, and to-morrow would

be held the grand review before the king. The news spread from regiment to regiment until it reached the Baireuth dragoons, and the captains could be heard cautioning their men to have their arms and accoutrements scrupulously clean. The bustle of preparation sounded through the camp, for each man wished to look his best, and many a blue-eyed maiden was obliged to lend her aid, needle in hand, during the few hours left them. In the meantime laughter and gay songs resounded through the army.

"Friedrich the Great, our lord and king!
From rank to rank the shout doth ring.
* * * * * * * *
The ranks must be by devils filled,
That Fritz and his soldiers cannot pierce."

The day of the review had come, and the place of rendezvous was reached at nine in the morning, Seydlitz commanding the forces. Friedrich had selected a large plain for the manœuvres, and the regiment was there drawn up in a hollow square, after which the men dismounted to rest until the king's arrival.

"The king comes!" suddenly flashed down the line like a running fire, and the commands, "To arms! —To horse!—Prepare to mount!—Mount!" were heard on every hand, and then the king and his suite dashed up at a gallop.

With a friendly "Good morning, my children," he greeted his brave troops. It was the well known royal greeting which they had so often heard with beating hearts in the days of battle and danger. As with one voice the thousands answered, "Good morning, your majesty!" until the air trembled. Then all was still, and the great general, Prussia's adored hero, rode slowly down the long ranks with his officers.

At last he stopped before the Baireuth dragoons and rewarded the brave Seelhorst with words of praise for the perfect condition of his command. Then his large eyes rested upon Reutlingen who was standing near.

"Major von Reutlingen, I am greatly pleased to see you here. Cothenius tells me that you must give up, however; has your wound really brought you so low, or is the trade of war now too heavy for you?"

"May it please your majesty, it is only necessity that causes me to leave your majesty's honored service; the surgeon general has forbidden me to ride."

"But Reutlingen, suppose we should be compelled to begin the war anew, what would you do then?"

"Then the wild Reutlingen would answer your majesty's call until death!"

The king rode slowly on and Reutlingen gazed after him with moist eyes.

"Friedrich the Great, our lord and our king,
From the devil, for you, his realms we 'd wring."

[THE END.]

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By Zaida Call.

TOM VAN CLEET was a lucky fellow. Everybody said so, and of course everybody knew. He was not only handsome and wealthy, but was engaged to Sallie Poe, the queen of the debutantes that winter.

Van Cleet was always in luck. He was a powerful as well as popular athlete in Yale and won great admiration by his bold, fierce dashes on the foot-ball field.

Rumor said that it was those long runs down the field that first captured Sallie Poe's heart; for if ever a man looked handsome in foot-ball togs, Tom was the individual.

He was six feet tall, with a figure as tall and erect as an Indian.

Although he wasn't curly headed like most heroes, he possessed charms enough to win the admiration of the average girl. Tom certainly "cut ice," as he said, with all tender hearts. But when his engagement was announced, he devoted himself entirely to the cultivation of his fiancee.

The couple were the personification of love and happiness, if those two states can be personified. For several months they were together planning the marriage which was to take place the following June.

One day in early April the social gossips were amazed to read this item in the morning *Gabbler*: "Married, April 7, at the residence of the bride, by Rev. Percival Grant, Thomas Laston Van Cleet, of Westchester, and Sarah Poe, only daughter of Colonel Alexander Poe, U. S. A., retired."

The explanation of this cyclonic item followed in the afternoon edition:

"Society was startled at the announcement in this morning's *Gabbler* of the marriage of Mr. Thomas Van Cleet, the once famous Yale foot-ball player, and Miss Sarah Poe, daughter of Colonel Poe, of the army. The event was to have taken place in June, but some private business affairs necessitated an earlier union.

"The wedding was a very quiet one, only intimate friends being present. The sacred vows were said before Rev. Percival Grant, of the Holy Paternity Church in West Seventy-fourth street. There were no groomsmen nor bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Van Cleet will pass several months among the Cumberland mountains."

* * * * * *

Soon after I received the sheepskin from Dartmouth which proclaimed to the world that I was Doctor Tewksbury, I passed the examinations successfully, and was installed in the New York hospital for Diseases of the Mind. My term of eighteen months passed pleasantly enough, and so kindly did I take to this branch of medicine, that I gladly accepted the offer of Dr. LeMoyne

and became assistant physician to the Mountain View Retreat, in Bradford, among the mountains of Tennessee.

On the first day of service, my attention was attracted to a couple whom I noticed in one of the private wards. They were husband and wife. The man was tall and slender, with light hair and blue eyes. The eyes were most peculiar, having at times the strangest, weirdest light I had ever seen. He was crazy, they told me—perfectly daft.

His wife was a sweet-faced, young woman, with a remarkably pretty figure. Her voice was low and musical as she spoke to him, and from the intonation, and the expression in those big, brown eyes, I well knew she idolized him—her insane husband.

That look of hers, and those eyes, haunted me all night. I knew the couple had a history, and between trying to solve the details of it, and to recollect who they were, I slept but little.

Next morning I looked up the case in No. 12, and found the name of the patient to be Thomas Laston of New York.

That name sounded strangely familiar and I pondered again.

That I knew the patient's face, I was certain, and I determined to solve the mystery to my own satisfaction.

Mr. Laston, as he was called, came in my service after I had been there three weeks, thus affording me an excellent opportunity of studying his case.

He was not violent, but the victim of a most unfortunate dementia, from which nothing seemed to rouse him.

At times he would start up, a peculiar light flooding his eyes, but in a moment all was over, and again he would lapse into the old state.

For many months his faithful little wife had remained by his side, never leaving him for an instant.

She accompanied him on his walks and drives—she played tennis with him by the hour, even though he placed ten balls outside the court to one inside.

Nearly every evening, at twilight, Laston would draw up his chair in front of the little coal grate, while his wife sang songs that it seemed to me must touch a heart of stone. He listened to her intently, his eyes now resting on her sweet face, and now on her guitar. Occasionally a melancholy smile would flit across his dull, opaque countenance, but aside from that, he gave no sign of pleasure.

I talked to him a great deal and tried to engage him in conversation. I might have conversed with a statue as well. One day I thought to interest my demented companion by showing him some relics of my college days. I took down an old dress-suit case filled with pictures of foot-ball teams, old medals and other mementoes, so dear to the heart of the college athlete. I reserved the pictures to the last, though why, I did not know. Mechanically, he examined the keep-sakes, and threw them down again, but when he took up the picture of the 'Varsity foot-ball team, the effect was startling. Laston examined it closely and then began to talk. The language was a mere ramble, but from it I learned he was an ex-Yale player.

He acted in a most peculiar manner, and played a game in the room, giving the signals like an old vet-

eran, and using an ottoman for a foot ball.

The game was too much for the sick man, and he was obliged to go to bed. For days he laid in a stupor, and one afternoon as I sat watching the undulations of the invalid's chest, as he breathed so steadily, the wife told me the story of his life. He was, as I suspected, Tom Van Cleet, the once famous Yale half-back.

For generations insanity had been in the family, but he thought he was going to escape it. His father, an officer in the navy, was killed in the war, and his mother died eight years before in a mad-house. It was in the March after their engagement in December, that Tom told her of the taint in the family blood. She trembled as he told her, but like the true-blue girl she was, vowed that she would share his lot, until Heaven claimed one or the other. The end came sooner than either expected. Within three months after Van Cleet's confession, he began to act strangely, and finally showed unmistakable signs of insanity. He realized to some extent his affliction, and tried to drown himself.

She pleaded with him to be strong for the love she bore him, and a speedy marriage was the result. And what a honeymoon!

They went directly to the Mountain View Retreat, where she was told that her husband could never recover. She stayed by his side night and day, and saw the one she loved far better than her own life grow paler and thinner as time went on.

Slowly but surely came the end. One cold, chilly day in November, when the piercing blasts from the north swept the pine-clad mountains of eastern Tennessee, the soul of Thomas Laston Van Cleet went up unto its Maker.

His mind cleared a little as the last moments of life drew near, and realization of his condition came to him.

I shall never forget that scene. The last departing rays of a setting sun streamed in the western window, lighting up the face of the dying man. Its beaming light brought back his scattered senses, and showed him his proximity to the mysterious bourne where each must take his chamber in the silent halls of death.

He gently drew his devoted wife to his bosom. A smile, most tender and loving, swept across his pale, wan face, and taking her shapely head between his wasted hands, he kissed her forehead, eyes, and mouth.

Slowly came the words from his heretofore almost mute lips:

"God bless you, my little wife. You have been all the world to me, and now I must leave you. Come to me over there, for I love ——," but the sentence that she longed to hear was spoken to the great God in Heaven.

Deeper and deeper sank the sun, until it found a resting place beyond the distant mountains, and only a crimson glare told of its existence. The shadows of night were covering the earth with a mantle of gloom, a fit shroud for such a time.

I left her as she moaned beside the body of her loved one, that she might sing a last sad requiem to the angels for her dead.

The moon, a big, silvery ball, arose and sailed majestically through the heavens. It was growing late, and the sorrow-stricken wife had not yet

gone to her room. I entered the death chamber.

Streams of moonlight flooded through the window, showing me the same scene I had left hours before. She was lying by the body of her husband.

A little trickling sound caught my ear. I looked down at the carpet and saw, to my horror, a pool of blood. How well I knew the cause! Her brow was cold, for she had joined her husband. Reverently we unclasped the arms that were about her husband's neck, in a fond, eternal embrace.

From a wound in the breast we pulled a long stilleto, which had pierced the heart that had died when the soul of her lover went out. It was a sad occasion when that couple were buried under the great pines in the mountain forest, whose every murmur seemed to chant a farewell mass for the dead.

* * * * * *

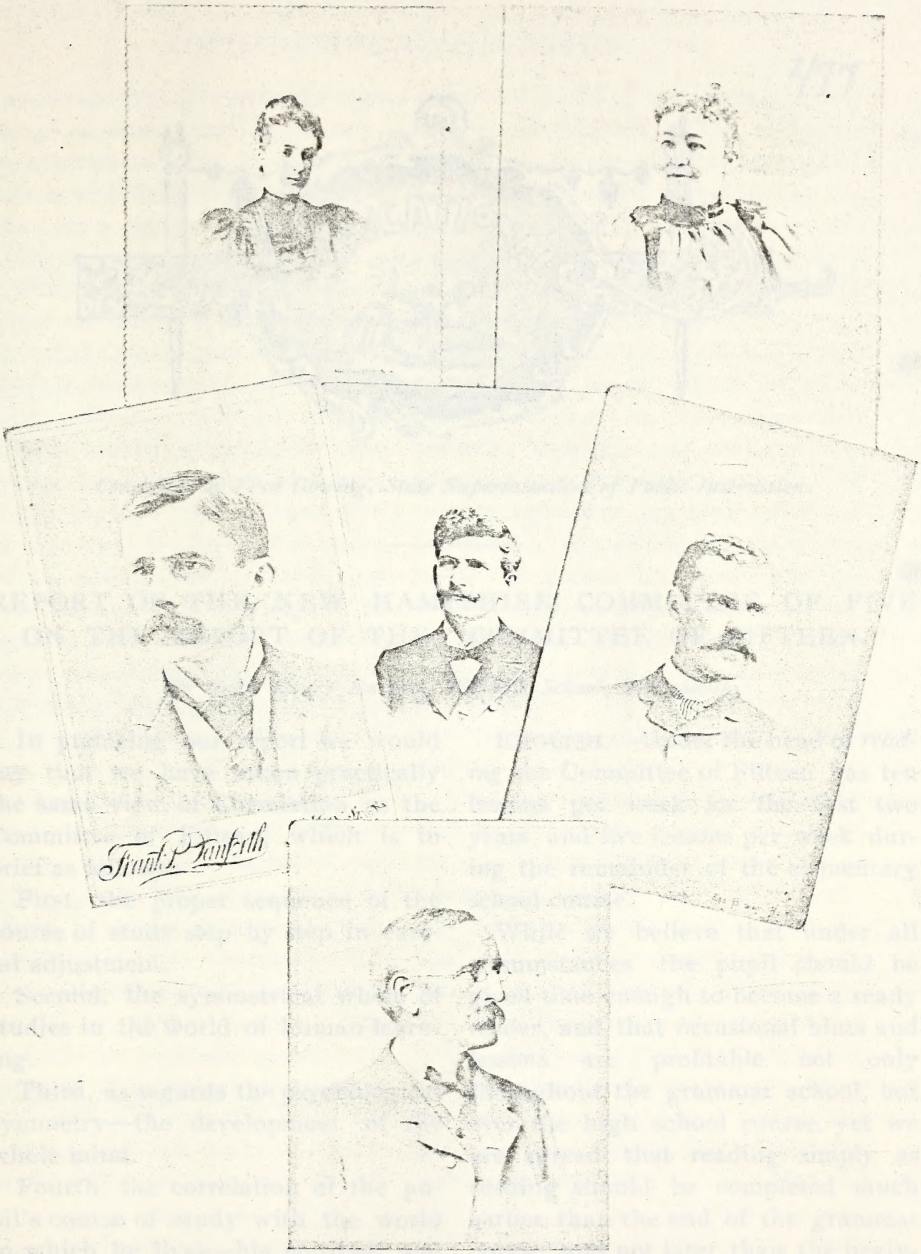
Years have passed. Society in New York has forgotten poor Tom Van Cleet and his sweet-faced bride. Last night I sat by their graves and pondered, and a tear fell from my eyes upon a violet which grows upon the mound.

The tiny flower seemed to grow into a vast host of angels. I could hear their songs of triumph, and foremost among them were Tom and his beloved wife, and they sang, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

LOVE.

By Zaida Call.

Who can define the bright, glad spell
That holds the heart in sweetest thrall?
What human tongue can ever tell
The olden story known to all?
Known yet alone, like all the things
  Beyond the reach of any word,
Beyond the eloquence that brings
  Throbs to the heart which it has stirred.
The mystic thing that we call love
  Is some clear principle of God:
A thrill of the sweet life above
  That falls like sunlight on the sod.



Officers of the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association.

MISS CLARA E. UPTON,
Nashua,
Secretary, 1895-6.

MRS. MARY H. DOWD,
Manchester,
Secretary, 1893-5.

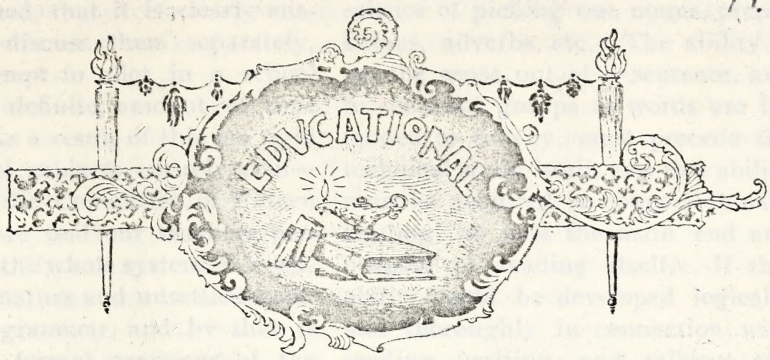
PRIN. C. L. WALLACE,
Lisbon,
President, 1895-6.

PRIN. LEMUEL S. HASTINGS,
Nashua,
Member Executive Committee,
1895-6.

SUPT. W. N. CRAGIN,
Laconia,
Treasurer, 1895-6.

PRIN. ISAAC WALKER,
Pembroke,
Member Executive Committee,
1895-6.





Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

REPORT OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMITTEE OF FIVE ON THE REPORT OF THE "COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN."

By John Henry Bartlett, Whipple School, Portsmouth.

In prefacing our report we would say that we have taken practically the same view of Correlation as the Committee of Fifteen, which is in brief as follows:

First, the proper sequence of the course of study step by step in careful adjustment.

Second, the symmetrical whole of studies in the world of human learning.

Third, as regards the psychological symmetry—the development of the whole mind.

Fourth, the correlation of the pupil's course of study with the world in which he lives—his spiritual and natural environment.

This report, it will be noticed, deals with the elementary schools, and has to do with none other, save only so far as is obligatory in being a part of the correlate whole in the child's educational life. We have taken up the discussion by branches and treat them in brief as follows:

ENGLISH.—Under the head of *reading* the Committee of Fifteen has ten lessons per week for the first two years, and five lessons per week during the remainder of the elementary school course.

While we believe that under all circumstances the pupil should be given time enough to become a ready reader, and that occasional hints and lessons are profitable not only throughout the grammar school, but even the high school course, yet we are agreed that reading simply as reading should be completed much earlier than the end of the grammar course, and not later than the beginning of the seventh year. But we agree that reading for the sake of the literary content and acquiring facility in the use of good English should be carried much farther; in fact, can never cease. The topics of *Reading*, *English*, and so-called "Technical Grammar" are topics so closely allied to each other in the ultimate end

to be attained, that it is clearly misleading to discuss them separately, and to attempt to allot in a school program a definite amount of time to each. As a result of this too rigid alienation of subjects entirely akin—and of this the Committee of Fifteen is guilty—we find our teachers perplexed and the whole system in an extremely immature and unsettled state.

English grammar, and by that is meant the formal grammar of the text-books, and the manner in which text-book studies are ordinarily taught by the teachers, has been fruitful, if not of bad grammar, at least of the bad use of English, of false notions and confusions as to the value and use of technical grammar, and of a thoughtless prating of mere words, not thoughts, which we *call* reading.

The text-book in grammar, according to the Committee of Fifteen, is put into the pupil's hands at the beginning of the fifth year, or when the child is about ten years old. Now unless some new text-book shall appear, revolutionizing the entire method of grammar teaching, the time which the ordinary pupil puts on the study of technical grammar at that age will not only be lost, but, being at a time when he is incapable of grasping the abstractions, he acquires an early hatred for what, to him, is a meaningless study. And, getting his grammar apart from his reading, before his reading has become intelligible, before he has learned to use words in such connection as to express well his thoughts, and to appreciate that words are distinctly for that purpose, his tendency is to think of reading as a mere calling of words, and of grammar as a science of picking out nouns, prepositions, adverbs, etc. The ability to get the sense out of a sentence, and to see what groups of words are intended to convey, must precede the technical study itself, and this ability must be acquired in connection with reading, as it is the main end and purpose of reading itself. If this ability could be developed logically and thoroughly in connection with reading, writing, and talking, the assertion is ventured that one year of intense technical grammar study at the end of the grammar course would leave the pupils far in advance of their present requirements, and better equipped to take up a foreign tongue: at all events *two* years would be adequate. In this method true correlation would apply most effectively.

Another objection to putting the text-book into the pupils' hands so early is that it is almost impossible to compile in any one book as a grammar (and we doubt if one now exists) such an array of facts and methods as will develop the child's English mind in its most natural and best way. English is too comprehensive, and the child's thoughts and ideas too manifold. English is the child's life, his play, his childlike imaginations, his troubles and all,—and the teacher must live with his life and think thoughts with him, and direct him along the most available lines. This manner of procedure with good teachers would lead him up to a point where, at the age of about thirteen, he would appreciate the technique of grammar, and get more with one year's intense study than under the other conditions.

Whereas, if he is given a text-

book the teacher relies too largely on that book, and his impressions arising from attempts to grasp the abstractions, and the abortive mental concept arising therefrom, are stronger than the content of the English itself, and he reaches the eighth grade a poor composer, a poor reader, and having false notions of technical grammar itself, all of which he must overcome, if at all, in his last year.

The child must first learn to use English itself, to speak it and write it, and to grasp the meaning of the spoken and written English of others. Then it is time enough to put names and definitions to his words and phrases and go into abstract analysis. Give a child food enough to eat, keep him in a healthy condition, and he will grow; it is time enough later to explain to him the physiological reasons why he grew. It is much the same with the child's English growth.

The prevailing method of procedure in bringing about this result is radically wrong, and the Committee of Fifteen, in recommending grammar at the beginning of the fifth year, *is not*, to say the least, helping to remedy it. The most natural unit in the child's English mind is not the word, but groups of words which convey certain primary ideas. Instead of proceeding in his development from the word to the phrase and the clause the more natural order is the reverse, viz., from the larger unit to the word.

For instance, take the sentence, "The birds sing in happy glee in the trees as I pass by."

After the idea of *birds singing* is in the child's mind, he will most naturally think next of how they sing—"in happy glee,"—where they sing —"in the trees,"—and when they sing—"As I pass by." Will he not grasp these ideas more naturally than he will the meaning of what he is doing when he says "*in* is a preposition, *happy*, an adjective, *glee*, a noun," etc.?

Will not the word come more naturally later, when the child has learned to grasp the whole idea? The method of beginning grammar by learning by force of memory to tag the names of the parts of speech to every word in a sentence in order, must, therefore, be unnatural and wrong, and yet, this is too near what text-book grammar is at the beginning of the fifth year in the hands of the ordinary teacher. And this method, making the word more prominent than the thought, has a marked tendency to make the reading of the pupil a mere repetition of disassociated words. He should learn to grasp the general ideas and thoughts first, then his reading will be intelligible, and the word study will follow logically afterward.

LATIN.—The Committee of Fifteen recommends Latin, five lessons per week during the whole of the last year of the elementary course; and this to be in the place of grammar.

Your committee believes that, as conditions are in New Hampshire at the present time, this step would be inadvisable. We believe that in the grammar school—the school essentially of the people, of the masses—this time should be reserved for a more careful study of English and for rounding out more completely the practical side of the child's education. We would, moreover, advance the suggestion that the child's vocabulary can be greatly aided by occa-

sional incidental lessons in *word building*, using as a basis foreign prepositions and roots as by technical Latin study, and that along this line the other practical advantages to the English can be obtained and in much less time. It can be made a most profitable study in connection with the English lessons, but is not to be considered in any way a basis study for advanced Latin course in the high school.

ARITHMETIC.—In the report under consideration, arithmetic is recommended in oral lessons during the first two years to the extent of sixty minutes a week, then for the four years succeeding the pupil is given a text-book.

At the end of the sixth year his arithmetic is laid aside, and he is expected to take up the study of algebra and continue it two years previous to entering upon his secondary course of study in the high school.

This instantly opens up two questions: First: Can arithmetic be adequately completed in six years? In other words, is the child at the age of eleven or twelve years able to grasp enough of its essentials? Secondly: Can the pupil take up algebra profitably at that time, or more profitably than to continue arithmetic somewhat longer?

In regard to both of these points your committee takes a stand in opposition as far as New Hampshire schools are concerned. In the report of the Committee of Fifteen, Dr. Harris, its author, arrives at his conclusions after a most careful argument, viewing the question from every standpoint. He takes his premises with such great care, and defines the development of the course of study, step by step, so logically, that one finds himself in substantial agreement until he sees the end to which the argument has lead him. And in this very fact, *i. e.*, the subtlety of his scientific argument, we find our suggestion that he has taken a view too ideal to meet the conditions in the large majority of cases.

Could an ideal class of pupils be selected, the best, and only a few, leaving out of account all those painfully practical exceptions, leaving out of account the fact that most pupils are not yet perfect mental machines, acting to the order of superintendent and teacher like the electric current to the button; eliminating all those factors which are due to perverse humanity, and taking the false premises that every child can have the opportunity to continue his studies at least through the high school—presupposing all these conditions—it might be possible to approximate the results which he claims. But we doubt if such an ideal set of conditions can ever be obtained. His logic can not apply to the prevailing conditions, at least, in the Granite State.

We agree with them that the tendency of the time is to abridge, simplify, and enrich the arithmetic of the past. We believe that pupils have been confused too much in the past by the introduction of complicated conditions; that they have been impeded in their arithmetical progress, and the essential principles widely alienated from them, by an introduction of a multiplicity of numerical "puzzles" or "conundrums"—those much dreaded portions of the old text-books known as "test problems"—

when their age and experience were too immature to grasp the meaning of the language used. The objection to these difficult problems is, that they are not, to the pupils at that age, readily intelligible. They are not able to grasp the qualitative relations and the complex English involved, though the purely arithmetical process may be comparatively easy. And secondly, these problems should be reserved *to some extent* until the pupil has the better tools of algebra, calculus, and geometry, with which to solve them. There is a limit to this reservation, however, since many pupils never have the advantages of these better tools. We concur in the belief that some of the topics commonly taught under the head of arithmetic can be omitted wholly or in part, and yet there is a danger that this may mislead some under peculiar circumstances. These subjects, according to the "Committee of Ten," are Compound Proportion, Cube Root, Abstract Mensuration, Obsolete Denominate Numbers, and the greater part of commercial arithmetic. While it would be better by far, provided the system could be carried in practice to its logical ends, that is, provided every child could go through college, to leave these topics whose difficulty is largely in grasping the qualitative idea, and a lack of tools, until the child's mind has become more developed, and until the higher mathematics have come to his aid, yet, considering the fact that a large percentage of our pupils never go farther than the elementary schools, we are influenced to believe that we should not leave the pupils without attempting to impart some knowledge of these practical qualitative ideas, and to do this as well as to give them a more thorough drill on what are conceded to be essentials, we claim a large portion of the last two years which the Committee of Fifteen has given up to algebra.

The Committee of Fifteen has been criticised, and we think justly, by the declaration that they have viewed the science of numbers from the standpoint of an adult mathematician's brain, in a scientific pedagogical sense, rather than taking into careful consideration the manner in which children themselves are inclined to think and act and feel. Do children actually think in numbers abstractly at first? Can they be made to? Is it pure quantity where the science begins, with them? Is this long struggle for six, eight, or ten years a pursuit of quantitative relations merely, that is, the dealing with pure numbers? Or, on the other hand, are the difficulties enhanced largely by the strangeness of new terms and qualities? The Committee of Fifteen too far ignores the qualitative element, and this has led it to allot too little time to the study. If pure number is the natural way for the child to think then he can tell the sum of two fifths and three fifths as readily as two cats and three cats, but as matter of fact he will hesitate on the fractional concept fifths—not because the mathematical or quantitative idea is any different, but because the concept—the qualitative idea of fifths has not been fixed in his mind, while the concept cats is very familiar.

The strangeness of qualities is a great hindrance to the child's mathematical mind. Just how far this work of introducing new concepts to the child's mind should be carried in

his elementary course is a question, but it seems that the Committee of Fifteen has lost sight of their importance almost altogether and consequently arrived at a wrong conclusion.

ALGEBRA.—We believe that enough time should be reserved for algebra from the last year either in a continuous course or alternating with arithmetic, to acquaint the pupils with the very simple equations and their application to easy problems; and also to familiarize them with the simpler examples in the fundamental operations. We believe that the idea of the equation can be fixed in connection with the arithmetic in the sixth and seventh grades, and that this will relieve some of the strangeness later. Literal terms or factors may also be used to represent some general law or rule and this, too, will help to prepare their algebraic mind for its future work. But we are opposed to giving up two full years of the grammar course to this study as recommended by the Committee of Fifteen, and we are also opposed to taking even one full year of continuous study as a basis for advanced high school work.

GEOGRAPHY.—As to geography your committee finds itself in substantial agreement with the Committee of Fifteen. But inasmuch as the report of that committee was intended to be on the "correlation" of studies it is to be regretted that they did not define the true nature and method of correlation more fully in this subject where it finds its highest utility, and a subject wofully in need of advanced ideas and improved methods. The earth—the necessary dwelling place of man, is so closely related with every human interest that any attempt to reduce its study to a mere science like other sciences can but result in failure. The old method of "map questions" by the page, and long descriptions arbitrary and abstract, must soon become entirely extinct forever. About the only lasting impression from the old geography methods was that of a jungle picture or the description of some awe-inspiring wonder.

In this method of correlation the physical features, general laws and relation of forces, man's natural aids and checks, how he uses and overcomes his environment, the reasons for commerce and commercial centres, effects of customs, laws, etc.,—these and many other natural considerations, starting from what the child can feel and hear and see around him, can be inceptively taught quite young, and will open his mind to a lasting relation of things which long years of mere memorizing of names and boundaries would not compensate. It is more logical that the physical side should be made the basis and the life of the people subordinated to it, as the latter is dependent upon the former and is largely controlled by it. But while this is true it does not follow that the physical side should be the sole idea, and that stories of life and travel should not come in. There should be a correlation of the two ideas, the physical leading, and the stories, incidents, wonders, etc., coming later to fix the lesson.

To define correlation in this field of study in detail would be a hard task. From the beginning of geography study to its close the exact method and degree of correlation

would constantly change to meet the changed conditions of the pupils. But the same end with these necessary adjustments can be kept in view throughout.

The pupils should be guided in this correlation by suggestive topics of a general nature logically set forth. These topics will call attention to the surface and general relief phases of the land, to the natural advantages and disadvantages of the same, to the waterways of the land, to the climate, and the reason for that climate, to the productions of the people and the necessity for such productions as being the result of these natural conditions, the large cities, the reason for their being large, and the reason for their location in a given place, the enterprise of a people as related to climate, and the necessity which natural environment imposes, the indolence of a people as related to climate and the natural advantages of securing a livelihood, the commercial centres and why, the political centres and why, the principles of science which naturally suggest themselves, the historical factors in the line of inherited customs, laws, institutions, and religion, which have largely contributed to the actual status of a country, and any traditions, anecdotes, stories, or notes, which the child or teacher may be able to contribute to fix the desired impression. Pictures can be most profitably used.

We believe that geography should be continued to the end of the grammar course in this manner, and that physical geography as a distinct topic with text-book should not be taken up. During the last year a larger amount of science work can be correlated. While we contend that the pupil would acquire as great a knowledge of the physical phase of our habitat in this way as with a text-book and isolated study in physical geography, we contend in addition that he would acquire that knowledge in a better relation to all human interests. The physical geography text-book, however, could well supplement the study. The one fact that has made geography so dry to pupils in the past, is that nearly all the interesting material was culled out and put into a physical geography, leaving the political geography a book of dry facts and statistics.

The general abuse of geographical readers is such as to warrant a note in this report. It would seem needless to say that these valuable aids should not be read through in course by the class, and yet this is very commonly done. They are intended to aid the work on correlation, and wherever a selected portion refers to a lesson in hand that portion should be pointed out in a suggestive topic, and the child led to see its bearing at the right time.

HISTORY.—As to history we differ by only a narrow margin. We believe that the text-book should be given the pupils at the middle of the sixth year instead of at the beginning of the seventh, but agree that the constitution of the United States should be studied thoroughly during the last half of the eighth year and in connection with this, simple lessons in political economy and civil government with local applications. As to the general remarks and methods of the report under this head we are in substantial agreement.

As to writing the Committee of Fifteen would discontinue it in distinct

lessons at the end of the sixth year, allotting ten lessons per week during the first two years, five lessons per week during the third and fourth years, and three for the fifth and sixth.

Your committee is of the opinion that this is inadequate, that it should be continued beyond this point. In support of this view we would allude to the fact that in many cases the child's muscles are not sufficiently developed at the age of eleven or twelve to enable him to get steady control of the required movements of penmanship. Again, his ideas of form and symmetry are not adequately matured at that age. We believe that to leave him at this early period with no further instruction on form and movements, and to cast him recklessly two years later into the scribbling and careless high school career would be aggravating the present lamentable condition of things. Some pupils can acquire a ready handwriting early, others late, but all should have it, and the high school should be prohibited, at least, from undoing the work of the grammar period in this line. We certainly cannot afford "to enrich" our course, as it is called, at the expense of a legible handwriting.

SPELLING.—The Committee of Fifteen recommends spelling lists during only three years,—the fourth, fifth, and sixth. Your committee believes that it should be carried to the end of the grammar school course, and that, too, with considerable emphasis. The era of bad spelling is on with a vengeance, whatever may be the different reasons assigned for it. The last two years of the grammar course, the ones in which that committee omits spelling, are the ones in which the child can make the best progress. This is due to the fact that he begins to see at that age the disastrous effects of bad spelling and is inclined to make a more determined effort, and secondly, because his mind has reached a stage where he can begin to apply certain rules and aids to his spelling, which are exceedingly helpful.

It is not believed, as the fifteen infer, that the pupil will improve his spelling very markedly in connection with his reading, as too many other thoughts are then claiming his attention. The spelling lists must be kept up, and that, too, with a great deal of care. No spelling lesson should be considered complete until each pupil has been led to see his mistakes, and what is more important, until the right orthography by some means or other has been more firmly fixed than the impression the mistake has made.

A good speller is one who can spell the words in his own vocabulary, and in arranging all spelling lists this fact should constantly be kept in the teacher's mind.

The report also allots sixty minutes per week to Natural Science and Hygiene, sixty minutes to General History, sixty to Physical Culture, the same to Drawing, and the same to vocal music, the latter to be in four lessons,—and to these recommendations we wish to take no exceptions. It is superfluous for us to add in closing that we regard this report of the Committee of Fifteen as of inestimable value to the new era in education. But as is the case with all rules, general principles, and theories, we are ourselves bound to make the applications suitable to local needs and necessities.

NECROLOGY.

HON. P. B. COGSWELL.

Parsons Brainard Cogswell was born at Henniker, January 22, 1828, and died at Concord, October 28. He was educated at the common schools and at Clinton Grove academy, and in 1847 entered the office of the *Independent Democrat* at Concord. In 1849 he went to the *New Hampshire Patriot*, and in 1854 he formed a partnership with A. G. Jones, as general printers. This business he later conducted alone until February 1, 1864. May 23 of that year, in company with George H. Sturtevant, he founded the *Concord Daily Monitor*, the first permanent daily paper in the city, later consolidated with the *Independent Democrat* and the *New Hampshire Statesman*. With these papers Mr. Cogswell was prominently identified throughout life, as a large stockholder and director in the Republican Press Association, and as local, associate, and managing editor and editorial writer.

Since 1858 Mr. Cogswell had served continuously as a member of the board of education of Union school district, holding office as its president for several years, and as its financial agent for eighteen years. In 1872 and 1873 he represented Ward Five, Concord, in the state legislature, and from 1881 to 1885 was state printer. He also served as auditor of state printer's accounts, and as a trustee of the state library. He held office under President Harrison as immigrant inspector, and in 1892 was triumphantly elected mayor of Concord by the Republican party, to which he gave his lifelong adherence and faithful labor. He was a member of the New Hampshire Historical society, and for four years its president; a prominent member and long an officer of the New Hampshire Press Association; one of the earliest members of the Appalachian Club; and from 1893 to 1895 president of the Concord Commercial Club.

He married, September 22, 1888, Helen Buffum Pillsbury of Concord, who survives him, as do four brothers and a sister.

So many, so varied, and so spontaneous have been the tributes to the memory of Mr. Cogswell, that any extended eulogy in these pages would be superfluous. As a journalist he was distinguished by his careful and patient search for facts and their lucid and graceful exposition. His editorial utterances were ever on the side of right, and while he sincerely believed in, and steadfastly upheld, the principles of his party, his mind was never warped by partisanship. He was a man of true culture, educated by travel and contact with men and affairs as well as from books. He left behind him, as a lasting memorial of his stay in Europe, a delightful volume of "Glimpses from over

NECROLOGY.

the Water." In public life Mr. Cogswell was a faithful and painstaking servant of the people, seeking with perseverance the ends he believed to be good, and striving with the utmost success to perform his whole duty in whatever station he found himself. Personally he was a delightful companion, a true friend, a man of upright moral character, yet of genial humor and unfailing tact. Since his death the number of his mourners have been legion, ranging from the tiniest school-children to men and women of national fame. Were it necessary, thousands of voices would rise to Heaven, bidding the Recording Angel "write him as one who loved his fellowmen."

A. G. WHIDDEN.

A. G. Whidden was born in Portsmouth, June 22, 1822, and died at Everett, Mass., November 14. He went to East Boston in 1847, and from 1849 to 1882 conducted there the largest ship repairing business in New England. From the latter date to the time of his death he was employed as marine surveyor for insurance companies. He was a director in the East Boston Gas Company, and a Republican in politics. It was said of him at his death: "No man in the country knew a wooden vessel technically and practically better than Mr. Whidden."

A. J. STEVENS.

A. J. Stevens, one of Rumney's most prominent citizen, died in that town November 13 at the age of 65 years. He had been postmaster, town treasurer and librarian, and was formerly a member of the Republican state committee.

W. W. WEATHERBEE.

William Walton Weatherbee, a native of Mason Centre, died at Charleston, November 2, at the age of 72 years. He enlisted in the navy when but 15 years of age, and served through the Mexican and Civil wars. Altogether he served in the navy twenty-one years, and in the Charlestown navy yard for thirty years. He was frequently pointed out by officers as an ideal representative of the old navy.

D. L. HARVEY.

Dudley Ladd Harvey was born in Epping, August 25, 1811, and died there November 3. He was engaged in the businesses of coopering, lumbering, and farming, and left a large property. He had served as captain in the state militia, justice of the peace, and selectman, was a director of the Rockingham Fire Insurance Company, and trustee of the Epping Savings bank, and had written extensively on agricultural matters.

ORAN BROWN.

Oran Brown, a leading resident of Medford, Mass., died November 9, at the age of 45 years. He was born in Drewsville, but went to Boston when a young man, and had ever since been engaged in the shoe business there. He was prominent in secret society matters.

S. B. PUTNAM.

Sylvanus B. Putnam, city treasurer of Manchester, died there November 11. He was born in Goffstown in 1835, and served with distinguished gallantry in the Civil War as a member of the Eleventh New Hampshire. He had held the position of city treasurer for sixteen years, and was prominently identified with the Universalist church.

H. P. KENDRICK.

Harlan Page Kendrick was born in Lebanon, October 29, 1848, and died at Barre, Vt., November 5. He learned the drug business early in life, and was engaged in it from 1867 to the time of his death. He was a Mason, and for a time a member of the Lebanon school board.

SAMUEL BURGE.

Samuel Burge was born at Enfield, October 21, 1844, but located at Toulon, Ill., in 1856. He served in the war with the Thirteenth Illinois, and since 1866 had been engaged in business as a merchant and banker. He died October 27, "a Christian citizen with a wide and useful influence and honored life."

SAMUEL A. DUNCAN.

Brevet Major-General Samuel A. Duncan was born in Plainfield, June 19, 1836, and died at New York city, October 18. He was educated at Kimball Union academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter institution in 1858, and later returning as a tutor. He entered the army in 1862 as major of the Fourteenth N. H. Regiment, and was shortly appointed colonel of the Fourth U. S. Colored Infantry. He was brevetted brigadier-general, for gallantry at New Market Heights, Va., and was subsequently brevetted major-general of volunteers. He was mustered out May 6, 1866; served two years as principal examiner in the U. S. Pension office, and then turned his attention to law, becoming noted for his skill in patent cases.

WILLIAM GORDON.

Rev. William Gordon was born at Windham in May, 1810, and studied for the ministry while superintendent of a bleachery at Lowell, Mass. He was admitted to the conference in 1832, and was, for a number of years, a circuit preacher. He was presiding elder of the Springfield district for several years, and held pastorates at Worcester, Lowell, Newburyport, Holyoke, and Greenfield among other places. He retired from active work in 1880, and died at Worcester, October 23, dropping dead while attending a prayer service.

RICHARD NASON.

Richard Nason was born in Durham seventy-six years ago and went to Boston when he was 17 years of age. For thirty-eight years he engaged in the teaming business, then for ten in the grocery business, and finally in coal and wood. He was a member of the common council of Charlestown when that district was a city. He died October 30.

HORACE T. PAIGE.

Horace T. Paige was born at Antrim in 1814, but had resided in Manchester since 1828. He was a selectman for many years, long identified with the Amoskeag Veterans and a member of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R. He was engaged in manufacturing. He died October 30.

MRS. MARTHA G. SLEEPER.

Martha G., widow of J. D. Sleeper, died at Lancaster, Mass., October 29. She was a daughter of the late Hon. Josiah Quincy of Rumney and a lady of marked literary tastes. She was a frequent contributor to the columns of the *Watchman and Reflector*, and was for a time book reviewer on the staff of the *Boston Journal*.

REV. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.

Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D. D., was born in Beverly, Mass., December 4, 1825, and died at Concord, November 20. He completed his studies at the Harvard Divinity school in 1849, and was at once called to the Unitarian church in Concord of which he was pastor until 1853. From 1853–'57 he preached in Lowell and from the latter date to 1892 was pastor of the Westminister church at Providence, R. I. He received the honorary degree of A. M. from Harvard in 1866, and of D. D. from Brown in 1888. He was a member of the Rhode Island house of representatives for one term from the city of Providence; was chairman of the inspectors of Rhode Island prisons 1866–'77; was one of the commissioners to build the Rhode Island state prison 1875–'79; and was president of the Providence Athenaeum 1883–'88. He served as chaplain during the war, and was the author of many books, addresses, sermons, and magazine articles. A leader in his denomination, Dr. Woodbury was widely respected and beloved. He was deeply interested in sociology and a man of prodigious activity, especially along literary lines.

CAPT. JOHN S. WADLEIGH.

Capt. John S. Wadleigh was born at Meredith in 1827 and died at The Weirs November 15. For over twenty years he was identified with the steamer *Lady of the Lake* on Lake Winnipiseogee, for fifteen years of that time as her captain. In that capacity he was widely known and greatly liked.

ELLIOTT G. THORPE.

Elliott G. Thorpe, head of the Thorpe & Martin Co., stationers, Boston, died at his home in Newton, Mass., November 22, aged 46 years. He was born in South Weare; graduated from Michigan University with the degree of M. D., and conducted a pharmacy at Tilton until 1875, when he engaged in the stationery business in Boston, and with which he was prominently identified until his death.

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Completes its nineteenth volume with a record of prosperity unequalled in its history. The hearty support accorded it by sons and daughters of New Hampshire within the state limits and without proves that the publishers have, in some degree, achieved their ambition of producing a publication in every way worthy of the Granite State. That volume twenty will surpass any of its predecessors can be confidently predicted from the following special features that have already been arranged :

TOWN ARTICLES.

The remarkable series of town articles, of which the present editors and publishers are justly proud, will be continued indefinitely, with a wealth of illustration and all possible attention to accuracy of historical detail. Among the towns which will be treated of in the next few months are :

NEWPORT	by H. H. Metcalf.
GORHAM	George H. Moses.
CONWAY	Mrs. Ellen M. Mason.
FRANCONIA	H. C. Pearson.
BOSCAWEN	E. N. Pearson.
RAYMOND	George H. Moses.
HAMPTON	L. K. H. Lane.
BERLIN	E. C. Niles.
DUBLIN	H. H. Piper.
LISBON	George H. Moses.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Special illustrated articles upon historical and biographical subjects of general and local interest will appear in every number. Among them may be enumerated :

CHARLES A. DANA	by William E. Chandler.
THE MAIN STREET OF THE SEA . .	Major Henry McFarland.
A WINTER IN A LOGGING CAMP . .	Rev. O. R. Hunt.
HOW AN OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN WAS NAMED	H. H. Hanson.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY . . .	by John C. Thorne.
THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SAMBORNES (concluded)	V. C. Sanborn.
SEWALLS FALLS HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED	O. G. Hammond.
NEW HAMPSHIRE HORSES . . .	H. C. Pearson.
THE SOLDIERS' HOME . . .	Colonel Daniel Hall.
AUTOGRAPHS OF THE GOVERNORS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE	Amanda B. Harris.
FRANK FRENCH	John P. Davis.
JOHN P. DAVIS	Frank French.
COBBETT'S POND	William S. Harris.

Articles have also been promised by State Historian A. S. Batchellor and other distinguished writers.

FICTION AND VERSE.

The gratifying result of the prize story competition, instituted by us some months ago, makes it an assured fact that the quality of fiction in the next volume of the MONTHLY will be higher than ever before. It is hoped to begin the publication of the prize winners in the January number. In addition to the material derived from this source we are promised contributions to this department from the pens of established favorites and new contributors.

The high standard of verse that has characterized the MONTHLY in the past will be maintained in the future. Past contributors, whose productions have been so generally enjoyed and generously praised, will be retained, and new names of equal luster added.

State Superintendent of Education Fred Gowing will continue to edit the educational department, and no further guarantee is needed that its contents will be both valuable and interesting, and indispensable aids to the teachers of the Granite State and to all others interested in educational work.

New Hampshire Necrology will contain the names of sons and daughters of New Hampshire whose life record makes their deaths worthy of more than passing mention.

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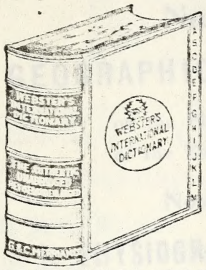
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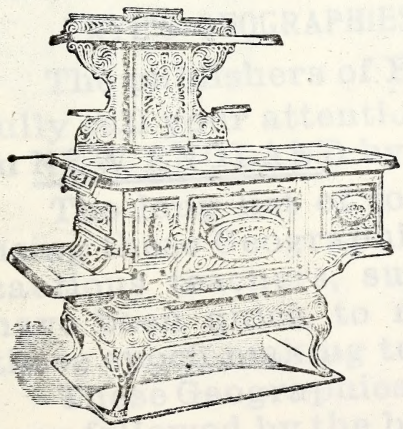
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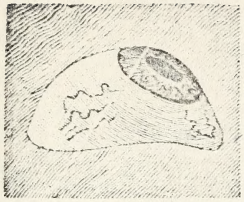
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